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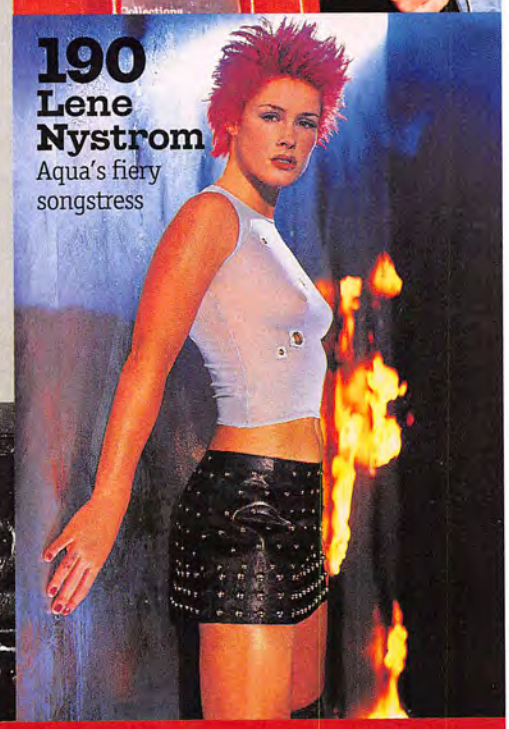

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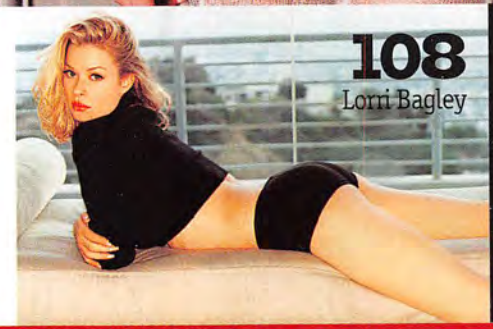

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY: SEAN McMENOMY. GRANT SAINSBURY. WILLY CAMDEN. LIAM DUKE. SYRIOL JONES. AMANDA HOLDEN WEARS: SHEER WHITE DRESS BY HELEN DAVID (0171-235 2902). LORRI BAGLEY WEARS: BLACK CROPPED TOP SWEATER BY VALENTINO, BLACK TAP SHORTS BY CHANEL

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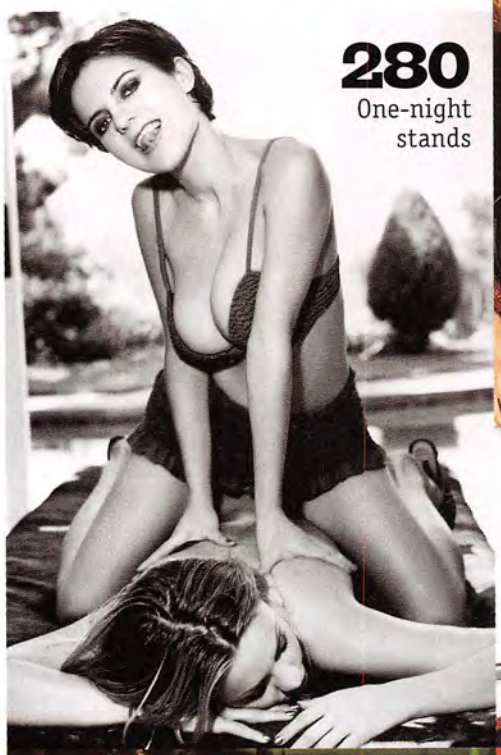

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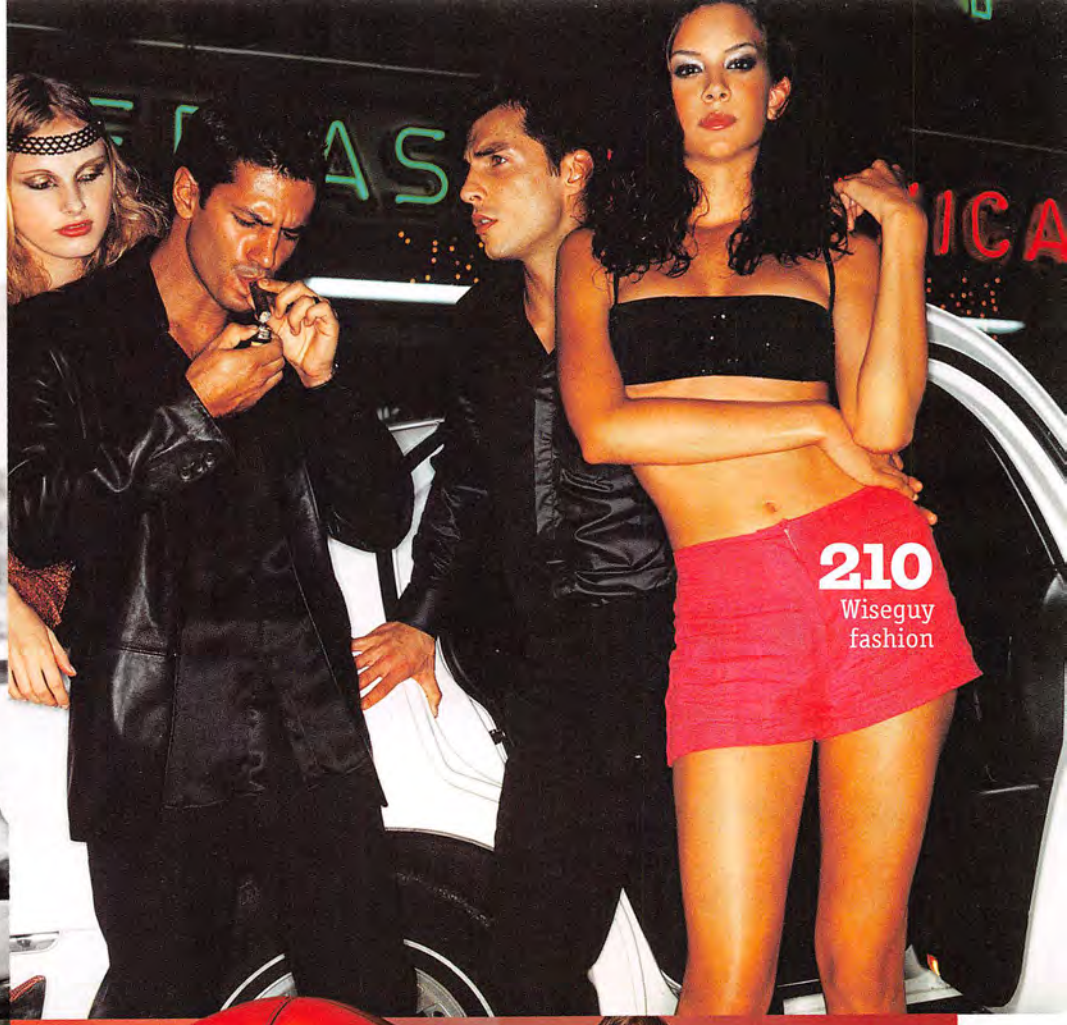

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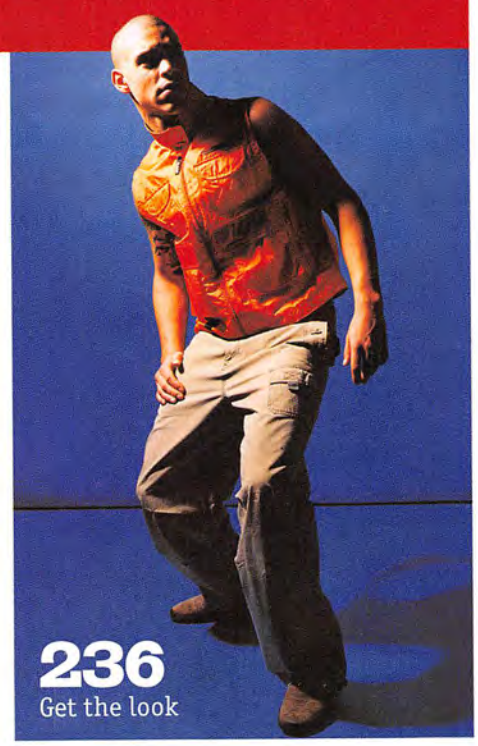

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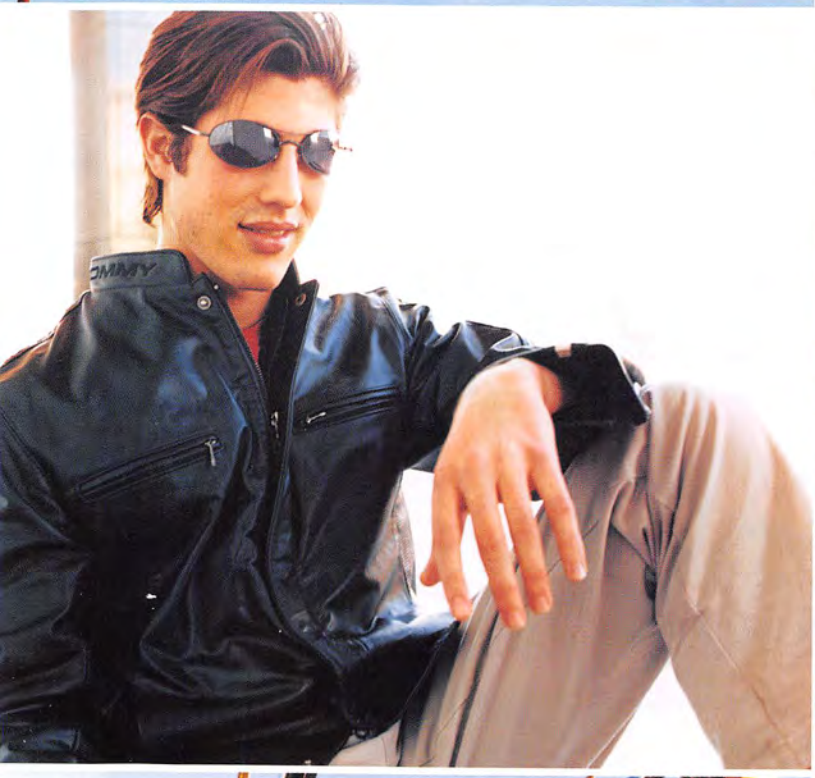

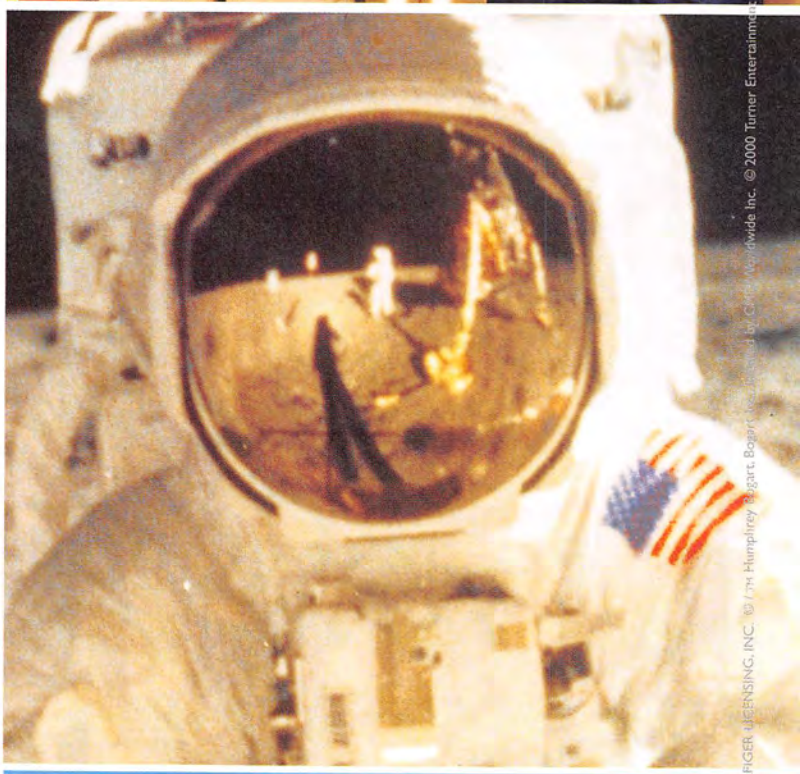

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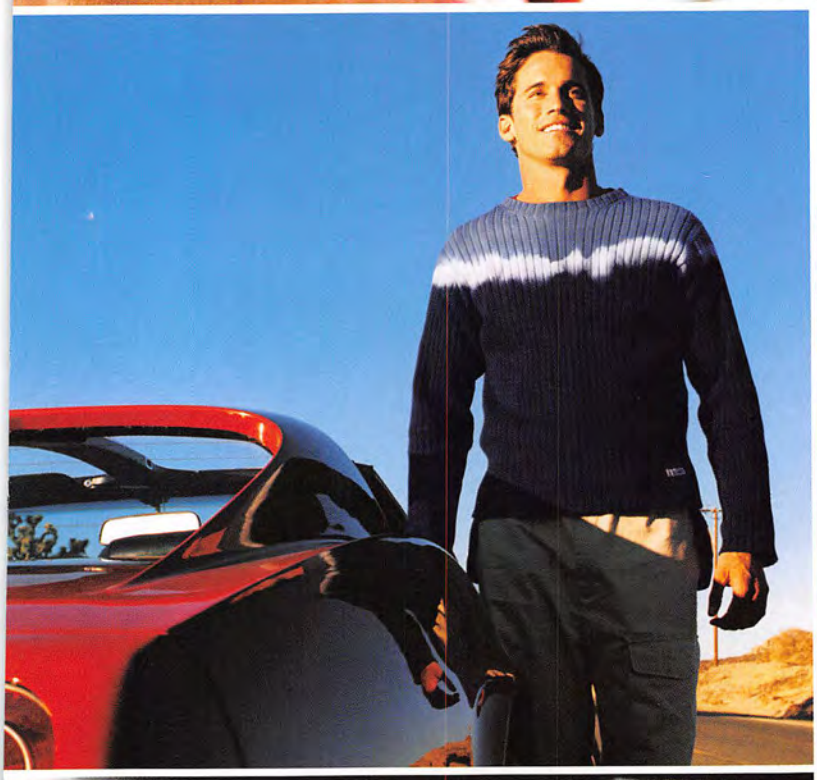

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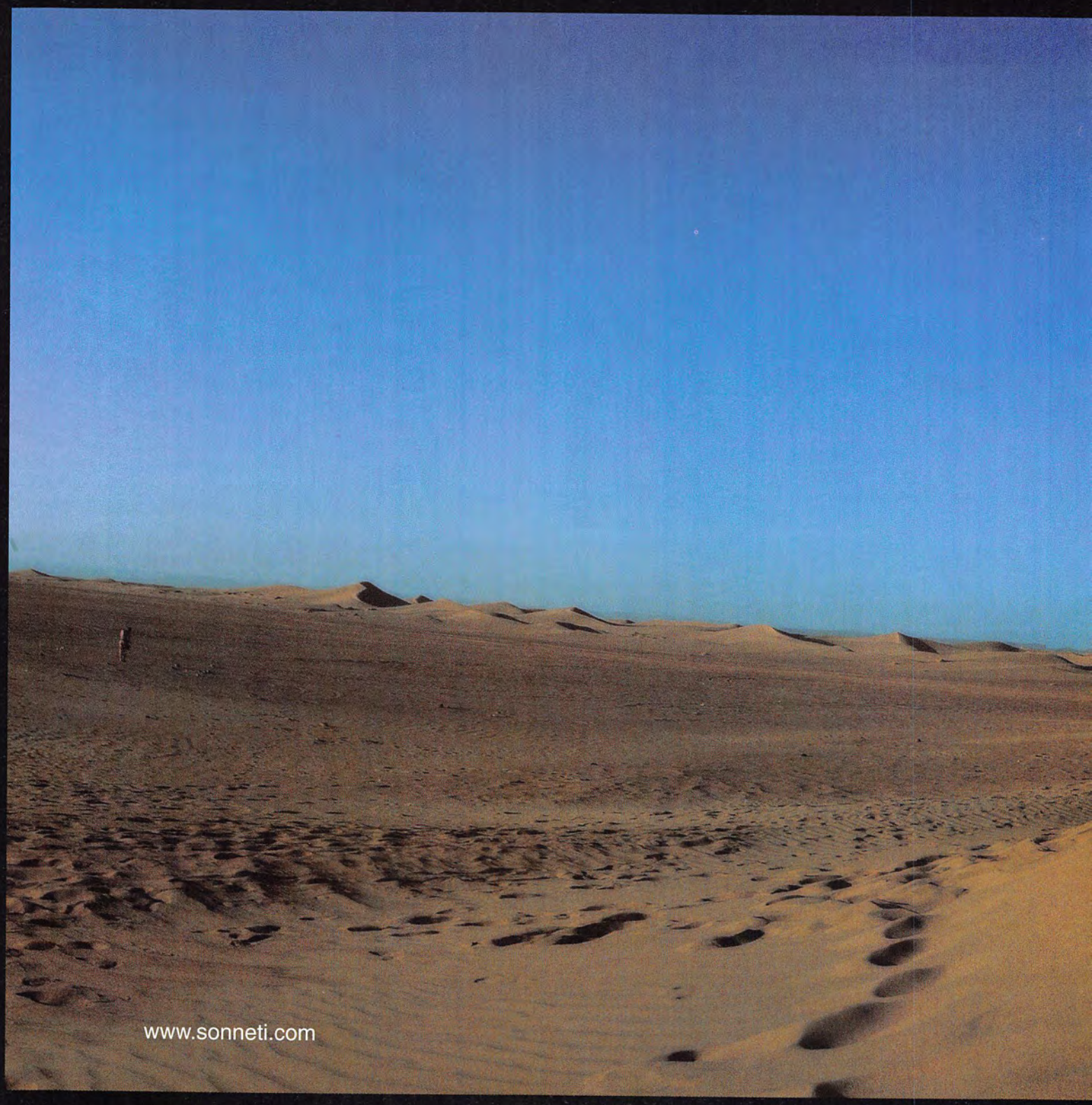

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Most of us will admit to having at one time or another been the unfortunate partner of an unnaturally obsessive girlfriend. From personal experience you may know that when your girlfriend goes from being "keen" to clinically mad, the biggest difficulty is persuading people that the sweet, timid chuckle-bunny they think they know is actually a jealous, homicidal maniac with a hair-trigger bloodlust. The deranged behaviour of these frothy-mouthed hell-cats can range from the almost unnoticeable and merely paranoid (checking through your pockets, punching re-dial every time you've used the telephone) right through to the downright criminally insane (tailing you, ripping up your clothes, slaughtering you and your loved ones). This issue we hear from a reader whose girlfriend – on being dumped – burgled him, dripped blood through his house, and finally, paid an assassin £2,000 to "take him out". For the majority of us, such unfortunate brushes with womanhood's crazy gang occur during our early years, and we escape relatively unscathed, still able to move on and form stable and fruitful relationships with normal women. Yet the scary truth is that you never really know if your ladyfriend is going to wake up one morning as the Mayor of Loony Town. To ensure that your own missus isn't capable of similar behaviour, we suggest that you make her take our "Lady Lunatic" quiz, just to be on the safe side.

On a more positive note, this issue sees the launch of this year's 100 Sexiest Women poll – celebrity women around the world await your nod, as it were, so make sure to send in your ballot forms or alternatively visit our website at fhm.com to register your vote.

Enjoy the issue!

Anthony Noguera
EDITOR

SEAN McMENOMY

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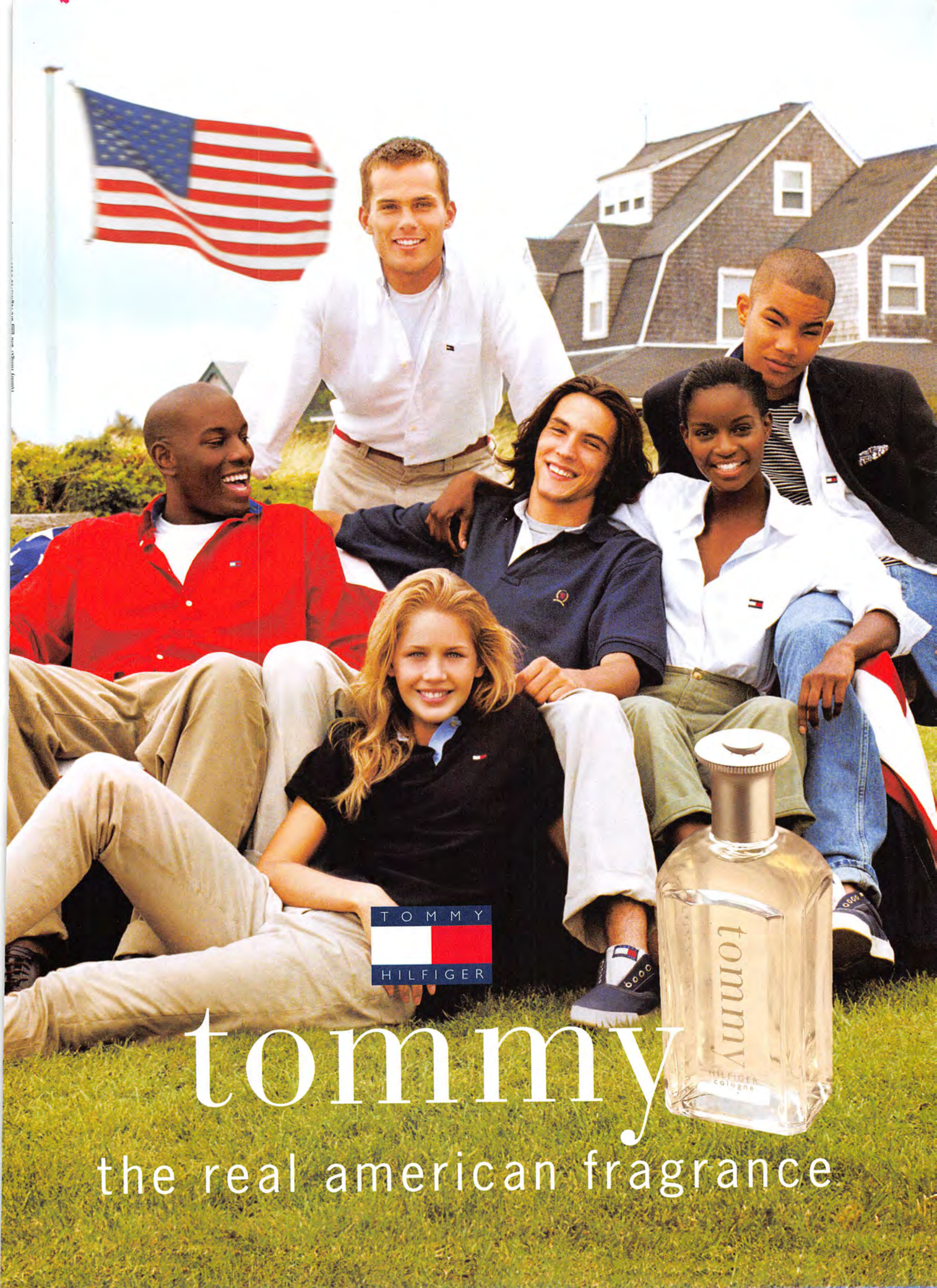
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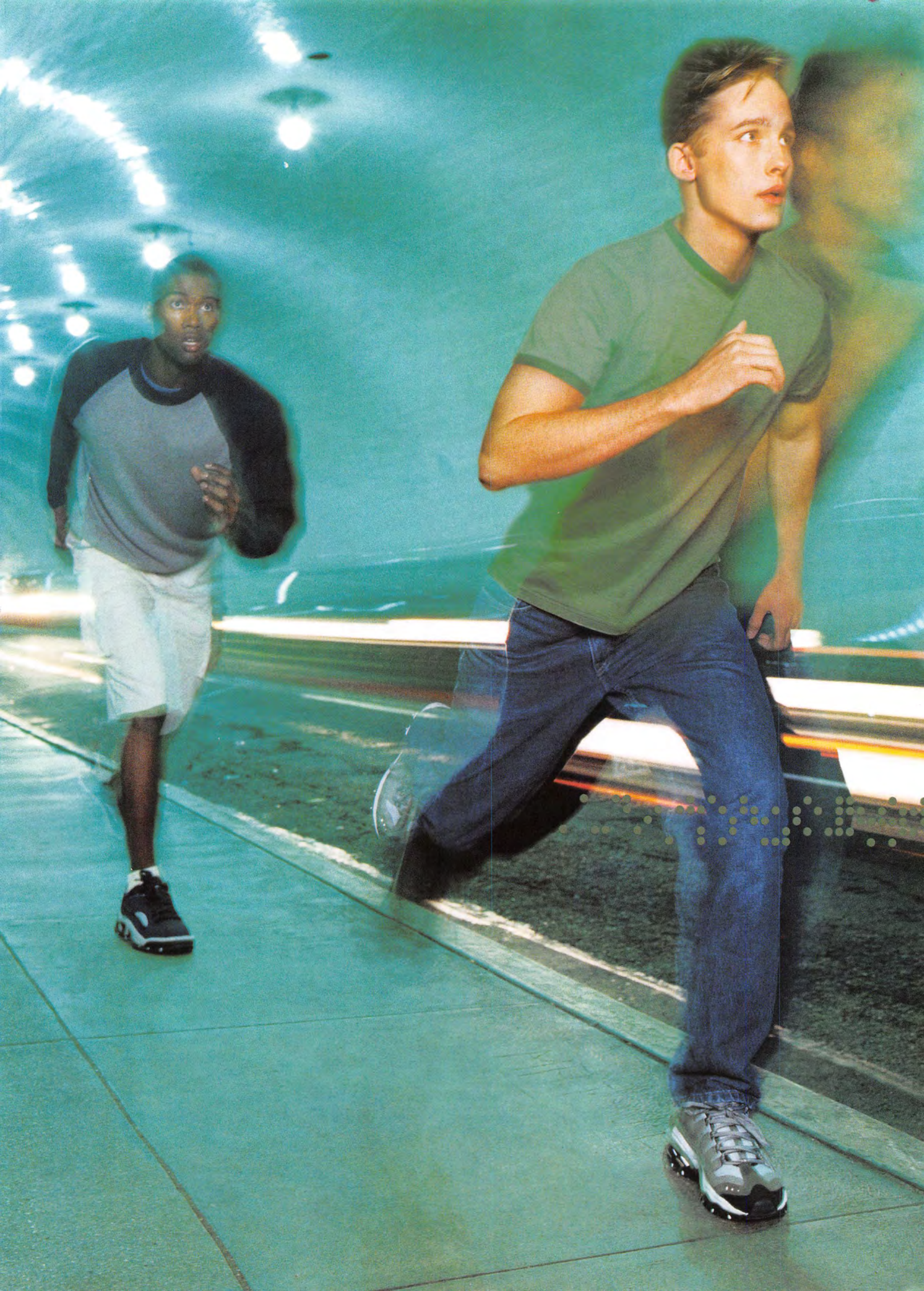

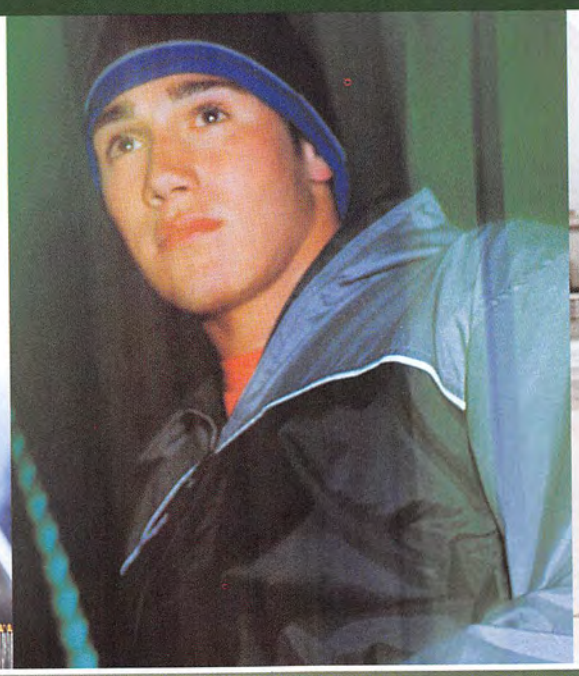

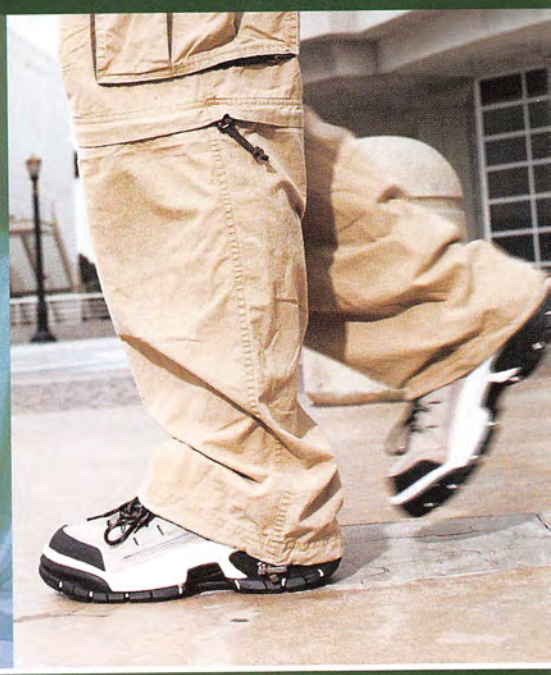

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Talks like Travis Bickle, looks like Rupert Pupkin

In your February issue, your caption reads, "Silencer to go with that, sir?" And yet the picture shows a man holding a Smith & Wesson 868 38/357 magnum 6inch in stainless steel, which is not compatible with a silencer. To authenticate this, please take a close look at the "working end" of one I'm holding in this photo.

Bryan Calloway, Newport

And he seemed such a quiet sort of neighbour...

"So, one more shot and I win the goldfish?"

Rumpty on the sand

The recent BBC documentary *Castaway 2000* shows how tough life is on the Scottish Island of Taransay. Oh yeah? In my first year of secondary school, my entire class went there for a week-long summer break, and it was a piece of piss. Incidentally, it was the first time that I felt a lady's tit, and very fine that was, too.

Neil MacArthur, e-mail.

Have any other readers enjoyed hanky-panky on TV sets? Perhaps a fondle in the Rover's Return, or a knee trembler where they filmed Pets Win Prizes? Let us know...

Why kids must live

In a recent film review of *The Bone Collector*, you knocked a star off its rating because the director "refused to allow the annoying cute little blonde child to die". While I admit that viewers do tend to get sick of knowing instinctively that "cute" kids are safe, I feel you have blamed the wrong guy in this example. The director merely followed the original book's story, so it's really all down to Jeffrey Deaver, who wrote that. If the director had knocked the nipper off, there would no doubt have been a huge uproar about him being sadistic. The poor bugger can't win.

Lee Savage, London

Don't worry, Lee. All the children get blown to bits in Village Of The Damned.

Cover star's 'secret'

It's just an observation, but has anyone else noticed that the lovely Virginie on March's cover seems to have a distended bulbous donger laid out between her legs? I assume this is actually her left foot, but it certainly made me look twice...

SC, Chichester.

Hmm, if you can't tell the difference between a lady's foot and a cock, may we suggest you avoid a holiday in Bangkok...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FHM?

C-3PO. Trout-faced pensioner Victor Meldrew. Harry Enfield's demonic, "Now I believe you didn't want to do it like that" creation – for years popular culture has vilified and demonised the nitpicker. But here at What's Wrong With *FHM*?, not only do we celebrate and canonise the dedicated pedant, we even reward his travail to the monetary value of a crisp twenty pound note. The fine examples on the right are all cash winners, but you'll have to be far more eagle-eyed to win the money than the many who, for instance, noted that the M1 doesn't actually go to Darlington as suggested in the "King Of The Road" Confession (February 2000), it is, in fact, the A1(M). Or that it wasn't the mutton-chopped Noddy Holder who "wished it could be Christmas every day", as suggested in last month's Win The Year Of Your Life competition, but weirdy-beardy-fronted Roy Wood combo Wizzard. And even our Athena's patently foolish assertion that a digital camera contained film was spotted by far too many fault-finders to warrant cash prizes. Want a stab at prizing the readies away from What's Wrong's chubby fingers? Write to us at the usual address, or e-mail your accusations to:
fhm.wrong@ecm.emap.com

Apology

FHM would like to apologise to war veteran Vernon Coles who kindly agreed to be featured in our "To Hell And Back" article. Not only did we spell his name incorrectly, we wrongly awarded Mr Coles and his brave comrades the Victoria Cross. Mr Coles was awarded the DSM and later Mentioned in Dispatches for an attack into Saigon, unfortunately not the Victoria Cross.

Woodland dilemma

February's "Bingatron" states that, "There are five million people living in Finland, and for every one of them there are 15,000 trees". This would mean that there are 75 billion trees in a land measuring 338,000 square kilometres. So for every square metre of land, there are around 222 trees. This doesn't leave very much room for the Finns.

Sean Marshall, Marlow, Bucks

Albino misnomer

On page 28 of March's issue you say that Pinky is the "world's first ever recorded example of an albino chimp". However, he clearly has one blue and one green eye. The *Encyclopedia Brittanica* definition of albinism is "the absence of pigment in the eyes, skin, hair, scales, or feathers." So Pinky cannot be a true biological albino.

Claire Phillips, St Andrews, Fife

French rumpty

Interesting how Monsieur Jolie insists on being courteous by using the polite form with his missus while porking her (February, p122). Shouldn't it read, "Take mon muck du homme *tu* dirty bitch!" ?

Michael Zammit, Maempel, Malta

More Frog mistakes

In your interview with Kelly Brook (*FHM* 115), you say she has nine GSCE's, with French as one of them. Tonight on *MTV Select*, she told a caller that she dropped French because she could, "Hardly speak English, let alone another one."

Ben Mac, Liverpool

IDIOT OF THE MONTH 23

On page 121 of the February 2000 issue there is a picture of a beautiful French girl Liisa Halm. Following the caption's instructions: "Turn her upside down and the lady pen would reveal all", I turned the picture upside down and it appears that under the model's elbow there is the outline of a breast that would be expected on a mother of three at 80. My mate says it's definitely a breast.

Jerry, Wharf Place, London

What a literally-minded person you are, Jerry. The captions are intended to be whimsical and amusing, not instructions to be followed verbatim. As for the phantom breast, it just goes to show that an idiot will see anything you tell him is there.

Ever since the glory days of Hornblower, the Royal Navy has offered its new recruits a strict regime of "rum, sodomy and the lash". However, there's a far easier way to earn yourself some grog – simply write an amusing letter to us, and if we print it, you'll win a bottle of Morgan's Spiced Rum. Pen the letter of the month, and you'll be on the receiving end of a whole crate. The address is Letters, *FHM*, 4 Winsley Street, London W1N 7AR, or you can e-mail us on fhm.letters@ecm.emap.com For your sodomy and whipping needs, we humbly suggest you write to *Razzle* instead.

Odd man struggles with spelling...

DeaRest ATHENa, I've just got this incredible fettish for you sweetheart and every time I read your brilliant articals in FHM I nearly always end up whith such a terrific HARD ON. I masterbate quiet a lot. I wish I could see you nude. I have got such a fettish on you so can I have your PANTY'S. I love to smell them and rub your clittorios. You are the only girl for me, darling.

Name and address supplied

Athena writes our "Letter From Lesbos". She's always pictured kissing a woman. Penny dropped yet?

... and he's got company

Dear Athena, when I read your article tremors lead to earthquakes down below, so I am writing to ask what the woman of today is looking for. The reason is I have been incredibly unlucky so far in my life as I am 22 and have only slept with no more than six woman, all one-night stands, and I feel that if I did get a stunner like you I would embariss myself with poor bed skills. Deppression sets in, making the situation worse. Anyway, I'm waiting for your awnser which I hope will be hot, steamy and unique. Take care of your body, keep it fresh, and hopefully I'll get somebody like you one day. Live long and prosper.

I. M. Unlucky

Don't worry, I.M., there's a lady for you out there. Although admittedly, she's probably at a Star Trek convention.

I AM NOT AN ANIMAL

Cruelly hoaxed man seeks Miss Right

Although originally intended as a genuine, big-hearted service to our uglier readers, the "I Am Not An Animal" postbag has been mostly filled with cruel stitch-ups. Take this month's entry, for example, in which Shane Peek of Gillingham wrote to us describing his hobbies as "heavy drinking and stealing plants", his sexual technique as "hopeless", and his prospects as dim because, "I'm always getting biffed by butch lesbians in the pub".

Hmm, a few phone calls soon revealed the true author to be a pal of Shane's, but we're hoping the "very funny joke" will backfire. All we need is a few keen ladies willing to go on a date with Shane – and with his attractive "Beadle" beard and broken nose, surely there'll be no shortage of offers. And as for any other plug ugly wallflowers, don't forget to write in to FHM with an honest assessment of the wrongs God has done you, before your mates beat you to it.

Attention! Ladies, this man wants you

Word wizardry

A recent letter to *FHM* claimed that there are no anagrams of Dannii Minogue. Well, I'm betting she lets Jacques Villeneuve take control in bed, because her name makes "I guide no man in". Also, last month's cover girl Virginie Ledoyen must be begging for it, because she turns into "I live in orgy need".

Graham Taylor, Lincoln.

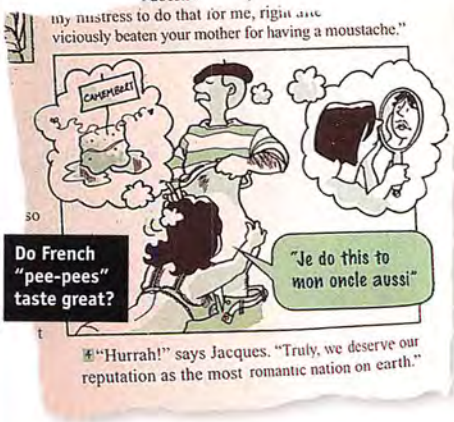
A bottle of mur is on its way. But please, no more anagrams. This isn't Punch.

Furious French lady defends 'cock cheese'

Further to your article "La Vie En France", as a French girl I think I should point out that the more mature camembert is, the tastier it gets. This means that Monsieur Jolie's "pee-pee" would taste fantastic, and certainly much better than your horrible English cheddar cheese. Oh, and by the way, it is "tailler une pipe" and not "faire la pipe" if it's a blow-job you're after, not a cigarette.

Mathilde Brossier, Leeds

Your letter shows fantastic patriotism, Mathilde. If only your soldiers did, too... ▷



LETTER OF THE MONTH

"Shy" girl wants to share her goodies with *FHM*

Send money, see breasts

I need £3,500 to pay for a reef mapping course in Honduras, and I am willing to get my magnificent mammaries out in your magazine to raise the money. I can assure you that sales will increase dramatically, as my desperate and dykeish friends would love to see me topless. This is not a measure that a shy and well-behaved girl like me would like to take, but you are my last hope.

Sarah Coombs, Bognor Regis

We're leaving this one up to our readers. Send your donations into "Breasts Appeal", and if we raise the loot, Sarah can collect it when she gets nekkid. No gift is too large or too small. Curious types can follow the process on our website at www.fhm.com, where there'll be a Blue Peter style "jugometer".

In just two minutes, this man's face is going to look terrific.

He'll look bright. Brisk. Rested. Ready to start a good day.

Because his face got a brand new start. With Clinique's Face Scrub.

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SCHOOL'S OUT

NAUGHTY SCHOOLGIRL BRITTANY DANIEL'S GRADUATED *SWEET VALLEY HIGH* TO LIGHTEN UP *DAWSON'S CREEK*

PHOTOGRAPHY: CARLO DALLA CHIESA

Thanks to Cat Deeley, *Sabrina The Teenage Witch* and the occasional guest presenter on *Live & Kicking*'s *Electric Circus*, Saturday morning television is in far better shape than it was during the late Seventies, when entertainment for the under-15s was a pointless parade of multicoloured jumpers, flan-flingers and men with crazy facial hair. Another weekend gift to the kids of today is American series *Sweet Valley High* – in which a pair of twin sisters get to look sexy (and far too old for High School) every week.

But as anyone who remembers *Jossie's Giants* and *Magpie* will tell you, all good kids' shows come to an end – which is why one of the sisters, actress Brittany Daniel, is now about to make her debut in Channel 4's teen drama *Dawson's Creek*. She plays a saucy little minx called Eve, and her debut is marked by a scene in which she goes down on a bloke at the steering wheel of a boat. Next thing, they hit a dock at ramming speed...

"Eve's a confusing girl," Brittany tells *FHM*. "At first she tells everyone she was a stripper, but in the next episode we find out she made it all up."

Brittany is no stranger to less-than-angelic characters: in *Sweet Valley High* she was the more feisty and manipulative of the sisters, and in the 1995 film *The Basketball Diaries*, as Blinkie, she supplied Leonardo DiCaprio's character with cocaine, sending him on a downward spiral that nearly cost him his life. So does she have an evil side?

"Not really," she smiles, "but I just shot this movie, *Sonic Blast*, with Ice-T, and he says I've got the perfect little innocent face to hustle people."

It's hard to imagine how Brittany – who describes herself as a "small-town girl" – got along with Ice-T. Her mother was more than a little concerned when she came face-to-face with the gangsta rapper, as well...

"I was worried about them meeting, but Ice was respectful," Brittany says. "He's so cool, and he's, like, *the* biggest player. I heard he owns his own plane. I didn't see it, but he drove some nice cars to the set. And he's my buddy now." (JB)

Dawson's Creek returns to Channel 4 on March 7 at 6pm, repeated on Sundays.

Collect and Connect

enjoy

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ERICSSON

one 2 one

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*'with no expiry' means unused airtime is retained by making at least one paid outbound call, top-up or text message every 365 days.

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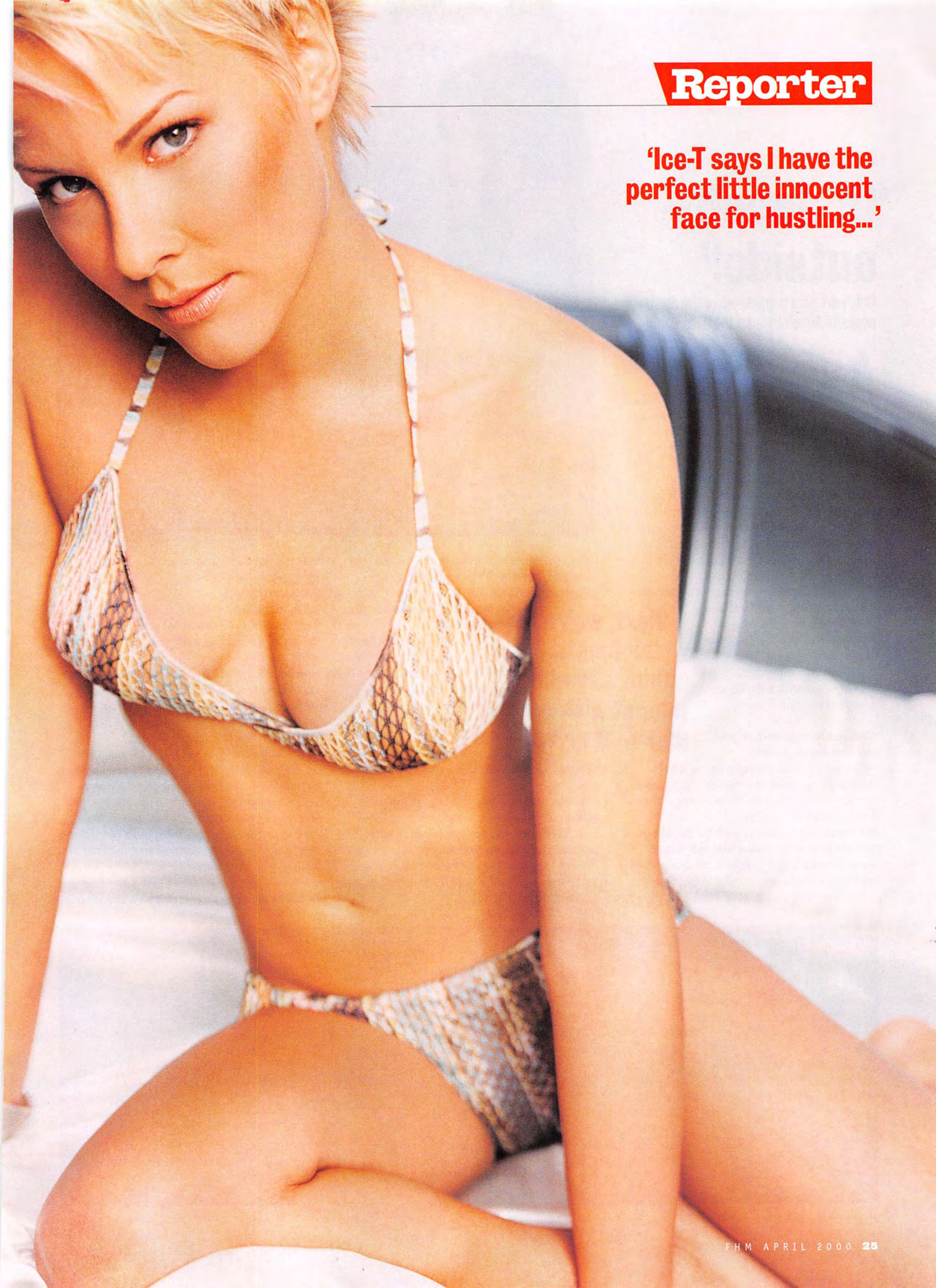
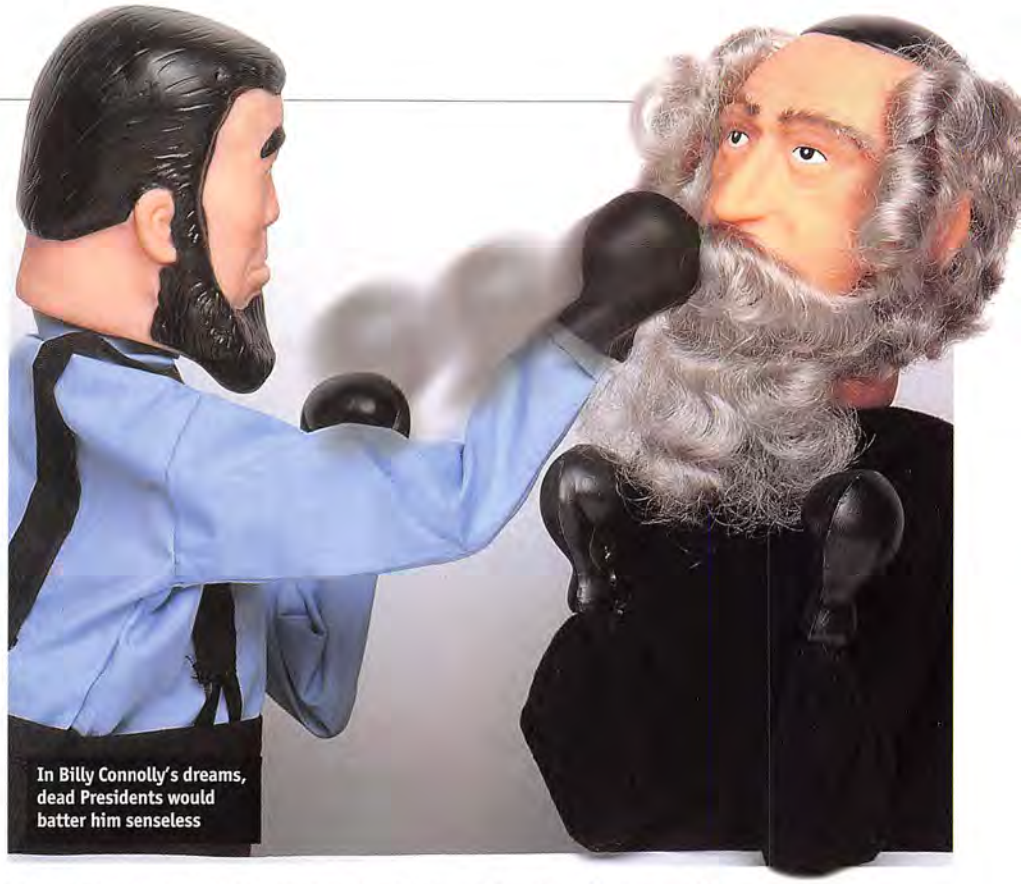


'Ice-T says I have the perfect little innocent face for hustling...'

RUCKING

'Oi, Jacob – outside!'

Only punching puppets allow the normally peaceful Amish to lamp the wise Rabbi



In Billy Connolly's dreams, dead Presidents would batter him senseless

As a child, mock wars were easy to set up – all you needed was a rubber band and a couple of green plastic soldiers. "Blood" would be shed as "bombs" were liberally scattered – but any real-life fisticuffs was out of the question, as black eyes would always result in a maternal scolding. Now, there's a safer way to partake in fist-fighting fun – thanks to a pair of 12-inch plastic puppets which look for all the world like a Rabbi, and an Amish Abe Lincoln doppelgänger. There's also a nun, for the ladies.

Sporting authentic hair and clothing, with finger-activated arms under their cloaks, the puppets are more powerful than you might think – possibly as tough as a small child.

"We're trying to find humour in places where it's not normally found," explains David Wahl, one of the team at Archie McPhee and Company, the Seattle-based toy and gadget maker behind the puppets. "There aren't many Jewish products with a sense of humour."

What sort of response have you had from Jewish people?
We've had a couple of people saying it's not respectful, but we've had loads of Rabbis ordering them. We haven't had an Amish person order the Amish puppet yet, though.

The Amish chap looks very realistic. Did you spend hours in front of the telly watching *Witness*?
We've got a couple of people in the company who are from Pennsylvania and who lived in Amish country, so they gave a lot of input. Everything had to be researched properly: the costume has to be correct because you want people to recognise it for what it is.

'Next, we're thinking of doing a Hindu puppet with six punching arms'

Any other battling religious types in the pipeline?
Well, next we're thinking of doing a Hindu puppet with six punching arms. If we can figure out how the mechanism works.

And a punching Buddha?
I'm all for it, but a lot of our products are made in Asian countries and we're a little nervous about that. We don't want to make fun of their culture.

Of course. Have any buyers ever been injured?
With a punching puppet? No.

... or has anyone ever been rushed to ER with a puppet's fist stuck up their arse?
If it has happened then we haven't heard about that either. I guess the embarrassment would be too much for anybody.

Ever thought about making a life-sized one to give Mike Tyson a twatting?
We're kind of limited by the size of people's hands, so for a life-sized one I guess you'd have to have two midgets operating it. That would be a great promotional idea.

How low will you go? A wheelchair-bound Christopher Reeve battling Stephen Hawking?
We wouldn't do that, no. One of the things we draw the boundary at is doing anything in bad taste that refers to a specific person.

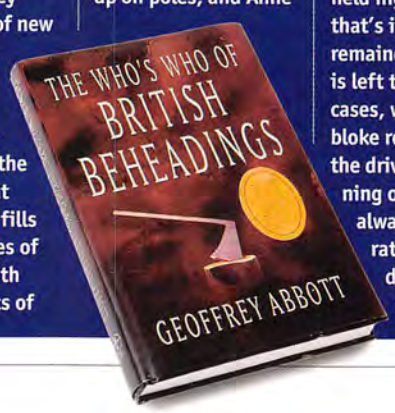
So no Monica Lewinsky and Hilary Clinton, then?
No, we look for things that would be popular in the long term and not just fad items. A Monica Lewinsky might sell well for two months but then you've got a warehouse full of the things. You have to do a more generic thing like a nun instead of a Mother Teresa. We don't do anything that's in incredibly bad taste. (TH)

To order a punching puppet, visit www.mcphee.com

CHOPS

An anthology of hacking

Cast your gaze across the lofty turrets of any prison rooftop, and chances are you'll see a bevy of disgruntled convicts, passing the time by hurling slate at the rozzers, or embarking on a two-hour hunger strike. Jump back a few generations, and the same scamps would be gobbing into the ocean as they sailed towards Australia. Hit the 17th Century, and they would be on their knees, waiting for a bloody great axe to pound its way though their necks. Clearly a fanatic of the macabre – his other titles include *Lords Of The Scaffold*, and *Rack, Rope And Red-Hot Pincers* – Geoffrey Abbott, author of new book *The Who's Who Of British Beheadings*, certainly understands that it's the little details that count, and thus fills the first 20 pages of his new tome with brilliant snippets of history: crowds tended to punch decapitated heads before hoisting them up on poles, and Anne "Copperfield" Boleyn stunned the crowd by opening her eyes as her removed head was held high. Sadly, that's it, and the remainder of the book is left to individual cases, which, like that bloke reversing down the drive at the beginning of *Casualty*, always end in rather predictable disaster. All the faces are here, from Charles I to Robert, Earl Of Essex – all beheaded – but only Oliver Cromwell deserves a special mention as, in a spectacular move of bitterness, he was hung, drawn and quartered... two years after he died. (RB)



The Who's Who Of British Beheadings is out now on André Deutsch priced £12.99

DAVID TURNLEY/CORBIS, CAPITAL PICTURES

The Gnat Man of Alcatraz wasn't quite so famous

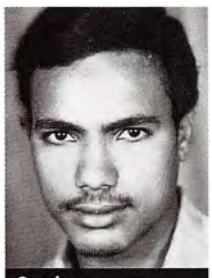
TIME

'Can I see my lawyer, please?'

Under normal circumstances, the newly-arrested man can expect a cup of tea, a word with a wise old copper, and a phone call to his family solicitor. But in the world of the political prisoner, the best you can hope for is a day without a thrashing...

Egypt

Convict: Muawwadh Mohammed Youssef Gawda.


Gawda

Crime: The 34-year-old lawyer was accused of being a member of a Muslim organisation.

Punishment: Gawda was beaten up in his house by State Security Investigation officers in 1991 and then interrogated at their headquarters and reportedly tortured with electric shocks. Electrodes are typically attached to the victim's penis, ears or legs. Cigarette burns are also common. He was then thrown into prison and has allegedly been tortured on a regular basis since.

Status: Still held at Istiqbal Tora Prison. He has been in prison for eight years without charge or trial.

Syria

Convict: Fateh Jamus

Crime: The 51-year-old belonged to a leftie political party

Fateh Jamus

the government does not like.

Punishment: Jamus was arrested in 1982 and sentenced to 15 years. He was reportedly tortured after his arrest. The most common form of torture in Syria is "falaqa" – beating on the soles of the feet. Pulling out fingernails and inserting heated metal skewers into the rectum are also popular.

Status: Still in prison, despite the fact his sentence expired more than two years ago.

China

Convict: Li Hai

Crime: The 45-year-old ex-student had the temerity to make inquiries about prisoners held since the 1989 pro-democracy protests.

Punishment: Thrown into jail for a year-and-a-half after which, a secret "trial"

Li Hai

was held and he was sentenced to a further nine years. He is believed to be in a bad way – the torture of political prisoners is commonplace – and is denied visits and medical treatment.

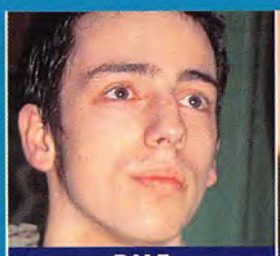
Status: Still in Liangxiang Prison in Beijing. His current sentence runs until 2004. (NA)

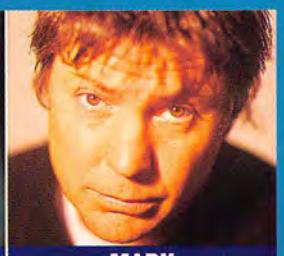
Contact Amnesty International on 0171-413 5500.

DUELLING

Bloke test

It's the battle of the Little people this week, with *The Royle Family*'s Ralf Little ("Our Antony") taking on Aussie comic Mark Little


RALF


MARK

	RALF	MARK
Have you ever driven a car naked?	Yes. I sometimes get changed in the car when I'm driving to football. Undies and everything. 1	Not totally naked. In Australia, the last thing you want to do is get nude on that hot upholstery. 0
Have you ever been rude to a policeman?	I'm scared shitless of the police, but I have been rude to my friend's dad, and he's a policeman. 1	Yes, I'm not afraid of the police. English police are approachable, because they don't carry guns. 1
Could you make a living out of busking?	No, the only thing I can play is the French horn. I can juggle – but I'd be lucky to make 10p. 0	No mate. I could probably balance on something, but give it a week and I'd top myself. 0
Have you ever spent more than £100 on a single round?	No. I drive everywhere, so I don't want to get into a big round when I'm drinking Coke. 0	Yes. I think it was £650, but we left it open. In Sydney I spent $150, but that's only about £20. 1
Have you ever ridden a unicycle?	Yes. It was my cousin's. He said it helped him relax, so I had a go, but I fell off. 1	No way mate, I would stay right away from them. Fucking oath. 0
Have you ever taken anything out of a dustbin?	Once I took a bottle out of the kitchen bin because I couldn't stand throwing it away. Freak! 1/2	Once I found a toilet seat in a skip and wrote "Happy Birthday Pete" on it. What a card that was. 1
Could you land a 50lb pike?	I can't fish at all. I went sea fishing once and caught four. I sold them for about 20p each. 0	With my bare hands, mate! Grip it with my fucking teeth, like a grizzly bear. 1
Have you ever thrown a punch at a celebrity?	No, but I did shout at Steps once. I'm sure they're OK, but the blond bloke's annoying. 0	I hit an American actor, who was right up his arse. I gave him a bit of lip. He hit me, I hit him. 1
Have you ever filmed yourself having sex?	Err... no. 0	Yeah, but it was only on video – we didn't have grips and lights or anything. 1
Ever played for your county in a sports event?	Yes. I played for Greater Manchester County Schools Badminton Association. 1	I did, yeah. But I got hit in a tackle early on, so I don't remember the game at all. 1
Final Score	**A middling four-and-a-half for Ralf, who stars in a third series of *The Royle Family* this summer.**	**But a whopping seven for Mark, who films a new Channel 5 game show, *Ex-Rated*, this month.**

INTERVIEWS: MIKE PEAKE AND ROSS BROWN

During the busy months, West took on a work experience lad

CORPSES

Grim farewell for stiffs

Embrace the Reaper in Cape Town and your family could spend hours identifying the body

Unless you meet a grisly end at the hands of a Tyrolean kidnapper, it's a fair bet that your funeral will be a sombre, dignified affair – even if the only people in attendance are a drunken stranger asleep on a pew and a 17-year-old professional mourner supplied by the local Co-Op.

When the coffin disappears behind the fancy curtain and your lifeless carcass goes up in a puff of smoke, be grateful that the man who scatters your ashes over the crematorium rose garden at least knows your name, address, and – perhaps – your favourite tipple. Because in the crime-addled hellhole that is South Africa, the only thing you're guaranteed in death is that you don't need to worry about shaving any more.

Diggers: dusty

In South Africa's capital Cape Town, the local morgue – Salt River – is the busiest in the world. More than 30,000 stiffs move through its doors each year... and almost 4,000 of them have "untraceable identities": no-one knows who they are and no-one comes knocking at the morgue's front door to claim them. The bodies are piled up, an autopsy is performed on each, and then the nameless cadavers are chucked into simple plots – marked only by numbers. As these pictures show, it's no way to go... (MP)

THE BINGATRON

Go 'Ooh!', 'Aah!' and 'Whoo!' at our master statistician's massive brain...

- **The number one source of employment in Afghanistan is mine clearance.**
- The drugs required to execute a Death Row criminal cost the state of Louisiana $86.06.
- **Between 1946 and 1982, Russian nuclear-powered ships and submarines had to dump 16 dodgy reactors into the Arctic Ocean.**
- The most common procedure conducted by US military surgeons during WWII – even at the height of the fighting – was circumcision.
- **As part of a drive to clean up pollution, China closed 31,000 coal mines last year. But the country's power stations still emitted 9,000 cubic kilometres of waste gases over the course of 1999.**
- You could fit 1.3 million Earths inside the sun.
- **Comparing men of the same age, blokes who haven't fathered a child are, on average, 3cm shorter than those with kids.**
- In the course of the First World War, it cost the Allied powers $36,485 (at 1918 prices) to kill a single enemy soldier. The Kaiser's armies spent an average of just $11,343 to knock off a Tommy. **(MB)**

Marbles: intricate

HOME SWEET HOME

I could live here...

Destination: GEORGETOWN, CAYMAN ISLANDS, CARIBBEAN

£49,431 ($65,000 Cayman Island dollars)

Description: "Desirable one-bedroom residence with balcony, close to the centre of Georgetown and beachfront. Great for a first time buyer or couple."
In the area: Miles of sandy Caribbean shoreline, thriving nightlife and plenty of recreational sports. If you fancy scuba diving or combing the seabed in a deep-sea research submarine, this is the place. Miami is just a two-hour flight away.
Getting there: British Airways (0845 7222111) flies to Georgetown via Barbados from Gatwick every day, for £652.50 one-way.
Contact: Cayman Paradise Realty Ltd. on 00 13 45 945 7955.

... but I'm glad I don't live there...

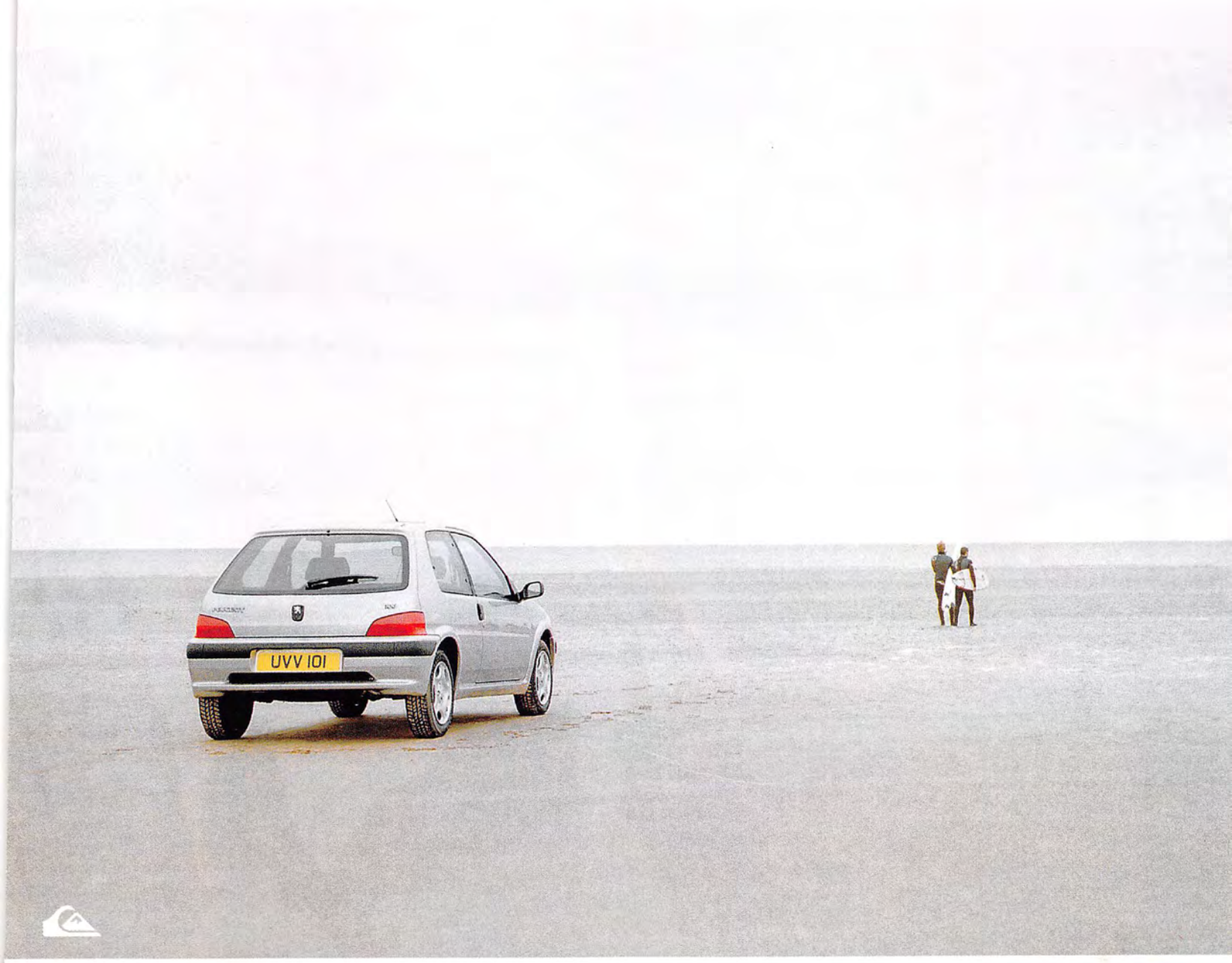
Destination: PANCEVO, SERBIA

£48,171 (D150,000)

Description: "Charming bungalow situated in the centre of Pancevo. Comes with three bedrooms, kitchen, toilet and central heating."
In the area: A modern art gallery, and the Pancevo Army Centre. Belgrade, home of mental European tyrant Slobodan Milosevic is a 15-mile drive away, while the still-smoking warzone of Kosovo is a mere 100 miles to the south.
Getting there: British Airways flies direct to Belgrade, once a day, from Gatwick for £399 one-way. Trains leave Belgrade for Pancevo at regular intervals.
Contact: D.A.-Link Real Estate on 00 381 13 352 649.

KIM LUDBROOK/REX FEATURES, IMAGES PICTURE LIBRARY, TELEGRAPH COLOUR LIBRARY

WE CRAWLED FROM THE SEA 360 MILLION YEARS AGO. WHAT A WAY TO RETURN.



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ED HALLIWELL'S BIG EYE ON THE WORLD

■ A voyeuristic Mexican prison officer took a fatal tumble from the roof of a visiting room – while prying on an inmate having sex. Nosy Raul Zarate Diaz had climbed onto the roof to get a good view of a conjugal visit – but got so engrossed by the proceedings that he tripped and fell through a skylight, landing just inches away from the shagging couple – clutching a porn mag and a pair of binoculars.

■ **An Indian mother has entrusted the care of her two-year-old son to a monkey called Rani. The boy, called Apurba, has apparently developed a "unique bond" with the simian, who looks after him while his mother goes out to work. "I know Rani will not allow anyone to harm my boy," claims the mother.**

■ Determined not to be upstaged by their rivals in neighbouring Muslim countries, judges in a Jerusalem court have prohibited women from using mobile phones in public places – because it apparently makes them look like whores.

■ **An unwise fascination with a highly venomous king brown snake has cost an Australian man one of his arms. The man, named only as Gordon, had been on a drink/drive bender with a friend when he spotted the serpent by the roadside. Gordon picked it up with his left hand ("because I had a beer in the right one") and was bitten. Rather than back away, he put the reptile in a plastic bag and the pair drove off. "For some stupid reason," says Gordon, "I then stuck my hand back in the bag and it bit me another eight times." Gordon's pal kept him awake by, "Whacking my head and pouring beer on me," and eventually called an ambulance from a nearby hotel. Doctors revived the foolhardy Antipodean three times on the operating table, and as well as losing the arm, Gordon has also lost the use of both his legs. "I still can't believe my arm's been chopped off just for one snake," he moaned from his bed.**

■ Hungry Romanian Vasile Bungeanu hammered a four-inch nail into his wife's head after she forgot to cook him dinner. He went mad after coming home drunk to an empty plate, and, after tying his wife down, began hammering away. Hearing screams, neighbours called the police, but further action might not be taken, as the dispute is "domestic" and Mrs Bungeanu has apparently forgiven her husband for the assault.

The excruciating ritual being practised here is part of a Japanese harvest festival. Slightly more extreme than the traditional British version – nearly-dead old women hobbling to church laden with large piles of fruit – the celebrations begin with purification by sacred fire, which involves torching the nuts off a line of screaming young men. Apparently, this improves the chances of a decent rice crop.

This poor bloke is Alom Shah Khan, a Bangladeshi who suffered horrific facial injuries as a kid when he was set upon by a circus tiger. As a teenager, he was operated on by British plastic surgeon, Dr Ron Hiles, who gave him some semblance of a visage. "His dream has always been to have a face," said Dr Hiles. "And now he's got one."

THRILLS

Party like Homer in Las Vegas

With its gaudy lighting, drugged-up hookers and flabby Americans in elasticated trousers, Las Vegas is unlikely to appear on any list of the world's great cultural centres. But for the man in search of fun without finesse, Las Vegas is hard to beat. The whole city is a temple to inexpensive booze, awesome hotels, fine weather and amazing shows, not to mention the chance to blow your entire life savings in a single night.

To mark the launch of the brand new Simpsons video, *Viva Los Simpsons*, *FHM* and Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment are offering you – and three of your mates – the chance to win a week in this modern day Gomorrah. The winner and his chums will jet off to one of the city's finest hotels for seven nights, with $1,000 spending money to share, or simply to squander at the poker tables. To enter, you don't need to risk your shirt. Just send in your name and address (postcards only please) to *Viva Los Simpsons* Competition, *FHM*, PO Box 2419, London, W1A 5WL, to arrive no later than March 30. And if you're not lucky enough to win, you can still watch Homer and family have their jollies, because *Viva Los Simpsons* is out to buy on March 6, priced £14.99. Competition prize must be taken by June 2000.

Winton's Christmas decorations were gorgeous

REX, D REESE/TONY STONE, BRITSTOCK-IFA

APPARITIONS

In memoriam

The funnymen are getting serious, as *FHM* discovered during a visit to the set of *Randall And Hopkirk (Deceased)*

There are Fruit Salad chewy sweet wrappers everywhere: strewn over the settee, piled on the table and toppling from the woefully inadequate wastepaper bin. Further inside the set caravan of Vic Reeves and Bob Mortimer, there's another large bowl, and even more plastic bags, full of the schoolboy's favourite sweet.

"I used to prefer the Blackjack," says Bob, his mouth bulging. "But we've had them continually now for 10 weeks, and at the end of a day's filming, you can't face a Blackjack."

"The bags come 50/50, too," says Vic. "We've had to stockpile them." With a flourish, he opens the door to the caravan's bedroom where – a little like Morecambe and Wise – they sleep in adjacent beds. On the floor is a bowl brimming with nothing but the black liquorice toffees. "As if you needed proof!" he declares, triumphantly.

A quick glance out of the perspex window, however, reveals this is not your usual Reeves and Mortimer production. Indeed, as pivotal scenes are shot in the stately Dulwich College in south London, there's not a frying pan, man with a stick or humorously large vegetable in sight. Instead, *Randall And Hopkirk (Deceased)* is that rarest of televisual beasts: the "serious" remake.

"Nobody's making anything like this at the moment," says producer Charlie Higson. "It's all in-your-face, gritty American dramas on hand-held cameras – or docu-soaps." As writer of all six episodes (with help on one from *Fast Show* colleague Paul Whitehouse), Higson has stuck closely to the Sixties detective romp, "Without going into kitsch *Austin Powers* territory."

Thus, in their first "straight" roles, Bob plays officious private detective Jeff Randall, in mourning after his partner Marty Hopkirk – Vic – is murdered in the first episode. Marty then helps solve ongoing cases from beyond the grave, with ethereal guidance from his mentor Wyvern – played by no less than big-teethed Tom Baker. "We're trying to make the type of programme that we used to enjoy as kids in the Sixties," says Higson. "Programmes with a big fantasy element, and an adventure that took you away from reality."

'We're trying to make the type of programme we used to enjoy as kids'

Understandably wary of the BBC's track record in special effects, the show's bigwigs drafted in Double Negative – the visual boffins behind *GoldenEye* – for the job. They'd just finished work on *Mission: Impossible 2* before starting on *Randall And Hopkirk*. "We got them cheap – they were between jobs," says Vic. "We've been told the effects are going to be as good as *The Matrix*, so everything else has to be great. You can't have superb special effects and a crap script – unless it's *The Avengers*."

It's obvious the BBC are bombarding the series with sacks of money; indeed, after the mighty *Gormenghast*, it's Auntie's biggest production this year. "It's a fucking amazing cast," confides Bob, betraying his non-luvvie roots. "We've got Charles Dance, Hugh Laurie, Tom Baker, Richard Todd... it goes on and on. I just hope people aren't expecting real acting on our part."

Any thespian shortcomings should easily be covered by Emilia Fox. Edward Fox's daughter plays karate-kicking love interest Jeannie, left waiting at the altar after Marty's death. "I've done loads of different stuff lately: period dramas, stage work, a murderess in *Bright Hair*," says Emilia. "I haven't really done comedy before, and the chance to play an *Avengers*-type action woman was too good to resist."

And as filming begins on a bedroom scene, it's obvious Vic's real-life fiancée – they met on set – is not cowed by the *Big Night Out* stars. "You could have shaved, Emilia," shouts Bob, after Jeannie unclips a trademark seamed stocking. "I have," she replies. "All over."

During the lengthy shoot, a nameless but hilarious member of the crew keeps spirits up by triggering a "fart" sound effect at inopportune moments during a tender bedroom scene.

Later, Bob arrives at the set from make-up. He's at pains to point out his bald spot has now been admirably concealed with spray-on hair, "To cover a growing shortcoming." Then he's off, badgering people for a light for his cigarette. He's appeased by a bowl of chewy sweets, but – calamity – all the Fruit Salads have gone...

He stares at the bowl of Blackjacks for a minute, before looking away. "This isn't on," he says, to no-one. "I bet Cruise and Nicholson don't have this problem." (CB)

The tandem cyclists interrupted Vic's ablutions

JOSS BARRATT/FRANK SPOONER PICTURES

Randall And Hopkirk (Deceased) starts on BBC1 later this month.

All the bowlers feared "Big Bat" McGraw

At the end of each day, Rabbit Man returned his buck-teeth

Notes: repetitive

DRUGS

'Do you take Visa, Doc?'

Many of life's nasty ailments are curable. If only you could afford to buy your way better...

The display cabinets at the local chemist are crammed full of rubbish claiming to assist with the debilitating effects of a common cold. But don't moan about the "extortionate" £5 that may restore your precious health – because it's when you get *really* ill that the bastards start to fleece you...

Cerezyme (aglucerase)

Price tag: £100,000 per year.
What's it for: A rare enzyme disease called Gaucher Disease.
Controversy: This treatment for the crippling life-threatening condition which causes enlargement of the liver and spleen and thinning and weakening of the bones, is sold in 55 countries. There are roughly 5,000 sufferers worldwide, with 120 in the UK. The drug needs to be taken intravenously every two weeks, for the rest of the patient's life. Manufacturers Genzyme charge ludicrously high prices – but they only have exclusive rights to the drug until 2001.

Betaferon (interferon beta)

Price tag: £9,000 for a course of treatment.
What's it for: Multiple Sclerosis.
Controversy: The drug lengthens the period between relapses for many MS sufferers. However, only two per cent of UK sufferers have been given a dose, compared with 10 per cent in Europe and the US. Although prescribed freely in England, Scottish health boards are more stingy about its distribution. Denied it by his health authority, one MS sufferer from the Highlands set about raising £10,000 to visit a faith healer in Brazil instead.

Photofrin (porfimer sodium)

Price tag: £3,000 per dose.
What's it for: Cancer of the lungs and oesophagus.
Controversy: This light-activated drug is a chemically modified version of a substance culled from pig's blood, but it treats cancer tumours in a remarkably safe way. Photofrin is infiltrated into the cancer cells, and when a laser is applied, the drug explodes within the cancer cells and kills them. Light penetrates just three millimetres, so only cancer near the surface is killed.

Combination Therapy

Price tag: £10,000 per year.
What's it for: AIDS.
Controversy: Demand for the costly AIDS drugs, which can extend life by around 20 years, grew by up to 30 per cent last year, but Government funding has remained at £234 million. The number of people with HIV in the UK, rising by 10 per cent a year, is now around 30,000, but health officials worry that the success of the drug could mean increased complacency amongst those at risk.

Campto (Irinotecan hydrochloride)

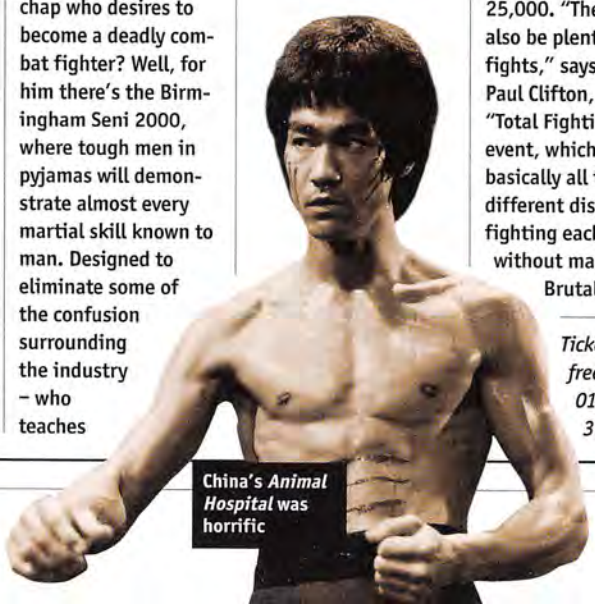
Price tag: £5,000 for a course of treatment.
What's it for: Cancer of the bowel.
Controversy: Although it can improve the chances of survival, some health authorities still refuse to prescribe this new drug because it is ten times the price of previously used treatments. (LV)

THUGGERY

Beat up a stranger

For those who suddenly decide that a brand new sofa is paramount, every imaginable piece of quality furniture is available for perusal at the Ideal Homes Exhibition. Want to get out on the ocean waves, but can't decide on a vessel? Just pop down to the Motor Boat Exhibition. A car? You know where to go. But what of the chap who desires to become a deadly combat fighter? Well, for him there's the Birmingham Seni 2000, where tough men in pyjamas will demonstrate almost every martial skill known to man. Designed to eliminate some of the confusion surrounding the industry – who teaches the One Inch Punch? Is Tai Chi purely for the gay man? – the exhibition runs from May 6 to 7, with over 100 stands parading their wares for an expected crowd of 25,000. "There will also be plenty of ring fights," says organiser Paul Clifton, "plus a "Total Fighting" event, which is basically all the different disciplines fighting each other, without many rules." Brutal. (RB)

Tickets are free on 01277 375405.



China's *Animal Hospital* was horrific

DILEMMAS

Who d'ya do?

Normally, the most taxing choice you have to make all day is "cheese and onion?" or "smokey bacon?" Not any more – now you have to ask yourself, who d'ya do?...

- Britney Spears.... on an iron lung – or Christina Aguilera... toothless and bloody?
- **Debbie Harry... with dirty underpants – or Vanessa Feltz, plus £1,000?**
- **Catherine Zeta Jones... aged 60 – or Anna Kournikova with a full beard and moustache?**
- Jennifer Aniston... with Pitt joining in – or Courteney Cox... smeared in Arquette's man-paste?

To buy the official Who D'Ya Do card game, pay a visit to: www.whodyado.com

CORBIS/EVERETT, KOBAL, SUPERSTOCK

Advil*

Advanced medicine for pain

sorted for the weekend?

Contains Ibuprofen. Always read the label.

WHITEHALL*

*Trade Mark

RETRIBUTION

It's your girlfriend!

This month, a wronged Antipodean temptress accuses her jealous Brit boyfriend

Perhaps it's no surprise that so many young Australians choose to go backpacking. After all, if your country's only contributions to world culture are Rolf Harris and a bent stick that comes back when you throw it, even the dullest European fresco will have you going "strewth!" But Haley Thompson, a 19-year-old blonde from Perth, plainly cares less about our works of art than what our menfolk have to offer, for she has chosen to spend a year in the cultural dustbowl that is the Middlesbrough region, where she lives with her British boyfriend David.

Sadly, she describes David as "insanely jealous of other guys talking to me". In fact, so possessive is he that she reckons only the men of Abu Dhabi have come closer to dampening her free-wheeling outback spirit. "They're incredibly repressed out there. I had creepy guys following me around all day just because my ankles were showing."

Any man who doesn't foam at the pants every time he sees a well-turned heel should note Haley will soon be on her travels again, and if you're lucky enough to bump into her, here are a few vital do's and don'ts...

Be generous

"I'm on a tight traveller's budget, so I can't afford to pay for much. I don't even get drunk that often, because it's a case of eating or drinking, not both."

Don't get corny

"I hate chat up lines. This bloke came up to me and said, 'Hi, I've lost my phone number, can I have yours?' and I thought, yeah sure, I *really* must go out with a winner like you.'" (GS)

Ladies – do you have a boyfriend, ex, brother, dad, or boss that you'd like to put to shame? Send your snaps to: It's Your Sister, FHM, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR.

THE BOYFRIEND

Name David George
Age 20
Occupation Auto parts salesman
Reason for shaming "He gets really jealous if I even look at another man."
Nickname Angel Pie
Don't mention That he sings and dances along to Britney Spears records, or that he's frightened of dwarves: "Even if you just say the word 'midget' at bedtime, he won't sleep a wink."

PHOTOGRAPHY: ANDREW G HOBBS. STYLING: HELENA O' KEIFFE AT MICHAELJOHN. HAIR & MAKE-UP: RUTH WARRIOR AT MICHAELJOHN MANAGMENT USING CLINIQUE. HAYELY WEARS BLACK HOT PANTS AND BLACK BIKINI BY BARKERS OF KENSINGTON (0171-937 3823)

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Secs machine
Kim Holland, up and coming adult movie actress, wears the new accu.2 watch with a unique seconds only display mode.

STORAGE

Rubbery help for ladies

Tree-hugging women rejoice! You can stem the red tide *and* save the planet...

It's little surprise that menstruation, with its cramps, mood swings and general discomfort, used to be called "the curse of Eve", and blamed for everything from breaking up marriages to curdling milk. But even in these enlightened times, the curse lives on, with bushy-faced environmental doom-mongers citing women's "monthlies" as an eco-nightmare.

Tampons are to blame: £300 million is spent on them every year in the UK alone, and the average woman will get through 10,000 in her lifetime – most of which get flushed down the bog.

"This is permanent planetary waste," says Irena Rodziewicz, who sells an alternative to the tried-and-tested tampon. "And women aren't encouraged to think about where all that soiled sanitary waste goes. When you see it on television, it's just nice clean blue liquid."

Pinocchio peeped at The Nolans

Rodziewicz's company, Menses, says the environmentally friendly choice is called The Keeper, a rubber cup that they sell for 30 quid and which lasts a decade. The beauty of it is that you only have to buy one. The downside is that you have to wash it.

"It's not a new idea," says Rodziewicz. "In the Thirties, athletes would use some sort of cup to collect their menstrual fluids." As well as filling with her womb lining, The Keeper could swell your lady's purse, too. She could save about £50 a year – which is roughly the price of that new shirt she doesn't yet know she wants to buy you. **(HW)**

To buy The Keeper, visit www.menses.co.uk – or send a cheque for £30 to "Menses" at: PO Box 616, Bristol, BS99 5UN.

WATCHING

Smith's sex appeal

Way back at the start of last year, *FHM* writer Grub Smith invited readers of his now-defunct sex column to write in if they wanted to take part in the mysteriously-titled "Grub Smith's Exciting Sex Experiment". The scribbler was inundated with replies from couples happy for Smith to watch them "at it" – but then he lost all their letters.

So, an appeal. We'd still like Smith to get off his backside and do his "Exciting Sex Experiment" – so we'd now like all those saucy couples who wrote to him agreeing to be watched "in situ" to write in again. And any new couples wishing to take part should feel free to get scribbling too. Please write (with your name, address and phone number), to: Careless Grub's Experiment, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR. (MP)

READS

Get a life!

Normally, the well-intentioned man seeks out a personal trainer when his beer-gut swells. Now, there's an alternative – *FHM Bionic*, in the shops now. It will tell you how to conquer addictions, how to give your lady the ultimate sex and more – and is yours for £2.99. It may change your life...

LITTLE EYE ON THE PROVINCES

It is a well known fact that – with the exception of certain parts of Anglia – Gloucestershire is at least twice as dull as any other county. Yet this month, beard-ridden baptist minister, Douglas Drane has managed to lead his countymen in a plunge to horrific new depths. And of course, local scribblers were immediately pricking up their filthy, nicotine-stained ears...

Minister tackles unholey problem

Pants fail to answer the call

When retired Baptist church minister the Rev Douglas Drane popped into a toilet he thought he must have put his new Marks & Spencer pants on back to front.

He found the call of nature was being hampered by the lack of a fly in the briefs.

Mr Drane, from Bredon, near Tewkesbury, a lifelong wearer of M&S underwear, said: "At first I thought I had them on backwards but when I checked there was definitely no fly.

"I've been wearing St Michael brand underpants all my life and I have never known them to be without a fly.

"I went into Marks & Spencer in Gloucester and bought a £10 pack of briefs because my old ones were getting a bit threadbare and I had an appointment coming up at the local hospital.

"When I arrived in Tewkesbury for my appointment I thought I had better pop into the public loo first.

"As I prepared to do what

Kitchen fire

A KETTLE was destroyed in a house fire which was out by the time fire fighters arrived last night. Slight smoke damage was caused to the kitchen and hallway of the house in Fordyce Road, Owton Manor, Hartlepool.

Stuck in lift

BINGLEY: A man was stuck in a lift for ten minutes when it malfunctioned at Bingley Library. Fire fighters were called at 10.30am yesterday but the man was freed.

ws, Friday 26, November, 1999 3

Metro File

Hillary 'got high' - claim

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PANTS FAIL TO ANSWER THE CALL

We thought we'd seen everything at Little Eye until the day this lame pant-related effort landed on our doorstep.

Hot off the press of the *Gloucestershire Echo*, it tells of a hapless clergyman who only discovered that his undies didn't have a piss-hole until he wound-up scrabbling around in a public lavatory. *Minister tackles unholey problem!* Front page stuff? Of course! Sent in by Toby Koshboy, Cheltenham.

NEWS IN BRIEF

All the usual small-town pap this month, including the *Bradford Telegraph And Argus'* tale of a reader at the Bingley Library who got stuck in the lift for ten whole minutes. And thanks to the *Teeside Evening Gazette*, we were able to read about the exciting events as an entire kettle was razed to the ground. And amazingly, the *West Midlands Daily Metro News'* sub editors were so busy that they couldn't even be bothered to put the story about Hillary onto the page.

THANKS TO: Stuart Spaull (Bradford), Chris Parker (Teeside) and Arun Prabhu (West Midlands). (DML)

Keep sending the ridiculous cuttings to: Little Eye On The Provinces, FHM, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR.

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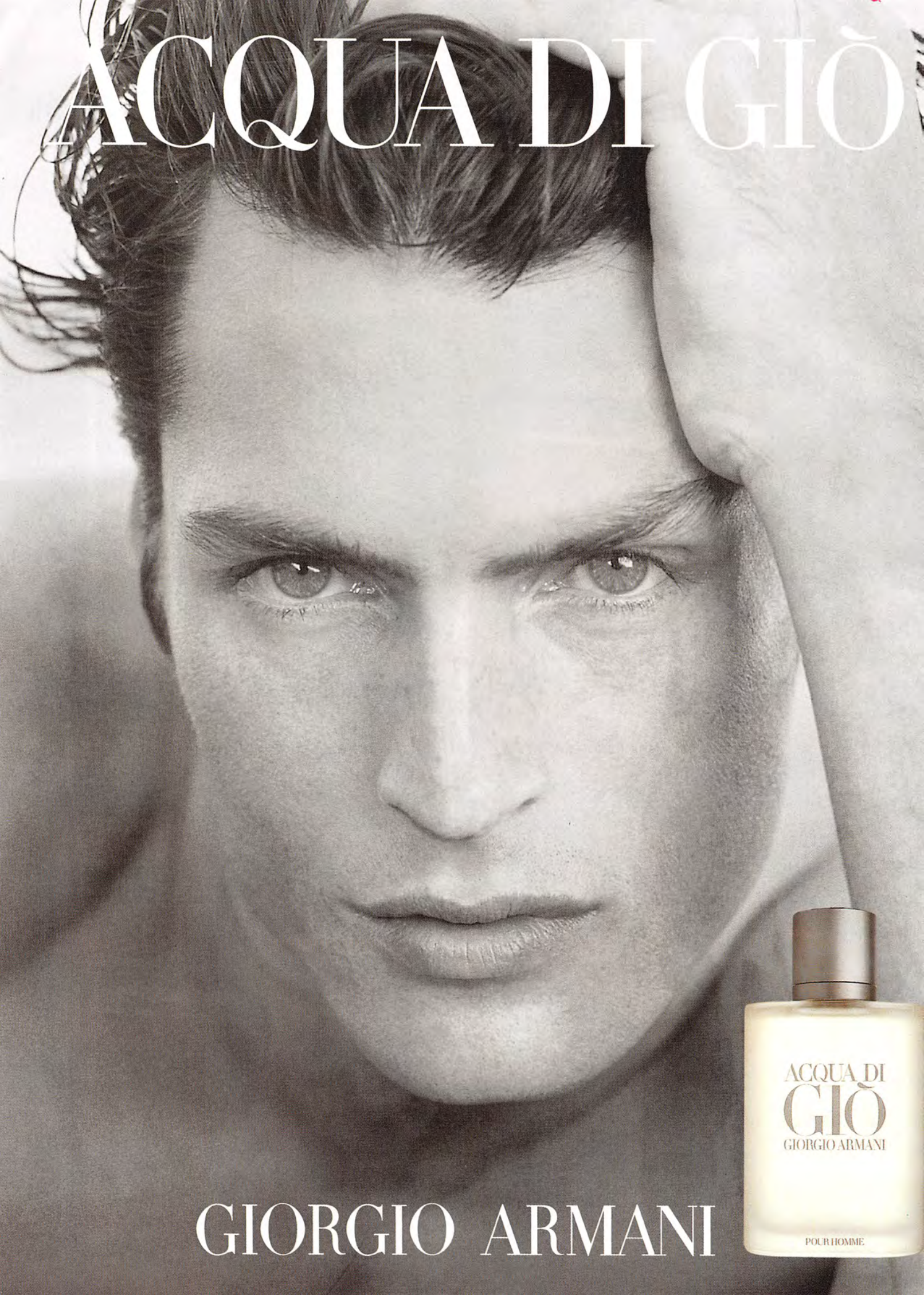
ACQUA DI GIÒ
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ACQUA DI
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POUR HOMME

KIDDING

Fake guards fox baddies

In South America, dimwitted crims are being bamboozled by plastic security guards

With his gimpy leg, useless aim and an unwavering eye on his imminent pension, the average security guard is at his most effective when he's bollocking young boys for mooning at the girls in accounts. Once the real action starts, however, he's off – cacking himself in the broom cupboard and whispering into his walkie-talkie until the police arrive.

Yet often, the simple fact that he's *there* will keep the crims at bay – which is why scientists in South America have developed a new kind of security guard. A fibreglass one. Who doesn't take tea breaks, never pulls a sickie – and can be trusted not to nick the lead off the factory roof.

In Rio de Janeiro, where the murder rate is six times that of New York, local firm Tradicom has sold hundreds of the plastic patrolmen at $450 a pop. The guards have hollow heads so that surveillance cameras can be secreted inside, and there's also the option of having the things "speak" a useful phrase of your choice: "You are trespassing!", "Put down your weapon," or perhaps the super-threatening, "You can't park there, mate, sorry."

Officially unfunny, Hale and Pace became security guards

Ed's microwave pie was ready to eat

The guards have hollow heads for surveillance cameras

There are two models to choose from: Factory Guard (complete with bulletproof vest), or the more casual City Guard, who you might find hanging around the lobby of an office block. Buyers are encouraged to "customise" their inanimate friends, to add authenticity. Company T-shirts and sunglasses are good, though beer bellies, a packet of fags and a copy of *Razzle* in the back pocket are probably better. **(MP)**

ERUDITION **WIN A PIAGGIO SCOOTER**

The *FHM* Pub Quiz

A zippy Piaggio scooter awaits the Tefal-headed winner of this month's brain-mangling *FHM* pub quiz...

From the cheesy banter of *A Question Of Sport* to the stoic misery of *Fifteen-To-One*, the TV quiz fills a special place in our lives. Its pub-based counterpart is even more enthralling. Yet the top of the tree has to be the *FHM* Pub Quiz, which brings all the thrills and spills of Wednesday night's session down The Feathers, without fear of liver damage. This month, our winner bags this Piaggio Zip 2000 scooter; a new model not available in the UK until May. It's worth £1,299, and if you'd like to win it, send your answers to: Pub Quiz (10), *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR. For a Piaggio brochure, dealer list and prices, call 0800 203010 (quoting ref: PR105).

PIAGGIO

1 Who narrated the cartoon *Rhubarb And Custard*?
2 Who was Eleanor Rigby's priest?
3 Which city do you overlook from Victoria Peak?
4 What do the Swiss call Lake Geneva?
5 What is Garfield's teddy bear called?
6 Which family of fish does the "char" belong to?
7 What is the capital of Venezuela?
8 Who was the first prime minister of Israel?
9 Which school did Billy Bunter attend?
10 In which German town does the Oktoberfest take place?
11 What is the largest Indian reservation in North America?
12 During classical antiquity the pomegranate was considered to have an unusual effect. Was it used as a) a back scrubber? b) a weapon? c) a contraceptive?
13 America's first university was founded in 1636. Which was it?
14 Which engineer produced the bouncing bomb?
15 Which organ produces insulin?
16 Which trained Red Rum?
17 Who is Tiny Tim's father in Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*?
18 Who said: "You're not drunk if you can lie on the floor without holding on"?
19 What is the site of penguins' nests called?
20 What newspaper do *The Flintstones* read?

Biggins loved his new widescreen TV

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS: 1 Rastafarian, **2 Drum,** 3 Louis XIV, **4 Bourbon,** 5 Tartarus, **6 Shazam,** 7 Bartholomew and Wiseman, **8 Cornwall,** 9 Lot, **10 A piece of furniture – a tiered stand,** 11 Simba, **12 Boys,** 13 Marco Polo, **14 False,** 15 Theo, **16 *The Accused*,** 17 Every four years, **18 Murray River,** 19 Kathy Bates, **20 Forty**

AP, VIN MAG ARCHIVE, WORLD PICTURES

SHOCKS

Ghoulish thrills for Christians

AIDS, abortion, suicide... It can only be Hallowe'en at the 'Hell House'

In a world full of terrorists, crazies, murderers and the French, there is precious little left out there to truly shock the bejesus out of us. When a visit to the local shopping centre allows us a glimpse into the mental world of Reggie the tramp and all his invisible friends, it's little wonder that the youth of today is desensitised to just about anything. Yet it's reassuring to know that in this tragic age of sin, there's one group out there trying to redress the balance – and put on a cracking show at the same time.

A group of Christians in Texas have taken screaming terror to gory new depths thanks to their awesome "Hell House", which you'll find every Hallowe'en at The Trinity Church Of Assemblies Of God in Cedar Hill, near Dallas. The house sets out to shock, with youthful bible bashers acting out scenes representing the evils of modern life.

Intended as a fire 'n' brimstone sermon for the MTV generation, it includes such laugh riots as a gay man dying of AIDS, a teenage girl committing suicide after being raped by her father, and a woman about to go to a place just south of heaven after dying from an abortion.

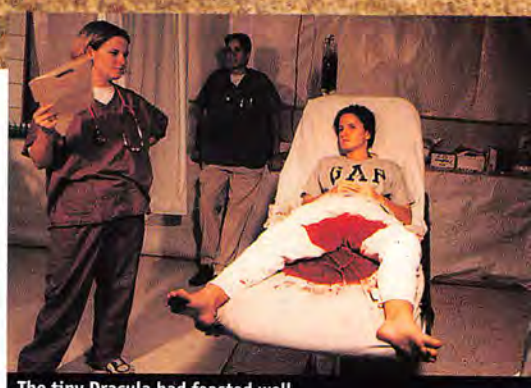
Di's cheerleader outfit was kept quiet from the press

The schoolgirl had outgrown her Christening necklace

But the real show-stopper is a re-enactment of last year's Columbine High School massacre, with two teenage boys dressed in trench coats bursting into their school library and gunning down a Christian girl.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the show has provoked a wave of protest, particularly as the mother of a girl wounded at Columbine committed suicide the week the Hell House opened. "I think we've been through enough already," said Connie Michalik, whose son Richard Castaldo also took a bullet.

The Reverend Tim Ferguson, the Hammer Horror God-botherer behind the Hell House, is unrepentant. He says the show carries a clear message that, "If you don't accept Christ, there are real consequences in a place called hell." He defends the graphic



The tiny Dracula had feasted well

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FHM READERS

Mother always told us that motorbikes were big, noisy dangerous monstrosities, but, of course, we knew better – and gently shoved the frail old bat to one side as we hurtled off on a second-hand Norton death-trap. It goes without saying that mumsie was right – as the two luckless goons pictured right will tell you. If you've got a grotesque body part, or have been the luckless recipient of a industrial accident you'd like to share with *FHM*, then send in your stories (with picture, please) to: What's Wrong With *FHM* Readers, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR. All pictures printed win the sender £20 to spend on cheap liquor.

THE AMAZING DISAPPEARING TOE

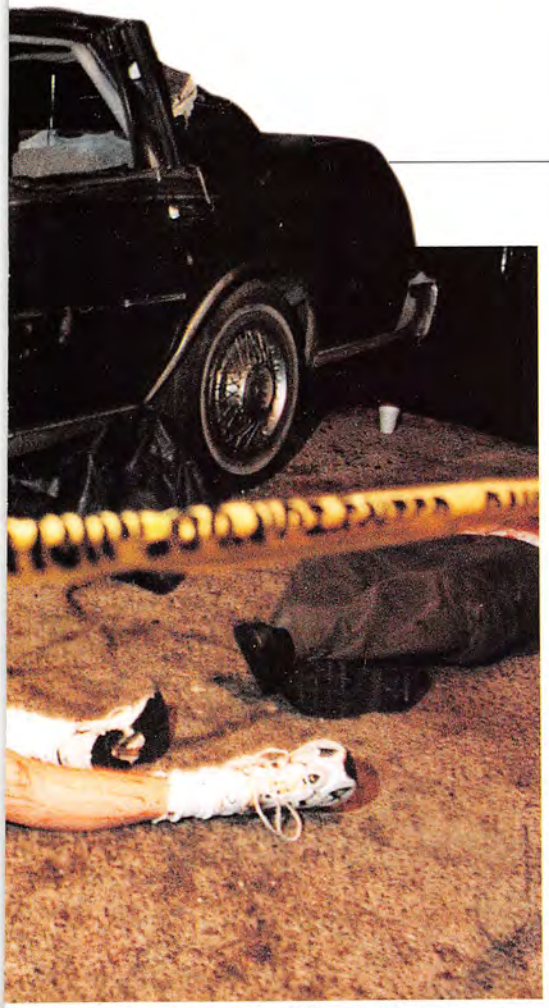
"This is what happens when you cross a motorcycle with a car," says 28-year-old Andrew Hinton, of Edington in Wiltshire. "My brake pedal went through my foot, which broke bones in my leg, ankle and foot – and left me with nine toes." So how does Andrew cope with his affliction? With humour, that's how: "My mates tell me I should greet women with the words, 'Hi, I'm Andy, and mine's a foot-and-a-half'."

Toe: missing

THE GOUGED GUT

Londoner Scott Slipper lived up to his name when he flew off a scrambler and ploughed into a tree. "After two nights in hospital they discovered that my bowel had burst and had pushed its way through my stomach lining and caused all sorts of infections," says Scott, cheerfully. "This picture was taken 12 days after the op – and as you can see, they haven't yet stitched me up, and don't intend to for another week." Eugh...

Belly: open



content as necessary if the show is to have an impact upon young people accustomed to sex and violence on TV.

Plenty of other Hell Houses open for business in the States every Hallowe'en, with Christians paying $7 a pop for a glimpse of life chez Beelzebub. Most aren't as graphic as the Reverend Ferguson's, but Colorado vicar Keenan Roberts is a past master – and sells a Hell House how-to manual for the budding evangelical architect, for an uncharitable $199 a copy.

Luckily, the Reverend Roberts claims to have flogged his pamphlet abroad, meaning it can only be a matter of time before a quality family day out is available to the good people of Britain, too. **(CL)**

WHO MADE... #9: BINGO

Name: American toy salesman Edwin S Lowe invented Bingo in 1929, after chancing upon a simplified version of the game at a carnival in Atlanta, Georgia. Lowe mistook the winner's cry of "Beano" as "Bingo".

Estimated earnings: Not great.

Where is he now: No-one knows. Bingo took off when Lowe agreed to let the Catholic Church use it as a way of raising funds. But as Bingo grew, so its connection with Lowe was largely forgotten. Today, Americans spend $90 million a week playing the game. **(HW)**

THE BURNING QUESTIONS

Driving, TVs, cocaine

The quest for knowledge has driven man since prehistoric days, when loincloth-clad beardies beat neighbours with an axe just to see what happened. Little has changed, only these days, the rewards are better than a splattering of warm blood. Send puzzlers to The Burning Questions, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR, and you could win a crate of Marston's Pedigree. Sadly, response in the Simple Answers wins nowt.

Road query

Why do some countries drive on the left and others on the right?
James Twiss, Workington

"The common belief is that if you were an intelligent chap in medieval times you kept passers-by to your right so that you were able to defend yourself with your sword if necessary. This meant you drove on the left," explains Andrew Howard, the AA's head of road safety. "By 1300, Pope Boniface VIII had instructed pilgrims going to Rome to use the left-hand-side of the road. The theory goes that when Napoleon invaded most of Europe he wanted to show who was boss and so made his troops march on the 'wrong' side of the road. And in the US, frontiersmen said that they found their horse-drawn wagons easier to control if they rode on the right side of the road." The Yanks were keen to ditch links with Britain and eventually the right side was adopted by most of the world.

The brothers dragged the stork back to the homestead

Wireless loved his new quiff

Power puzzler

If we can have clockwork radios, why can't we have clockwork TVs?
K Waratunga, London

The clockwork radio was developed by British inventor Trevor Baylis. His first working prototype ran for almost a quarter of an hour off a two-minute wind. However, a radio tuner is a relatively simple device which does not require a great deal of energy to power it. The television is more complex and power-hungry. But Baylis is on the case. "I've run a very small television off a tree," he told FHM. "I used a bucket of soil hanging off a pulley over a bough. I hoisted the bucket using a handle on a windlass at the bottom. When I released the mechanism it drove a dynamo which then drove the television and it ran for about five minutes until the bucket fell to earth."

Is Coke in?

Did Coca-Cola used to have cocaine in it?
Jeremy Blatt, Taunton

Coca-Cola was invented in 1886 and named after two "medicinal" ingredients – coca leaves and kola nuts. The carefully worded company line is that, "While there are few documents from those early years, we do know that cocaine was never an added ingredient." Admittedly, the makers never actually stood over bottles pouring the white stuff in, but coca leaves are the raw material from which cocaine is made, so Coca-Cola did at one time contain a very small amount of the drug.

THE SIMPLE ANSWERS

1) Do bats have a natural tendency to get tangled up in people's hair? **Jim Weeks, Perth** **No**
2) Is there any way of stopping garlic making your breath smell? **T. Willson, Walsall** **No**
3) Do most countries which have Monopoly use boards with "local" streets? **Andy Prior, Cleveland** **Yes**
4) Will eating the worm at the bottom of a bottle of mescal make you hallucinate? **Ray Hilton, Lewes** **No**
5) Does being cold make you catch a cold? **Warren Crowther, London SE3** **No**

ALYSSA BANTA/GAMMA LIAISON/FRANK SPOONER PICTURES, THE RONALD GRANT ARCHIVES, PSC

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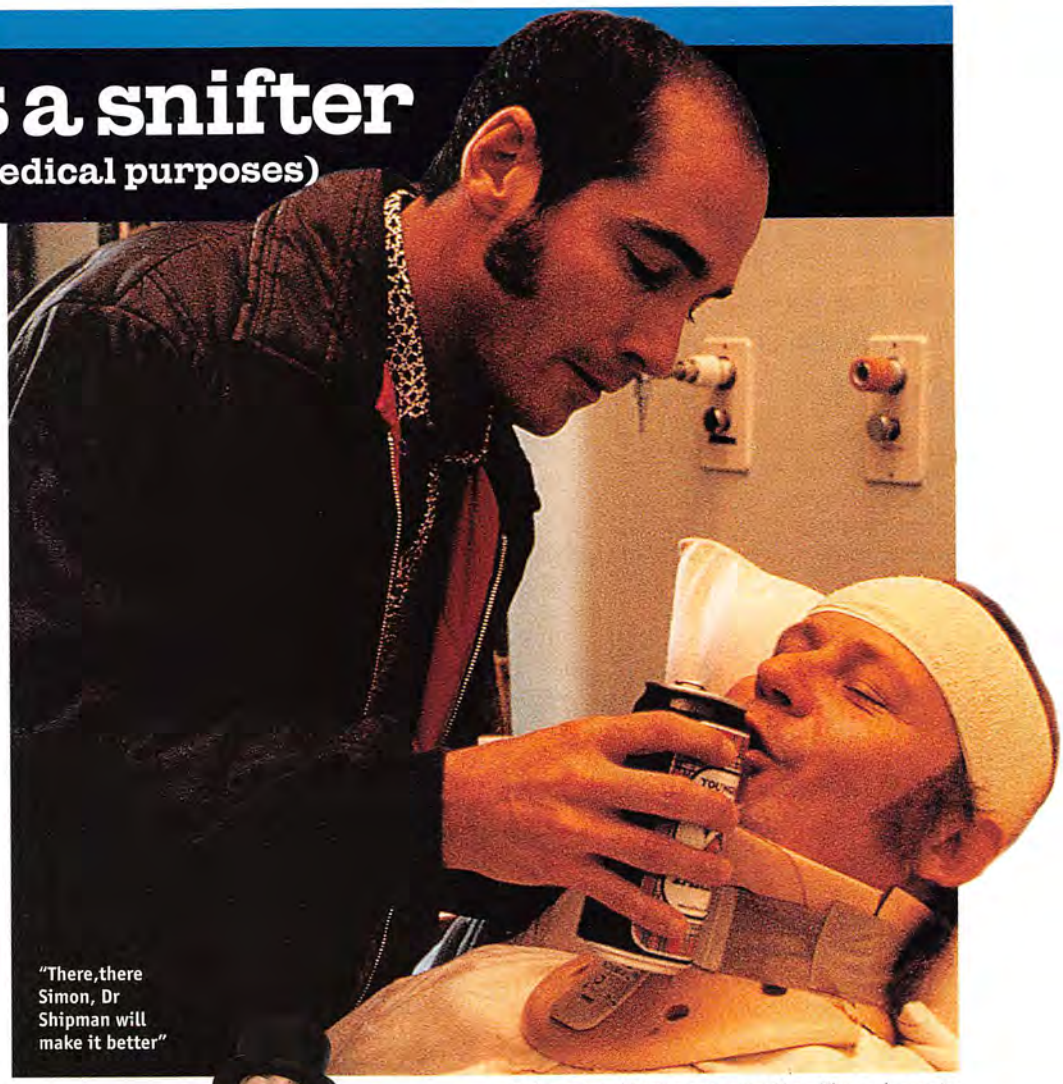
THE LUSH...

takes a snifter

(purely for medical purposes)



"There,there Simon, Dr Shipman will make it better"

Liver cirrhosis, hypertension, heart damage, shagging fat ugly birds. Yes, we all know the dangers of drinking, but how can we be expected to give up when the science world keeps giving us excuses?...

Old age

All grape seeds contain polyphenols, an anti-ageing substance 50 times more powerful than vitamin E, and 25 times more powerful than vitamin C. Determined to capitalise on this, the Chateau Smith Haut Lafitte, in the Bordeaux region of France, has started churning out lotions, ointments and anti-wrinkle creams made from the stuff.

Cancer

Dedicated boffins at the University of Glasgow have tested the effectiveness of 65 different red wines for their ability to curb the debilitating effects of cancer. If you truly believe that a bottle of plonk can do what no other medicine can, then apparently a nice Cabernet Sauvignon from Chile comes recommended. Failing that, a 1993 Spanish Merlot will suffice.

Apparently, Chilean wine contains the highest proportion of flavonol antioxidants – found just below the surface of the grape's skin – that help repair damaged body cells.

Wine's benefits are as much to do with positive images portrayed in the media

Misery

A study conducted by Dr Morten Gronbaek in Copenhagen insists that the benefits of wine are as much to do with its positive images portrayed through the media as it has to do with the ingredients within wine itself. In a survey of 12,000 alcohol drinkers, he found that the wine drinkers who drank between one to five glasses a day were smugly convinced they were healthy, while beer drinkers just felt like shit.

Poor memory

Although old people with Alzheimer's can be great fun, the chemical Resveratrol, located within the skin of red grapes, looks set to save the afflicted. According to Professor Alberto Bortelli, of the Milan University, the chemical bolsters the activity of the natural human enzyme Map-Kinase by up to seven times, thus forcing the damaged nerve cells to both re-build and regenerate. Apparently, three glasses of red wine a day should do the trick.

Barred from the WWF, The Dandy Toff turned to the bottle

Brain damage

Scientists at the University of Texas have been administering a mix of caffeine and booze to rats in a bid to prevent brain damage during a stroke – caused when a clot cuts off the blood-supply to the brain, thus starving it of oxygen. The caffeine increases the blood pressure, while the alcohol dilates the blood vessels, thus allowing more blood to seep into the brain, and reducing the possibility of brain damage by 80 per cent. Claims that doctors are soon to shout, "Stand back, I can knock up a wicked Irish Coffee!" are unfounded.

High blood pressure

Dr Jean Paul Broustet of the French Haut Leveque Hospital has insisted that Cabernet Sauvignon is worth knocking back, as it contains the highest concentration of quercitin, which has the ability to lower blood pressure. The reason that it exists in such high quantities is apparently due to the manufacture process, which crushes the grapes to a far greater extent than other wines.

PHOTOGRAPHY: SYRIOL JONES. MOVIESTORE

RUMPTY

'Stop that, Baloo!'

Does your pet have a fondness for Judy Garland? It could be gay...

Two more Presidents and Mount Chimpmore would be complete

Coop a load of humans up and all manner of same-sex shenanigans occur – just look at what goes on in public schools, submarines and women's prisons. But the animal kingdom has always been thought to be as straight as a die... until the recent publication of *Biological Exuberance* by Bruce Bagemihl. In the course of 750 scholarly pages, the Seattle-based researcher has proved to a startled scientific community that zoos, jungles and wildlife parks are, in fact, teeming with homosexual passion.

Take the king penguin colony at Edinburgh Zoo at the turn of the century. The keepers used to name their flippered charges on the basis of their sexual behaviour, only to be scandalised when a lesbian couple, "Bertha" and "Caroline", set up shop. Even worse, the pair were then found to be males, and had to be renamed Bertrand and Charles. Bagemihl has tracked down hundreds of such examples: dyke seagulls sharing a nest, vampire bats getting hard-ons as they groom each other, same-sex ostrich courting rituals, male manatees getting together for gay orgies – it seems every major species indulges in "the love that dare not speak its name".

It seems every species indulges in 'the love that dare not speak its name'

But why has all this activity taken so long to come out of the closet? Mainly it's down to observers preferring to believe they're witnessing "dominance behaviour" or cases of mistaken identity instead of simple, gender-bending lust.

Nuclear tourism

Despite costing hundreds of billions of dollars and keeping America free, the Yanks are very secretive about their nuclear bomb industry. But military bases the length and breadth of the land are now gearing up for some unexpected visitors, thanks to Chris Peters and the Bureau Of Atomic Tourism. With the end of the Cold War, Chris has unearthed the location of dozens of test sites, shelters and still-glowing factories – and gives directions and opening hours for the lot on the internet.

Highlights include a visit to Trinity Site in New Mexico, where the first ever A-bomb was detonated. It's open to the public on the first Saturday in April and October; toilet facilities are available, while hot dogs and sodas are sold at the parking lot. Luckily, radiation levels are only ten times normal – just don't pick up any Trinitite, the green, glassy substance formed out of sand by the heat of the blast. It's still deadly. (MB)

For details go to www.oz.net/~chrisp/atomic.html

INSIDES

Docs watch X-ray sex

Tired of taking snapshots of people's brains and broken legs, radiologists at the Department of Gynaecology at University Hospital Groningen in the Netherlands managed to persuade eight couples to crawl into their multi-million pound magnetic resonance imaging machine – to have sex.

The researchers then bathed their subjects in radiation and watched their insides perform. Only one couple achieved missionary-style penetration and that for just 12 seconds, but it was enough for the Dutch docs to ascertain that the penis became contorted into a totally unexpected boomerang shape. Given the conditions, it was no surprise that both participants afterwards described their level of sexual satisfaction as "average".

A–penis, B–urethra, C–perineum, D–uterus, E–symphysis, F–bladder, G–intestine, H–lumbar 5, I–scrotum

HEROES OF SCIENCE 9

Grace Murray Hopper

Grace Murray Hopper was a professor of mathematics at Vassar College in the US on the outbreak of WWII. At 34, she was too old for service – but got permission to train in the navy. Using computers to solve gunnery problems, Hopper helped invent the world's first standardised programming language, COBOL; rose to the rank of rear admiral; and actually had a ship named after her. But Hopper's real claim to fame is her contribution to the English dictionary. In the Smithsonian Institution is a page from her lab book for 1946 with a battered moth taped to it – trapped in the jaws of a computer relay, the world's first computer "bug" had shut it down...

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

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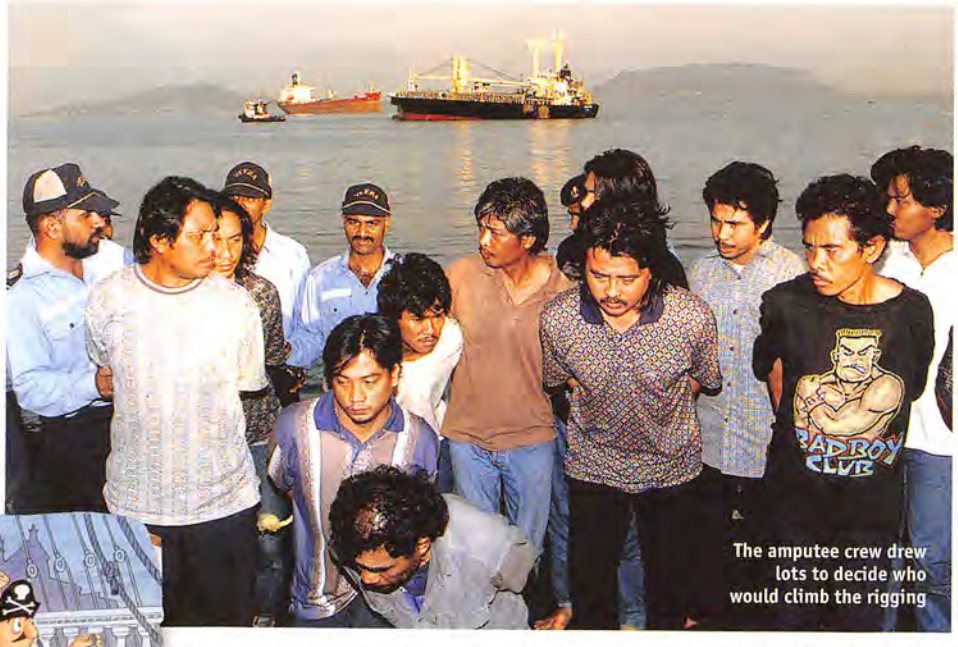
PIRACY

'Bring out the plank!'

Bored with the rat race? Set sail on the high seas and join a merry band of pirates

Gone are the skull and crossbones, and black eye-patches are no longer the headgear of choice – but gun-happy money-grabbers are still the scourge of the high seas. While the piracy on board the cross channel ferry is usually restricted to the price of a pint, the worldly-wise seadog thinks twice before setting sail in these waters...



The amputee crew drew lots to decide who would climb the rigging

Prescott took the ferry

South China Sea

The favourite haunt of your modern-day Blackbeard. Ships are particularly exposed when cutting between the innumerable islands of Indonesia and South-east Asia, where local pirates (like the arrested Indonesians seen above, right) have become adept at boarding moving ships from speeding motorboats. In November 1998, all 23 crew of the bulk carrier MV Cheung Son were shot and killed in the South China Sea; fishermen later found six of their bodies, still bound, gagged and weighed down. And in 1998, victims of the sinking of the ferry Dona Marilyn off the Philippines soon lost faith in the "rescuers" who paddled to them in small boats, when they were robbed and dumped back overboard.

West Africa

There were 30 pirate attacks off the coast of West Africa in 1997, where a rubbish economy means that even puny fishing boats are at risk from small-time buccaneers. In 1997, Somali pirates murdered the captain of a Russian trawler, and in a similar incident in the same area, the third officer of a hijacked trawler was blown away. Last year, a Panamanian bulk carrier was boarded by machine gun-toting brigands while at anchor in the Nigerian port of Sapele. Several crew members were injured and the vessel riddled with bullet holes, the modern-day pirate's favourite calling card.

South America

The home of quality football and lots of scruffy poor people is now also a top spot for sea-born skulduggery. Pirates from Santos, Brazil, took money and valuables after boarding the Shell oil tanker Isomeria and shooting second officer Deborah Harrison in the chest.

In May last year, a ferry packed with tourists was boarded by heavily armed gunmen off the coast of Mexico: the ineffective security guards were hurled overboard and the passengers robbed at gunpoint. There were 43 other pirate incidents in South American waters in 1997.

Indian Ocean

Pirate attacks are common here – there were 52 in 1997 – and yachtsmen, who use the sea-lanes linking Europe, North Africa and the South Pacific, are easy prey. Mystery surrounds the death of Alan MacLean, 28, who was said to have been shot dead by pirates off the coast of Yemen after putting up resistance with a didgeridoo. Other crewmembers say he disarmed two of the pirates before being killed, but Yemeni police could find no sign of armed struggle on board the yacht. Three months earlier, the crew of a German yacht was held hostage by pirates who demanded a £30,000 ransom. (HW)

STOOLS

Brain food for dumpers

Retiring to the smallest room to light a bum cigar is no longer a biological formality. While ladies balk at the notion of brown trout angling, for men it's a time for peaceful contemplation, reading and, if the mood takes you, perhaps a sly shuffle. Now, with *Passing Time In The Loo*, potty-sitting could be the ticket to a bite-sized classical education. Two-page distillations of over 80 of the world's ponciest novels mean you can bluff your way through Voltaire's *Candide* while crimping off a length. If you're having difficulty giving birth to a ten-pounder, there's also quizzes, management tips and biographies of history's great figures – though *Richard The Third* is ironically missing. Spend long enough on the throne and this could be the schooling you never had. (CB)

Lucky Bob survived the Boeing explosion

Passing Time In The Loo is out now from Scarab Books, priced £16.95.

CRASHES

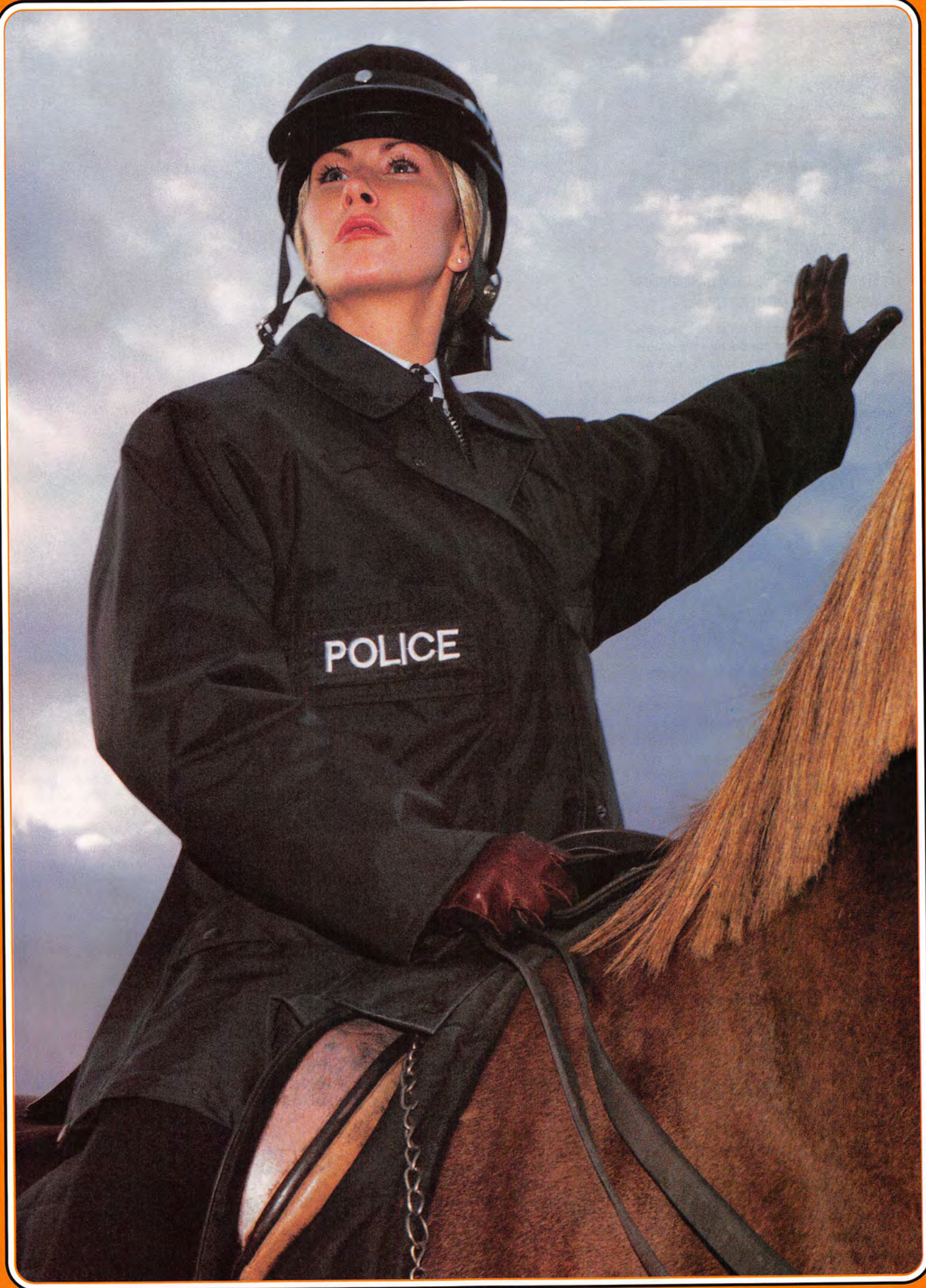
'No thanks – I'll walk...'

There's little you can do "in the unlikely event of an emergency landing" – apart from preparing yourself mentally for the imminent distribution of your body across a cornfield. But the next time you book your tickets, ask what kind of plane you'll be flying. Because all aircraft are *not* created equal... (MP)

(Shown below % of accidents by type of plane)

DC-10	5.18 per cent
Boeing 727	4.09 per cent
Boeing 737	2.37 per cent
Boeing 747	2.29 per cent
Airbus A-300	2.23 per cent
Airbus A-310	1.57 per cent
Airbus A-330	0.83 per cent
Airbus A320	0.78 per cent
Boeing 767	0.52 per cent

SHERWIN CRASTO/AP, VIN MAG ARCHIVE, REX, MUSEUM OF FLIGHT/CORBIS


POLICE

REPETITION

'Let us begin. Again...'

Find your nine-to-five trawl monotonous? Spare a thought for these guys...

Some jobs have no perks at all – and days that merge into one because the minute you finish the task in hand you have to start all over again. Surely, the "never-ending job" is the worst in the world? We asked a window cleaner, a rubbish collector and a greens keeper to find out...

As fire engulfed the house, the tiny harp tuner climbed to safety

With the Rebel Alliance in tatters, Vader cleaned the Death Star

Robin Lever – window cleaner, One Canada Square Tower, Canary Wharf, London

I'm the site manager running the cleaning of the tower. I'm up in the cradle for about six hours a day, weather permitting, as the windows need to be cleaned constantly. As soon as we finish we have to start again. And with construction work all around us and the rainy weather, the grime just sticks to the building. I've been employed in window cleaning for 18 years.

What's the best part of your job?

Freedom. We know we have to clean the whole thing once a month, and we can just pace ourselves. We don't have anyone on our backs like in an office. And the view's beautiful.

And the worst?

When the cradle jams with a couple of men outside the 37th floor, and I have to get them in. Or when you're in the cradle and the wind comes and jerks it around. It's very sudden and you can't predict it.

Isn't it boring as hell?

No, I love it. Once you start working as a window cleaner, it gets in your blood.

Any "hilarious" stories?

You see a few sights. Sometimes we catch office workers having a little canoodle. Window cleaners love that.

Isn't it time you paid a visit to the job centre?

No. I wouldn't want to work at a desk.

Terry Ackerman – street cleaner, Broadmead, Bristol

I'm team leader of five men keeping Broadmead and its shopping centre clean. I work seven days and 84 hours a week. I start at six in the morning, and clean up the mess made during the night. Then I get a half-hour break and I'm back working from nine until six.

'The best bit is the freedom. We don't have anyone on our backs. And the view's beautiful'

What's the best part of your job?

Meeting people and having a chat. It's a nice job in the summer.

And the worst?

In the winter it gets absolutely freezing. When it's snowing we have to change the routine, get the grit down and clear it up. It would be nice to change the hours as well, but I don't think that will happen because of the shop opening times.

Isn't it boring as hell?

No, you get into the swing of things. And we have cleaning targets to reach. We have inspectors who come round, and if they think we haven't done a good job we get "defaults", which cost us £64 a time.

Any "hilarious" stories?

We find things. We once came across this suitcase, which, being nosy, we opened up – it was a brand new rubber sex doll. We had a laugh with it in the canteen then chucked it out afterwards. We didn't use it, mind.

Isn't it time you paid a visit to the job centre?

No. I'm happy where I am. It's not a bad job, and it's a good bunch of lads that I work with.

Gordon McKie, greens keeper, St Andrews Golf Course

I look after the day-to-day maintenance of the golf course. From April through to October I work on mowing the fairways, greens and tees, as well as cleaning the bunkers. From October to March it's generally winter course work, constructing tees and bunkers. At the height of summer we mow the greens once a day, seven days a week. I've been here 15 years this March.

What's the best part of your job?

The satisfaction you get from preparing the course. And – in the summer – working out in the beautiful Scottish weather.

And the worst?

The winter weather, when the snow comes down and it's raining.

Isn't it boring as hell?

No. Every day brings new challenges. The weather changes, so you have to prepare the course differently.

Kids loved Al's shadow cock

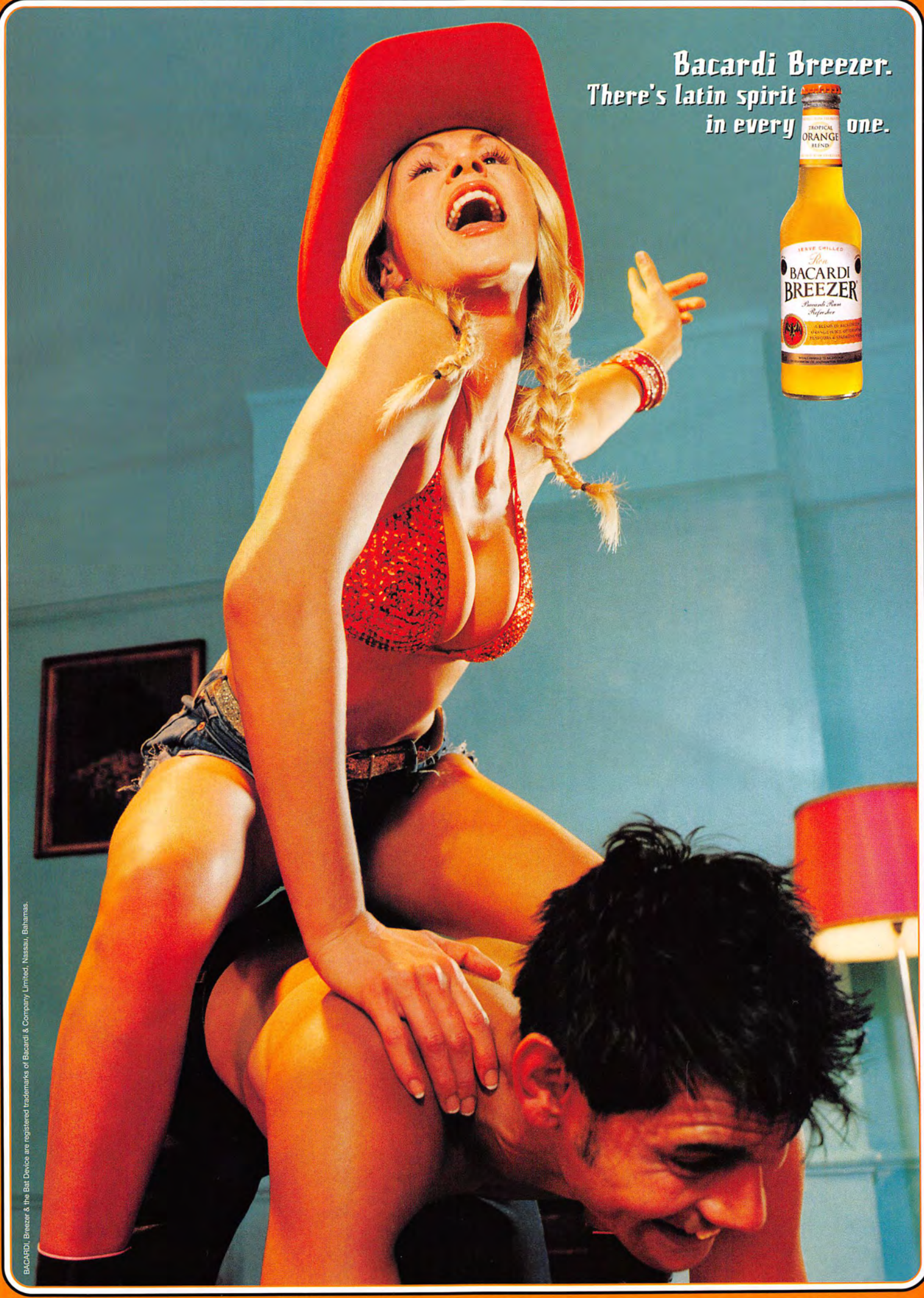
Any "hilarious" stories?

We have a pond on the course, and come the spring a lot of ducklings start wandering across the greens. That holds up the golfers, so sometimes I have to run onto the greens to usher the ducks back into the pond.

Isn't it time you paid a visit to the job centre?

Oh no, I'm very happy doing it. We've got the Open here this summer and I'll be on the Old Course itself where the top pros play. (CL)

R RESS MEYER/CORBIS, R WATTS/CORBIS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REMOVALS

'Is there a chain?'

A lick of paint could turn one of these unlikely structures into the pad of a lifetime...

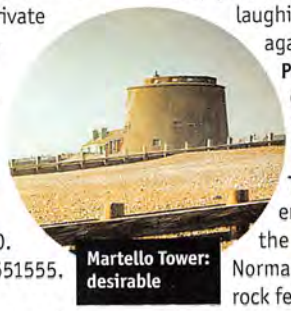
Maureen: a spacious oil platform. Has own pool

HMS Beaver: for sale

HMS Beaver
Where: Moored off Portsmouth Harbour.
The details: This fabulously-monickered 4,800 ton frigate is hardly used – decommisioned after a mere 16 years' service watching those shifty Argies in the south Atlantic. As well as space for 270 crewmen and two Lynx helicopters, there's the Seawolf air defence system, Exocet missile launchers and four 30mm cannons to dissuade even the hardiest Jehovah's Witness.
Price: £80m new, but bidding starts at £250,000.
Contact: The MOD's Disposal Sales Agency at www.deso.mod.uk

Maureen the oil rig
Where: 260 miles northeast of Aberdeen.
The details: Named after a geo-scientist's wife, Maureen weighs 111,750 tonnes and stands 241 metres high. There are three football pitch-sized decks, a cinema, helideck, and 215 beds. Entertain your mates by igniting the flare tower or have the whole thing towed to a warmer clime. Anywhere else, for instance.
Price: "Any offers, for a legal purpose, will be considered," said a Phillips Petroleum spokeswoman.
Contact: www.phillips66.com/maureen

Ailsa Craig lighthouse
Where: Middle of the Irish Sea.
The details: While you won't be able to mischievously lure tankers onto the rocks – the lighthouse is automated – the tiny private island does feature its own railway: a winch tramway for transporting supplies from boats. As well as a pier and three houses, there are also large stores and heli-pad – useful if you don't want to live off lichen and guano in those winter months.
Price: Offers accepted over £100,000.
Contact: Unique Property on 01586 551555.



Martello Tower: desirable

Martello Tower No.55
Where: Normans Bay, near Pevensey, East Sussex.
The details: One of 74 defensive towers built along the south-east coast in case of invasion by Napoleon in the 1800s, 250,000 bricks were needed to contain the huge wrought iron cannon. Although the cylindrical building is easily adaptable, you'll be hard pushed to find a corner to keep your potplant in. Then again, you'll be laughing if the French decide to invade again. By sea. In wooden boats.
Price: Around £120,000.
Contact: Bradleys on 01323 460666.

Godney holy trinity church
Where: 3 miles from Glastonbury.
The details: if a House of God is good enough for Him, it's good enough for the heathen goth in us all. This neo-Norman church is a stone's throw from the rock festival. Convert the font into a bidet, or hold pagan rituals on the altar – the sacrilegious possibilities are endless.
Price: Abandoned church prices can start at £1.
Contact: The C of E (0171-898 1784). (CB)

SUNSHINE

Drive across Florida!

All over America, people from Florida are increasingly derided as stupid. Other Yanks quote evidence to support this: the Sunshine State's slow-witted elderly inhabitants, its close proximity to the banjo-plucking inbreds of Louisiana and Mississippi, and a specific incident in 1998 – when Miami residents looked on in horror as a tornado hit the harbour. El Niño was blamed, but local man Al Nino took all the flak. He was a broken man, hounded by abusive phonecalls accusing him of conjuring up the twister.

Videobox's gaff was awesome

However, *FHM* feels this brainless image of Florida is unfair. After all, it does have Disneyworld, lots of alligators and fantastic beaches – so we've teamed up with Warner Brothers Home Video to send one man and his pal over to judge for himself. Our winners will jet to Miami, pick up a Pontiac Sunbird convertible, and cruise down to the Florida Keys for six nights at Marriott's Key Largo Bay Beach Resort hotel. They'll also have $750 spending money to blow. By coincidence, the Keys are the setting for classic Humphrey Bogart gangster movie *Key Largo* – one of a bunch of timeless crime films being re-released by Warner, at £12.99 a pop. But don't despair if you miss out on the trip across the pond – 10 runners-up will win a full set of the videos including Bogart classics *The Big Sleep* and *The Maltese Falcon* and James Cagney's *Angels With Dirty Faces* and *White Heat*. To enter – send an SAE with your name, address and phone number to Crime Classics Competition, *FHM*, PO Box 2419, London, W1A 5WL. Competition closes March 31. Entrants must be over 25.

WORLD PICTURES

BUDWEISER

MOUNT RUSHMORE 1908

CAMP DAVID 1908

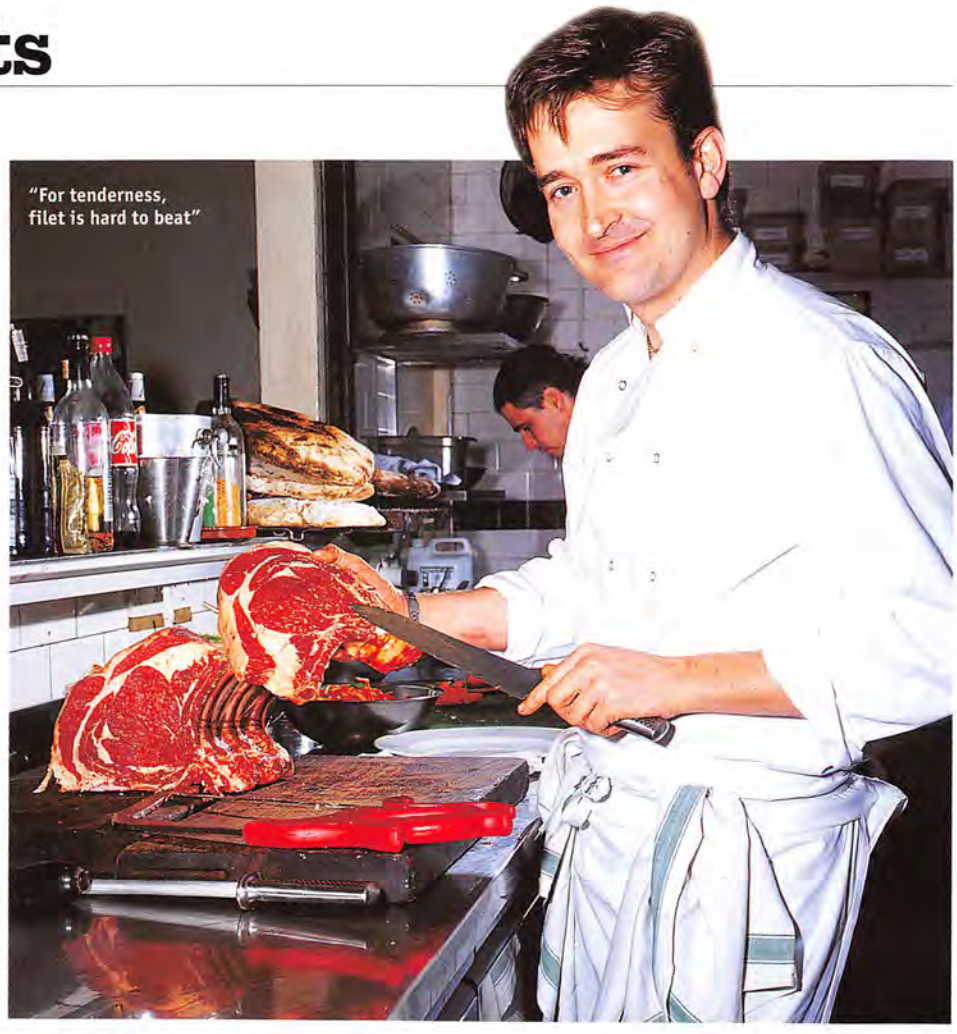
BUDWEISER 1908

STEAKS

'Mmm – rubber!'

Few culinary pleasures are as satisfying as sinking your teeth into a tender steak...

With a couple of notable exceptions (vegetarians, Hindus, people with no teeth), virtually all men have a nice fat juicy steak somewhere near the top of their "favourite foods" list. Yet when you try to knock one up at home, your efforts have little in common with the tasty dishes served up at the local Harvester. No – *your* steak is fashioned from old underlay, and comes with the unmistakable whiff of offal. But help is now at hand thanks to top London chef Sam Clark of Moro...



"For tenderness, filet is hard to beat"

What steak should I buy from the butcher?
For tenderness, filet is hard to beat. Sirloin has more flavour, but you sacrifice some tenderness. Don't be fooled by pristine red steaks with white fat. A good piece of meat will have bits of slightly yellow fat running through it. Also, the darker the meat, the better.

Where can you get the good stuff?
Not in a supermarket. They should bring back hanging for those places – literally. My beef with supermarkets is they don't hang their meat, which increases flavour and tenderness. It's worth going to a butcher you know who gets grass-fed or organic beef, because it has more flavour than grain-fed cattle. The down side is it usually costs about twice the price.

Surely Asda must have something I can use...
Try eating supermarket steak with an interesting sauce – a Béarnaise, say, or barbecue it for extra flavour. But there's no substitute for a good cut. It's better to get a slightly smaller piece of good filet than a huge, tasteless chunk of cheap stuff.

'A good piece of meat will have bits of slightly yellow fat running through it'

How do you beat your meat?
You don't really need to, even with supermarket beef, unless you want to flash fry it or you're using a cheap cut. To tenderise it, put it in cling film and whack it with a rolling pin. That way, you flatten it without tearing.

What about storage?
If you're not eating it straight away, don't let beef sit in its own juices as germs can breed. Wrap it up in the fridge in greaseproof paper to absorb some of the juices and let it breathe. Beef keeps for a long time, but it doesn't like to get sweaty.

Tell us how you'd cook a steak
Stick loads of salt and pepper on it. If you're pushed for time, frying a thicker fillet for three minutes each side, or two minutes for a thin entrecote is good. You can't beat a fantastic steak with some English mustard.

And something for the ladies?
Glaze the pan with a little brandy. Add some cream and pickled green peppercorns, for a delicious and lightly spicy sauce. And remember, you can't go far wrong with chips – women love them. (GR)

The chefs of the world share their favourite steak recipes

MICHEL MORAND – Gastrile's Restaurant, Johannesburg
Top tip: "I'd say you should always make sure that you heat your oil to the max before putting the steak in."
Favourite dish: "Steak tartare. I like my steak uncooked – completely raw. To do this – cut a nice piece of filet steak into small pieces, sprinkle some salt and pepper on to it, brush it with a little egg yolk, a hint of paprika and some cognac – and then serve up with warm toast. Absolutely delicious."

NICK NAIRN – Nairn's Restaurant, Glasgow
Top tip: "Let the steak rest after it's been cooked."
Favourite dish: "Pepper filet steak. Roll the meat in cracked black pepper and fry for three minutes each side. When you turn it over, chuck in some finely chopped shallots and mushrooms. Take it out and leave it to rest. Add whisky and oxo to the juices, then let it reduce before adding a swirl of cream. Give the steak a final 30 seconds in the sauce and serve up with new potatoes and spinach."

GERRARD HAYDEN – Aureole's, New York
Top tip: "Always season your steak well. I like crushed black pepper, because it gives a great flavour to the fat in the meat."
Favourite dish: "Boneless sirloin au poivre. Put black pepper on both sides, then fry it at a very high heat for about two minutes each side. Take the steak out and add red wine, cognac, beef stock and cream to the meat juices. Pour it over the steak, garnish with fresh chopped parsley and serve with french fries."

PHOTOGRAPHY: MICK HUTSON

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AID

'God help us'

Who'd trust Canuck squaddies to knock up decent nosh? Not our boys in Bosnia...

An army marches on its stomach, they say, but if the experiences of *FHM*-reading squaddies in Bosnia are anything to go by, it'll be lucky if it manages to march as far as the barracks' front gate. When Signalman Dan Fallows and his mates were posted alongside the Canadian peacekeeping force in the troubled province, the least they expected was a bit of quality tucker. What they got, says Dan, was a microwave oven and "all sorts of gash". So they wrote to us begging for help.

"All we have," writes Dan, "is a microwave oven and these ingredients: bread, breakfast cereal, cheese spread, Pivo (local beer), HP sauce, maple syrup, Mars Bars, mild Canadian cheese, Ryvita crackers, tomato ketchup, mayonnaise, fresh apple juice, Kiwi fruit, and a few other miscellaneous odds and sods."

We asked Carolyn Dodson, top cook and author of *Definitive Microwave Cookery* (www.goodnuke.com/recipes) to sort them out...

Devoid of bushes, the Iraqi troops used fruity camouflage to lure the greedy American

Bosnia Nachos

INGREDIENTS: 1/2 cup cheese, finely chopped or shredded, 1/4 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons ketchup, 1 cup Ryvitas, broken into pieces.
METHOD: Place Ryvitas on plate. Sprinkle with cheese. Microwave on high power for one minute or until cheese melts. Let stand a few seconds before serving. Dip into Mayo/ketchup mixture.

Cheese Beer Fondue

INGREDIENTS: 3/4 cup cheese spread or cheese, 1/4 to 1/2 bottle of beer, 1 tablespoon HP sauce (optional), bread or Ryvitas.
METHOD: Place cheese, beer and HP sauce into microwave container. Microwave on medium, stirring occasionally, until cheese has melted and mixture blended. Use the concoction as dip for bread or crispbreads.

Caramel Baked Kiwi

INGREDIENTS: 2 kiwi fruit, sliced or chunked, 1/4 cup cream or milk (if only dried creamer is available, mix thoroughly with a bit of water), 1/3 cup maple syrup, 1/4 to 1/2 Mars Bar (the 3oz size), cut into pieces, 1/4 cup cereal, optional.
METHOD: Mix cream and maple syrup. Heat in bowl for 1 minute or until very hot. Stir in chocolate. Stir until melted or heat for another few seconds until it is. Pour mixture over Kiwi fruit. Sprinkle with cereal.

Kiwi Bars

INGREDIENTS: 1 or 2 Kiwi fruit, peeled and chopped, 2 (3oz) Mars bars, 1/3 cup honey or maple syrup, 2 cups cereal or crumbled Ryvitas.
METHOD: Place Mars Bars into microwave dish. Microwave uncovered, on medium for 1 1/2 to 3 minutes, stirring once or twice until blended. Add a teaspoon of water or milk if chocolate is too thick. Mix cereal or crispbreads with honey or maple syrup. Place in bottom of dish. Top with Kiwi fruit and drizzle with the melted Mars Bars. Cool and cut into bars. (HW)

STUFF YOU NEVER MAKE AT HOME... N°5

Cheese

Why buy Mr Kraft's when you can waste hours making your own?

'There's no harm in people making cheese at home – indeed it can be fun!", enthuses Nigel White, secretary of the British Cheese Board. And with *FHM*'s guide to quick and easy cream cheese, you too could soon be churning out the white stuff...

The lazy stork had left man-milk instead of babies

SYGMA, CORBIS

INGREDIENTS
(makes 2lbs of cream cheese)
10 pints of pasteurised full-fat milk
80ml buttermilk
Two tablespoons of diluted liquid rennet (add 3 drops to 80ml of cold water. Rennet is available from specialist cheese suppliers)

METHOD
1) Heat the milk to 80°F (27°C) in a big pan. Use stainless steel – not aluminium. Stir the buttermilk in well, then add the rennet, cover and leave for about 12 hours until thick.
2) Slap the curds into a pillow case and hang over a bucket to allow the whey to drain off. This takes about eight hours. When the dripping stops, the cheese is ready.
3) If you don't feel like ploughing your way through a kilo all at once, this cheese will keep for months if completely immersed in oil. (GR)

TRICKERY

Instant meat 'n' pastry

With their carpet-like consistency and a fat content that would have Biggins reaching for the ab-roller, frozen home-bake pies have never managed to excite the hungry male shopper. Add to this the fact that they take an hour to cook, and even Mr Birdseye's finest "all-meat" efforts are easily ignored. Yet the cutthroat pie world is about to change thanks to the efforts of somebody, somewhere, who has developed a frozen pie that you can take out of the freezer, stick in a microwave, and eat in *less than five minutes*. At 99p each and with a low-ish lard count, these new Microbake pies from Freshbake even manage to taste rather good: we ate 48 to make sure. (MP)

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BRAVO

IT SHOULDN'T BE ENTERTAINING. BUT IT IS.

BRAINS vs BEAUTY?

First decide what makes a woman sexy. Then cast your vote in our annual poll

If you ever meet a lady who agrees with everything you say, from why Sandra Bullock films suck to who should wear the "big number 9" shirt for England, then do not, under her any circumstances, go to bed with her. The reason? Well, she will almost certainly turn out to be a bloke in a dress, because science has proved that men and women will always argue about something. Take female sexiness, for example. While you go for pouting, pneumatic vixens with more curves than a Grand Prix track, your missus will favour the "character" and "elegance" of Audrey Hepburn in a nice hat. So, in order to keep both genders happy, this year's 100 Sexiest Women poll will include a separate feminine section, where your wife, girlfriend, sister or mum can vote for her favourite starlets. So make sure you study the results carefully in July's *FHM*, especially if you want to avoid any *Crying Game*-style unpleasantness in the future...

Gellar: confident

HOW YOU VOTED LAST YEAR

100 LISA KUDROW
99 HEIDI KLUM
98 CHLÖE ANNETTE
97 HELEN BAXENDALE
96 DEMI MOORE
95 GABI SIMSON
94 MELANIE CHISHOLM
93 CAROLINE CORR
92 MELISSA TKAUTZ
91 ULRIKA JONSSON
90 LAETITIA CASTA
89 STELLA McCARTNEY
88 HALLE BERRY
87 RHONA MITRA
86 LISA SNOWDON
85 SHARON CORR
84 ELIZABETH SHUE
83 CINDY CRAWFORD
82 ZOË BALL
81 MARTINA HINGIS
80 SARA COX
79 REBECCA ROMIJN-STAMOS
78 FAYE TOZER
77 KATIE HOLMES
76 WINONA RYDER
75 JAYNE MIDDLEMISS
74 KATE MOSS
73 CLAIRE RICHARDS
72 ANNA FRIEL
71 NICOLE KIDMAN
70 ELLE MACPHERSON
69 NATASHA HENSTRIDGE
68 JERI RYAN
67 MARTINE McCUTCHEON
66 KRISTY WRIGHT
65 CLAUDIA SCHIFFER
64 MELINDA MESSENGER
63 MELANIE BLATT
62 TYRA BANKS
61 SOPHIE ANDERTON
60 VICTORIA BECKHAM
59 MEG RYAN
58 LIV TYLER
57 EMMA NOBLE
56 BILLIE PIPER
55 LISA SCOTT LEE
54 CHARLIZE THERON
53 TIFFANY AMBER-THIESSEN
52 JOANNE GUEST
51 NATALIE APPLETON
50 SHANIA TWAIN
49 KATIE RICHMOND
48 GWYNETH PALTROW
47 EMMA BUNTON
46 DREW BARRYMORE
45 LISA FAULKNER
44 PAMELA ANDERSON
43 TERI HATCHER
42 PHILIPPA FORRESTER
41 SAMANTHA JANUS
40 NICOLA CHARLES
39 NICOLE APPLETON
38 CLAIRE GOOSE
37 SALMA HAYEK
36 CERYS MATTHEWS
35 DAVINA McCALL
34 KYLIE MINOGUE
33 DANNII MINOGUE
32 JENNIFER LOPEZ
31 JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT
30 SANDRA BULLOCK
29 KATE WINSLET
28 YASMINE BLEETH
27 ANDREA CORR
26 ALICIA SILVERSTONE
25 CARMEN ELECTRA
24 ISLA FISHER
23 DENISE RICHARDS
22 ELIZABETH HURLEY
21 MARIAH CAREY
20 NEVE CAMPBELL
19 COURTENEY COX
18 JORDAN
17 NATALIE IMBRUGLIA
16 BRITNEY SPEARS
15 GILLIAN ANDERSON
14 ANNA KOURNIKOVA
13 DONNA AIR
12 CAPRICE
11 DENISE VAN OUTEN
10 MELANIE SYKES
9 CAT DEELEY
8 GAIL PORTER
7 CAMERON DIAZ
6 JENNIFER ANISTON
5 JENNY McCARTHY
4 CATHERINE ZETA JONES
3 KELLY BROOK
2 LOUISE NURDING
1 SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR

Blair: optimistic

100 SEXIEST WOMEN 2000

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When you've come to a decision, you can send us your nominations in one-to-ten format via one of the following methods...

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JUNK

'Faster, damn you'

The Wannadies' singer Pär Wiksten on restoring his 1966 Volvo Amazon

The Bolan shroud was the pride of the T-Rex fanclub

With the money you made from your hit single *The You And Me Song*, why not just buy a new car? A Ferrari, perhaps?
Look, I'm Swedish, and I've only just made enough money to live in London. Anyway, there's no way I'm bringing any car over here – you all drive on the wrong side of the road.

So just how thrashed is this ancient Scandinavian machine?
I totally abused that car, and my conscience eventually got the better of me. I was just a kid when I bought it, and I'd take it out in the snow and rain, even when it started going rusty. It would always start, though – it's more like a tractor than a car, really.

Your dad's been doing a lot of the leg-work on this restoration piece. Is he trained in such arcane mechanical arts?
He's a wood craftsman, and can make just about anything. Ten years ago he built a garage, and I asked him where he'd got the plans from. He had drawn them himself, and you couldn't knock it down with a bulldozer.

Do you pay him a decent wage?
I should really, but he does it for the love of it. He calls me every day and talks for hours about putting chrome on the front, or whatever. It's a good way for a father and son to bond.

Are your mates impressed with your handiwork, or do they think you've become a weird little grease monkey?
They took the piss after I told them I was going to fix the car, and then did nothing. I said, "For fuck's sake, I've been on tour for four years," but they just laughed. Well, now they are going to be gobsmacked, and full of awe, down on their knees begging to ride in my fantastic car!

Have you installed a huge stereo for the occasion?
No, it's the original. It's only got medium wave and long wave buttons. Sound comes in mono.

Would you fancy any James Bond gadgets?
I want one of those revolving car registration plates. You can drive like mad... "Oh! there's the cops!"... turn here, and change it to your ex-girlfriend's registration.

Have you seen a lady's vulva in your Volvo?
My partner and I tried to have sex once, but we had to give up in the end as it was too small. **(RB)**

The Wannadies' new album, Yeah, is out on RCA on March 6.

ALBUMS

The ratings: ★★★★★ Monty ★★★★ Schwarzkopf ★★★ Napoleon ★★ Custer ★ Haig

Embrace
DRAWN FROM MEMORY (HUT/VIRGIN)
On the eve of their 1998 debut *The Good Will Out*, singer Danny McNamara declared that Embrace were, "better than Oasis, The Verve and Nirvana". Unsurprisingly the critics gave the album a kicking. Then, last year, came new material – an intriguing, kazoo-filled single, *Hooligan*. Sadly, what you get here is more tender ballads and anthems. Danny's voice is still wobbly – which is why it's the instrumental, *Bunker Song* which nods at a bright future.
★★★ **(RG)**

Santana
SUPERNATURAL (ARISTA)
This has already sold six million copies in the US – not bad for a man who's been churning out tunes since the Sixties. The great stuff – *Smooth*, and Lauryn Hill's *Do You Like The Way* – jostles for space alongside lots of Latin-tinged Seventies rock excess, and if you're a Latino fan, then you'll love it. ★★★ **(HW)**

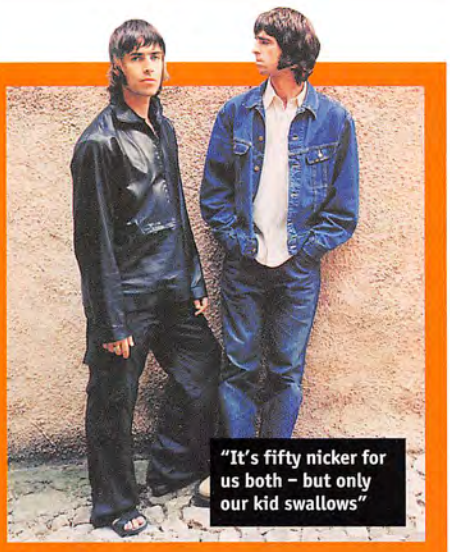
Bad Company
INSIDE THE MACHINE (BAD COMPANY RECORDINGS)
Think drum 'n' bass, and you'll conjure up beardy types waffling on about "the new jazz"; or bomber-jacketed whackos with dinnerplate retinas and no short-term memory. Landing between the two, Bad Company's debut album balances the neighbour-scaring tracks – *Nitrous* – with more considered moments like *Silicon Dawn*. The end result should keep the faithful happy as well as recruiting new sets of ears. A bit of a landmark release.
★★★★ **(AH)**

Various Artists
THE BEACH SOUNDTRACK (LONDON)
The traditional representation of cinematic paranoia is the repeated depression of two piano keys. But not here, with Dario G's ethnic chanting, New Order sounding scarier than ever and Faithless' excellent *Woozy*. This bulges with gems, not least All Saints' *Pure Shores*, and Blur's weird remix of *On Your Own*. ★★★★ **(HW)**

Tracy Chapman
TELLING STORIES (ATLANTIC)
If Stevie Wonder had turned up for the 1988 Nelson Mandela concert, Tracy Chapman's set wouldn't have been extended, and she may not have got famous on the back of that *Fast Car* track. But Chapman couldn't give two hoots about fame, and, depending on your viewpoint, these are either skilfully constructed songs of love, loss and injustice, or the epitome of dull guilt-rock. Ultimately, her vocal imagery simply serves to emphasise that "heard one, heard 'em all" feeling.
★★★ **(HW)**

Lou Reed
ECSTASY (REPRISE)
It's been four years since Reed produced a studio album, but the poet's back on form. Though he's actually notched up more than 20 solo albums, Reed is still best remembered for jukebox hits *Walk On The Wild Side* and *Perfect Day*. *Ecstasy* is in the usual moody mould, with his clever, macabre lyrics liable to send you into depression if you listen too long. The lyrics on *Rock Minuet* – "He tied someone up, and sewed up their eyes, he got so excited he came on his thighs" are typical of this wrist-slashing stuff. ★★★ **(TH)**

At last, the new Oasis album is here – but does anybody really care anymore?



"It's fifty nicker for us both – but only our kid swallows"

Oasis

STANDING ON THE SHOULDER OF GIANTS (BIG BROTHER)

After two years of changing line-ups and growing bad hair, we might expect something new from Britain's biggest band: drum loops, samples, perhaps even a song without guitars. Instead, we've got Oasis-by-numbers: meandering melodies you've heard before. Noel can seemingly only write one kind of song; Liam's voice – in fine abrasive fettle here – is increasingly the band's backbone. Opening rocker *Fuckin' In The Bushes* promises much, and highlights like the Stone Roses-esque *Who Feels Love?* and *Gas Panic* almost deliver. It's just that now, after The Charlatans, they're only the North's second best band. ★★★ (CB)

Superfunk

HOLD UP (FIAT LUX)

As well as burning sheep, the French also excel in dance music – and with Superfunk, they've done it again. Taking the chuck-it-in-and-see approach that worked for Basement Jaxx, this lot throw disco, hip hop and jazz into the mix, turn the dial up high and wait for the dancefloor to fill up. It triumphs simply because people love a good, funky tune made by a bunch of blokes who have clearly been pissing about in the studio. How else do you explain the Musical Youth sample? Heartily recommended.
★★★★ (AH)

Younger Younger 28's

SOAP (MAJOR MINOR/V2)

The reaction to any band that can sound exactly like the Human League is hardly going to be a whoop and a holler. Yet the Youngers *are* good, waging war against the doomy Radiohead take on music with dayglo Eighties synth pop. A plethora of genuinely funny one-liners will keep you sniggering throughout this debut, but their real talent is squeezing tales of pornography, drugs, and debauched weekends into foot-tapping tunes.
★★★★ (TM)

MARIAH CAREY

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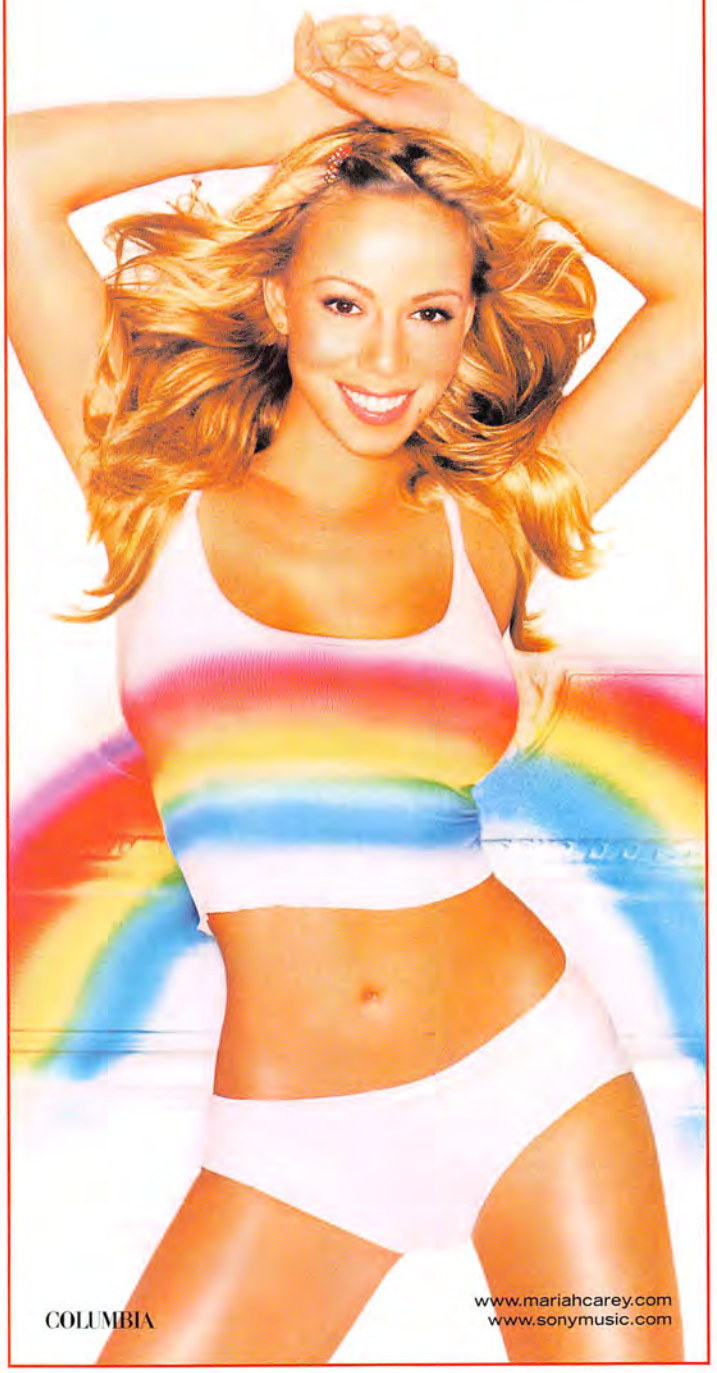

COLUMBIA

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BUNKS

'And no shitting!'

Brian Bromwich is the owner of B&M Starsleeper, earning his crust providing tour buses for the musically gifted...

What big names have kipped in your lovely fleet?
Recently I've taken Steps, All Saints, Boyzone, Supergrass, and Suede. I've also provided for The Stones, Jacko and Bob Dylan.

Do you pander to these weirdos' every whim?
One guy asked for a sunbed, so we stuck that in, but bands are generally happy with what we give them, so long as they have surround-sound, a video, CD player, and a television. There's also a DVD player, plus some combination microwave ovens and also a fridge.

Very nice. Sounds like the kind of holiday caravan you might find in the Welsh island of Anglesey.
Well, the lighting crew for Michael Jackson lived in one for a couple of months, and they went right round Europe. They even got to Romania just before the revolution, and stopped for a spot of sightseeing in Turkey.

Which type of band do you fear the most?
The worst people are the one-hit-wonders, who suddenly think they're it. Most of the metal bands who go crazy on stage are very meek on the bus. My son drove Marilyn Manson around for a few months and said he was one of the quietest blokes ever.

Is there enough room to shag a fat bird in those tiny on-board bunks?
We try to make sure that there is plenty of space, but it does get difficult when the bands try and get loads of people on board to keep the costs down. But there's plenty of room, and believe me, there's lots of shagging.

Do you have a list of mandatory rules nailed up on the door?
Making rules is the worst thing you can do. You normally suggest things, but if you get strict, people just rebel. Tours are like a big family moving all over the place, and you couldn't be part of it if you kept bringing up rules.

Fair enough. So, who cleans the shitters?
We usually try to find a proper toilet drop, and France's motorway services are the best for that. It's normally only piss, as the band are living on the bus and don't want shit stinking the whole place out.

Have you ever witnessed a birth on board?
No, but I did just miss an overdose once. Can't remember who it was, but he had played at the Reading Festival, and I thought he'd then flown out to continue touring in the States. They were cleaning the bus, found him, thought he was having a kip, prodded him, and realised he was dead. (PB)

"Hard left. 90. Sweeping bend up over the hill"

Glum, weird, moody and depressing – yes, the Pumpkins have done it again!

Pinhead led The Corrs to hell

Smashing Pumpkins

MACHINA/THE MACHINES OF GOD (HUT)

With the stormy departure of the bassist and re-instatement of the narcotically-troubled drummer, the Pumpkins' soap opera could have overshadowed their music. Instead, *Machina* sees the Chicago four-piece back on form. Single *Stand Inside Your Love* is but the tip of the despair iceberg: other gloomy highlights include *I Of The Mourning* – sounding like a nasal Joy Division – and the 10-minute epic *Glass And The Ghost Children*, which shows no fear of melodrama at all. It would be predictable to say that *Machina* is roughly as heart-warming as the news that your grandad's just snuffed it, but by God, it is. ★★★★ (CB)

ALBUMS

Henry Rollins Band

GET SOME GO AGAIN (POLYDOR)

Henry Rollins sees himself as a complex guy. He's a non-drinking, non-smoking actor, writer, and comedian... and he's a tattooed mentalist who likes to release albums full of shouty guitar music. It's largely as a result of Rollins' larger-than-life persona that his music – while not always "good" in the traditional sense – is worth a listen and *Get Some Go Again* is no different. As Rollins himself says: "It's not rocket science. It's rock music." You're not wrong. ★★ (AH)

Aqua

AQUARIUS (UNIVERSAL)

You can't ignore singer Lene, with her ability to give you wood through the simple word "Barbie" – but just as big a star of 25-million-selling Aqua is the big bald bloke, and his enthusiastic voice of gravel. It's impossible to make it through the band's second album without laughing – and that at least makes a refreshing change. ★★★ (RB)

Various Artists

GLOBAL UNDERGROUND NU BREED MIXED BY ANTHONY PAPPA (BOXED)

Having racked up the sales with a host of big-name DJ mixes, the Global Underground series turns its attention to unknown DJs. Anthony Pappa is first to benefit from what will no doubt prove to be a massive career leg-up, and understandably, there's a lack of risk-taking here. Pappa avoids blowing his chance by weaving together an ultra-sophisticated mix of liquid house and grown-up trance. Classy. ★★★ (AH)

A WILLSHER/S.I.N. R ELLIS/REPFOTO

SNAPPING

The musician's guide to photography

Reef's drummer Dom Greensmith shares his shutterbug know-how

Don't spend a fortune on equipment
"You can use anything, really. I've been to exhibitions where the photographs just look like holiday snaps that have been blown up, and a frame put around them. That said, I do own an amazingly expensive camera."

Remember people's feelings
"You look at pictures of people in dodgy situations, like a woman wailing over a dead body in Bosnia, and you realise that there must have been a photographer standing there. I don't think I could do that, so I stick to people *en masse*."

"Is there something in my eye?"

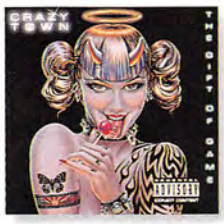
Don't become a twat
"It's not like a painting, because you can always make another print. I don't have a single photograph that I wouldn't sell, even shots of my own family. I don't see them as personal possessions."

Always carry an instamatic
"People look at things every day and wish that they had a camera. I've always thought that it would be great to have a camera built into your eye, and when you blink it takes a photograph. As it is, I just take loads of shots and don't show people the crap."

Try to capture the moment
"There are always great moments before and after the planned photograph, so I just take loads of shots, and hope for the best. I believe that photographs come to me – they are all waiting out there. When we're having band photos, I think, 'You should be taking the shot now, you're missing the moment'."

Try different film
"I've got into a thing called cross processing, where you use slide film, but process it as a print. It makes the colours come out really vividly, but you can go through a lot of film before you come across anything good." (RB)

Reef release new material this spring.



Angie Stone
BLACK DIAMOND (ARISTA)
Although soul crooner Angie Stone is no spring chicken – she's been kicking round since the Eighties – her claim to fame so far is co-writing D'Angelo's first two albums. But her debut solo LP is selling truckloads in the USA, already leading to suggestions that here is the next Macy Gray. No comparison really – Stone's voice is less striking – but what she does brilliantly is ignore the over-production and bland melodies which make much of this soul gubbins a laughing stock. ★★★★ (TM)

Crazy Town
THE GIFT OF GAME (COLUMBIA)
The very mention of the word "rock" in England has you marked out as a sweaty-backed Status Quo nut – yet a rock fan in America is applauded for his musical taste. Everything's rock in America – even half the rap music, like this predictable crossover debut from Californians Crazy Town. The many forays into mediocrity – and their terrible name – do Crazy Town few favours, but their genre-blurring fusion does bring with it the odd thrill. ★★ (MP)

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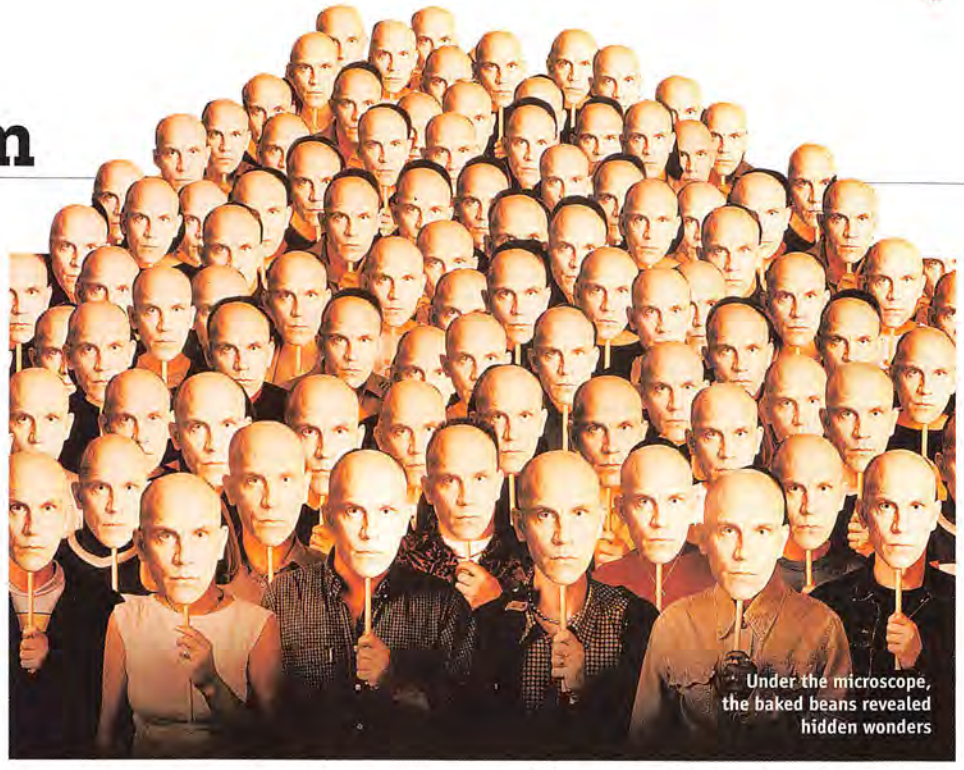
Headcase genius

It may sound weird, but Spike Jonze's surreal directorial debut is a winner



Under the microscope, the baked beans revealed hidden wonders

Being John Malkovich

STARRING **John Cusack, Cameron Diaz, Catherine Keener, John Malkovich**

Up until now Spike Jonze has been best known for his groundbreaking pop videos for the Beastie Boys, REM and Daft Punk – but with this, his first film, he's confirmed himself as a cinematic visionary. And considering Jonze's videos have often revolved around the notion of being someone else – inserting Weezer into the *Happy Days* diner as the house band, having the Beastie Boys play Seventies cops in their video for *Sabotage*, and casting himself as a crap dancer in Fatboy Slim's *Praise You* – it's no surprise that it's also a key component to his surreal debut.

Failed puppeteer Craig Schwartz (Cusack) takes a job filing to pay the bills at a Manhattan firm whose office lies between the seventh and eighth floors of a New York building. The overheads are low, as are the ceilings, meaning everyone walks with a stoop, and his nimble fingers get a workout even if his mind doesn't. Then, one day, he discovers a small doorway behind a filing cabinet through which lies a portal leading directly into the brain of John Malkovich. Yes, *the* John Malkovich. The actor. Passing through the hole, Craig spends the next 15 minutes inside Malkovich's head, experiencing exactly what he's experiencing – be it showering, shitting, having sex – until he's unceremoniously deposited in a ditch. Seeing this as way of making some quick cash, Craig and his co-worker, Maxine (Keener), with whom he's fallen in love, hatch a get-rich-quick scheme to exploit his find, charging people $200 a time to actually "be John Malkovich".

One day, he discovers a small doorway leading into the brain of John Malkovich

Needless to say this is only the beginning, and to reveal too much more would spoil the brilliant twists and surprises of Charlie Kaufman's dazzlingly demented script. The performances are staggering, in particular Diaz, almost unrecognisable as Craig's dowdy and neglected wife, who begins an affair with Keener while being Malkovich, and John Malkovich himself, who deserves brownie points for sending himself up in a way that belies his dour image. You won't see a weirder, more imaginative, more inspired, more wondrous film all year. ★★★★★ **(MS)**

NEW RELEASES

The Hurricane

STARRING **Denzel Washington, Vicellous Reon Shannon, Dan Hedaya, Liev Schreiber, Deborah Kara Unger, John Hannah**

Denzel Washington plays Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, the black boxer falsely convicted of murder in 1969, then exonerated in 1985. It's an amazing story, with its portrait of racism and corruption in the New Jersey police department. It boasts a majestic performance from Washington – he lost 40lbs for the role. But the sub-story of Canadian students (including Hannah with a shocking American accent) trying to free Carter is so unconvincing it's like watching a separate film. ★★★ **(MG)**

Magnolia: man faces Reaper

Magnolia

STARRING **Tom Cruise, William H Macy, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Jason Robards, Julianne Moore**

From the man who gave you *Boogie Nights*, comes something subtler, stronger and longer. Set in the San Fernando Valley, *Magnolia* is a gripping story of coincidence and irony that hinges on a TV producer's last night of life. Over three hours, director Paul Thomas Anderson introduces a stream of characters and weaves them together with dexterity. The *Boogie Nights* cast return for more outstanding performances, but the visual equivalent of Dirk Diggler's packet is the turn by Tom Cruise. Playing shopping channel "sexpert" Frank TJ Mackey, his filthy catchphrase: "Respect the cock! Tame the cunt!" is just one of the joys of this fascinating movie. ★★★★ **(DW)**

The Talented Mr Ripley

STARRING **Matt Damon, Gwyneth Paltrow, Jude Law, Cate Blanchett**

Tom Ripley (Damon) is a conman with a gift for impersonation and lying. Tapped by a rich New Yorker to bring back his philandering son, Dickie (Law), from his playboy lifestyle on the Italian Rivieria, Ripley arrives and figures it would be far better to assume Dickie's identity instead. Damon excels as the ruthless yet charming Ripley, but it's Law who earns his ticket to stardom with a truly captivating performance that outshines his more famous co-stars. And the ending's a killer. ★★★★ **(MS)**

The Insider

STARRING **Al Pacino, Russell Crowe, Christopher Plummer**

Inspired by a factual magazine article, *Heat* director Michael Mann delivers a superlative film about a tobacco industry whistle-blower and the price he pays to tell the truth. Jeffery Wigand (Crowe) fired from his high-powered cigarette-firm research job, is cajoled by the terrier-like skills of Lowell Bergman (Pacino), the never-miss producer of top ranking news show *60 Minutes*, to spill the insidious truth (that the tobacco giants had factual evidence that cigarettes are addictive) on his former employers. This masterful slice of sophisticated filmmaking belongs to Crowe who presents the film's hero as a tortured, awkward, unpredictable, astoundingly courageous human being. Movies don't come much better than this. ★★★★★ **(IN)**

The Insider: smoker blows whistle

Movie news

George Clooney will reteam with ***Out Of Sight*** director Steven Soderbergh for a remake of the Rat Pack movie ***Ocean's 11***. The ex-*ER* star and former Batman will reprise the Frank Sinatra role...

■ Paul Hogan is gearing up to play ***Crocodile Dundee*** for a third time. The film, provisionally entitled ***Crocodile Dundee In Hollywood***, will continue the "hilarious" fish-out-of-water escapades of the outback hero, this time in Tinseltown...

■ Jane Horrocks and ***Wonderland's*** Ian Hart will team up for ***Born Romantic***, the story of three clumsy men who take salsa lessons to help them woo three women...

■ Pierce Brosnan will play an ex-marine pilot turned artist in Mexico who refuses to paint a portrait of the wife of an arms dealer in ***Burnt Sienna...***

■ John Travolta is contemplating starring in ***Travel Agent*** as a man who travels back in time six months to foil an assassination plot...

■ One-time lovers Ben Affleck and Gwyneth Paltrow are to team up for ***The Ugly Truth***. Paltrow will play a romantically challenged woman who takes lessons from Affleck's sloppy, sexist TV personality....

■ Paltrow is also in talks to star for ***There's Something About Mary*** directors The Farrelly Brothers in ***Shallow Hal***, about a man who falls in love with an unattractive woman, despite his promise to his dying father only to date young, pretty girls...

■ Salma Hayek (pictured) will don an apron as a waitress who befriends a suicidal man, who's borrowed $1 million to blow on his last day on earth in ***The Great Life***. Having met her, he decides life may be worth living...

Lake Placid

STARRING **Bill Pullman, Bridget Fonda**

Many "tributes" have stained the 1975 classic *Jaws* – the 1980 croc-in-a-sewer flick *Alligator* for one – but only *Lake Placid* is so determinedly unambitious as to rip-off that rip-off itself. Here, Bill Pullman – still sporting his *Spaceballs* haircut – plays warden Jack Wells, investigating a 30ft crocodile which is eating divers at a picturesque lake. Neurotic palaeontologist Kelly Scott – Bridget Fonda doing an admirable Ally McBeal impression – and Oliver Platt's croc enthusiast then arrive to ham up the hunt, but unfortunately provide precious few chuckles. ★ **(CB)**

Man On The Moon: **comic goes bananas**

Man On The Moon

STARRING **Jim Carrey, Danny DeVito, Courtney Love**

Probably best known here for his role as Latka in TV's *Taxi*, Andy Kaufman was a comic genius, so out there he was practically on the moon. This remarkable biopic follows Kaufman (Carrey) from childhood to coffin (he died of lung cancer in 1984), taking in his stand-up beginnings, his debut on *Saturday Night Live*, his *Taxi* run, and his unsuccessful flirtation with female wrestling. Carrey is superb as the misunderstood funny man, managing to capture the essence of the man who lived for fucking with people's minds. And even though the film doesn't get to the heart of who Kaufman was, it's a moving and funny tribute to a man who, even by today's standards, would be considered way ahead of his time. ★★★ **(MS)**

Messy-eater Mick had to be pulled away from the jam donut lady

Q&A

Bob Hoskins

Getting a re-release at the cinema this month is the 1981 cult British crime film *The Long Good Friday*. Hoskins was its star...

Is it true that you met the writer of *The Long Good Friday* in a tropical diseases clinic?

I'd come back from Africa with this fucking 40ft tapeworm – having one of them up your arse is all you need. The writer came in to see me – I think he was fascinated to see what it looked like.

Did you base your criminal mastermind Harry Shand on the sort of people you met when you were growing up?

Well, I grew up in Finsbury Park and there were all kinds of villains hanging around. When I was a teenager I was in the pub and in walked the Kray twins. I'd seen them around but then they started to talk and they had these really effeminate voices. I was like, "You're fucking joking, aren't you?" A lot of the extras on the set were real gangsters and made it their responsibility to make sure I didn't look a prat. They'd go, "Listen Bob, don't shout, even if you're angry, that's not the way we do it."

'The Kray twins talked in these really effeminate voices'

Before acting, some of your previous jobs included window cleaner, merchant seaman and most bizarrely, "fire-eater"...

Yeah, I worked in a circus and had to do a bit of fire-eating. You can forget your sex life while you're doing that because your gob really stinks of paraffin.

In 1978 your "little general" became famous as the first penis shown on the BBC, popping up in musical drama *Pennies From Heaven*. Is that something you're proud of?

It was a bit embarrassing because I don't have a lot to brag about. For some reason the director wanted full frontal nudity. But it wasn't a sex scene – it was just me putting on my pyjamas and getting into bed. The man from the BBC, Bill Cotton, came down to the set and said, "If we show Hoskins' cock on the TV, we're going to get letters of complaint," but Dennis Potter said, "No, if you show Hoskins' cock on the TV you'll get letters of sympathy." The way they got past it was by shooting it in profile and not from the front.

Didn't you "almost" get the role of Al Capone in *The Untouchables*?

Yeah, that was the best job I nearly had. The director, Brian De Palma, sent me the script and asked me to read for Al Capone, but he said he really wanted Robert De Niro to play him but he couldn't get an answer out of him. I said I'd love to do it if I was available. Then I read in the paper that De Niro was doing it so I thought that was that. Then I opened the post one morning and there was a cheque for $200,000 with a note saying "Thanks for your time, love Brian." I phoned him up and said, "If you've got any other movies you don't want me to be in, I'm there for you any day of the week."

You've just starred as Sancho Panza in a TV mini series about Don Quixote. How did you find bobbing about on the back of a donkey?

I had a great donkey called Ramon who'd put his head on my shoulder and talk to me. I wanted to adopt him and bring him home, but because he's a Spanish donkey the cold weather in England would have killed him. **(RG)**

The Long Good Friday is at the cinema from March 3.

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magnolia

from the director of BOOGIE NIGHTS

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philip seymour hoffman ricky jay william h. macy alfred molina
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The Green Mile: lags seek redemption

The Green Mile

STARRING **Tom Hanks, David Morse, Michael Clarke Duncan**

Like *The Shawshank Redemption*, this is another overlong but marvellously compelling prison drama based on a Stephen King story. Paul Edgecomb (Hanks) is head guard at Cold Mountain Penitentiary's Death Row whose days are spent dealing with the condemned prisoners – and also the trouble-making tendencies of a sadistic young guard... and a mouse named Mr Jiggles. But with the arrival of John Coffey (Duncan), a lumbering giant of a black man, convicted of the rape and murder of two girls, a life-changing bond is formed between prisoner and guard. There's a couple of quite literally shocking electrocution scenes, but the film is ultimately about redemption, sacrifice and hope; its message an upliftingly simple one. It's not without coincidence that Coffey's initials are the same as a certain religious leader. ★★★ **(MS)**

Breakout!

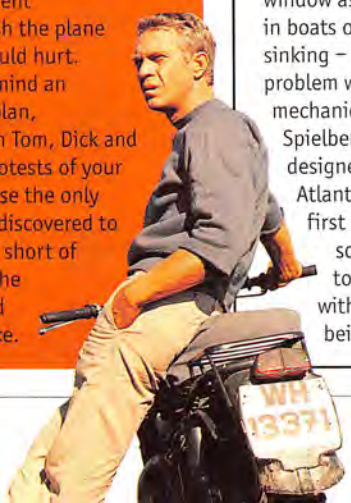
If ever you find yourself residing at Her Majesty's pleasure, simply study these movies for useful escape plans..

Midnight Express Get transferred to the mental wing of the prison by biting out the tongue of the prison quartermaster. When the slobbering governor drops his pants to deliver another vicious buggering, impale him on a coat hook, nick his togs, snaffle the keys and scarper via the front door.

The Shawshank Redemption Gain the trust of the nasty prison staff by helping to do their accounts. Become buddies with ol' timer Red who "can get anything" and use him to obtain a small hammer. Tunnel your way out before miraculously refixing the poster that covers the entrance to the tunnel. From the inside.

Con Air Procure a copy of the infamous *Anarchist's Cookbook*, then rig your cell to explode before being transferred by plane to a new prison. Offload the crew disguised as prisoners in a convenient sandstorm and then crash the plane into Las Vegas. Which could hurt.

The Great Escape Mastermind an ambitious three tunnel plan, imaginatively name them Tom, Dick and Harry, and ignore the protests of your claustrophobic digger. Use the only tunnel that hasn't been discovered to emerge precisely 20 feet short of safety. Attempt to leap the WWII POW camp's barbed wire fence on a motorbike.



STORIES FROM THE SILVER SCREEN – JAWS

How a faulty rubber special effect, petty actor squabbles and a real-life shark attack made *Jaws* the ultimate Seventies suspense thriller...

Although it's now held up as the film that started the whole summer blockbuster movie, *Jaws* was, during its long, troubled production, seen as a disaster by Hollywood insiders. Constant reports emanating from the film's East Coast location screamed of a budget spiralling out of control, stars that didn't get on, and a 26-year-old director – the then virtually unknown Steven Spielberg – who was in way over his head, close to being fired. Spielberg had first picked up the book in the office of producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown and desperately wanted to make it into a film. The trouble was that another director was already attached to the project, but after a lunch with the producers and the book's author Peter Benchley, he got the boot, after constantly referring to a whale instead of a shark, and Spielberg was in.

Brown had once asked Benchley who he wanted in the movie – the author replied Paul Newman, Steve McQueen and Robert Redford – but the seasoned producer didn't feel it was important to go with such costly superstars. Spielberg originally offered Lee Marvin the role of Quint, the shark hunter that would eventually be portrayed by Robert Shaw, but Marvin said he'd rather go fishing for real.

Godfather star Robert Duvall wanted to play Quint, but Spielberg offered him the role of the nerdy scientist Hooper instead. He turned it down, as did Jon Voight, and eventually Richard Dreyfuss came onboard, joining *French Connection* star Roy Scheider, who Spielberg hired as Police Chief Brody after meeting him at a Hollywood party.

Filming began in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, in April 1974 without a completed script or working shark. "I thought things would go along swimmingly," Spielberg recalled 20 years later. How wrong he was. Shooting was scheduled to last around two months, a timescale that swiftly went out the window as the problems inherent with filming in boats on the open sea – bad weather, boats sinking – became readily apparent. Part of the problem was that the film's 26-foot mechanical shark, nicknamed Bruce after Spielberg's lawyer, Bruce Ramer, had been designed for use in freshwater, not the Atlantic Ocean, and promptly sank when first used. In fact, the shark broke down so frequently the crew began referring to the film as *Flaws*. Days would go by with just seconds of usable footage being shot. The production dragged on and on, winding up at a staggering 159 days, with the budget more than tripled. "Jaws was my Vietnam," says Spielberg. "I had no satisfaction in the making of the film. I thought my career was over."

Then there were problems with the actors. Dreyfuss and Shaw's relationship offscreen mirrored their combative characters' on. "I consider Robert to be one of the cruellest men I ever worked with," said Dreyfuss, who the hard-drinking Shaw picked on mercilessly. Ironically, the endless delays only served to improve the movie, allowing the lead actors time to flesh out their characters, the script to be reworked by a variety of writers – to this day arguments still rage over who penned the film's now famous USS Indianapolis speech. It also forced Spielberg to shoot around the fact he didn't have a shark, making *Jaws* more a suspense thriller by holding back seeing it until the last possible moment.

Filming began without a finished script or a shark

In the week of *Jaws*'s release in the summer of 1975, serendipity struck. A horrific real-life shark attack was reported off the San Diago coast. The incident made the cover of *Time* magazine. The public panicked, beaches were deserted and everyone went to the cinema instead. In just 80 days, *Jaws* became the highest grossing movie of all time, making everyone connected to the movie very rich; Spielberg had a two-and-a-half per cent cut of the film's $300million profits. The film went on to win three Oscars. **(MS)**

Girl, Interrupted: chicks go bananas

Girl, Interrupted

STARRING **Winona Ryder, Angelina Jolie, Whoopi Goldberg, Vanessa Redgrave, Brittany Murphy, Jared Leto**

The new Winona Ryder movie is sort of a teen female version of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, based on the memoirs of Susanna Kaysen, a confused 17-year-old who spent two years in a mental hospital in the late Sixties. Diagnosed with a borderline personality disorder by her over zealous shrink, Kaysen (Ryder) is institutionalised and, once inside, has to start getting on with her fellow-inmates – including sociopathic lifer Lisa (Jolie). Also inside the institution are Whoopi Goldberg with a funny Sixties hairdo as a nice nurse and Vanessa Redgrave as the severe head psychiatrist. Distinguished by two very strong performances from Ryder and Jolie, this boring chick-flick nevertheless feels dated – like a then-daring expose from the Seventies, which has very little impact in the year 2000. ★★ (MG)

Joan Of Arc

STARRING **Milla Jovovich, John Malkovich, Faye Dunaway, Dustin Hoffman**

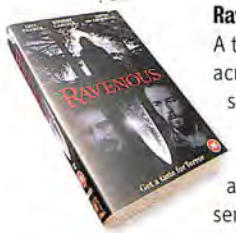
Like *Titanic*, there's no getting away from the fact that most of us already know the ending to this one. But before Joan (Jovovich) gets roasted as a heretic (by the double-dealing Frogs – not us, remember), there's much to enjoy here, as *Fifth Element* director and Jovovich's ex-husband Luc Besson piles on the gore and carnage and treats the audience to spectacularly bloody battle scenes, horrific medieval weaponry, a peculiar mix of accents and some horrendous haircuts. As a child Joan hears voices from God, grows up into a hysterical fashion model-type who chops her hair off to look like a bloke and sets about freeing France from the loathsome English to crown a miscast Malkovich as the effete French King. Hoffman pops up at the end as the personification of Joan's conscience, but by then the battle's been truly lost. Hilariously bad in places and riotously entertaining as a result. ★★ (MS)

Joan Of Arc: Frogs barbecue cross-dresser

VIDEOS TO RENT

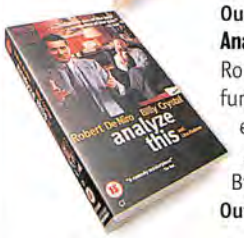
A quartet of quintessential videos for that 'comfortable' evening in front of the TV...

Go
This convoluted tale follows a group of LA drop outs (one of them *Dawson's Creek's* Katie Holmes) involved in a botched drugs deal.
Out: March 6



Ravenous
A troop of soldiers stumble across a mysterious stranger (Robert Carlyle) who has a taste for human flesh. Can the army boys avoid being served up as man stew? No.
Out: March 13

Drop Dead Gorgeous
In this black comedy Kirsten Dunst and Denise Richards star as contestants in a small town beauty contest who will stop at nothing to win.
Out: March 13



Analyze This
Robert De Niro "does" funny as a Mafia boss who enlists the services of unenthusiastic shrink Billy Crystal.
Out: March 27

FLANNEL PANEL

The month's biggest films, so compact they could fit in a fortune cookie

The Beach ★★★★

Three backpackers are given a map to a secret beach but soon find out that paradise isn't all it's cracked up to be.
With Leonardo DiCaprio (conniving), Virginie Ledoyen (enticing), Robert Carlyle (suicidal).
Best bit When DiCaprio becomes a character in his own Vietnam-inspired video game fantasy sequence.
Interesting fact DiCaprio has met with George Lucas about playing Anakin Skywalker in the next *Star Wars* film.

Toy Story 2 ★★★★

When Woody is stolen by a collector of rare toys, Buzz Lightyear and gang set out to rescue him.
With the voices of Tom Hanks (kidnapped), Tim Allen (commandeering), Kelsey Grammar (in a box).
Best bit In a take off of *The Empire Strikes Back* the evil Emporer Zurg reveals he's Buzz's dad.
Interesting fact Mattel, Barbie's makers, vetoed her appearance in the first film but were more than happy to have her appear in the sequel.

American Beauty ★★★★

Yank family implodes when daughter brings home her nubile friend and dad finds himself in lust and in the midst of a middle-life crisis.
With Kevin Spacey (wanker), Mena Suvari (sultry), Annette Bening (adulterous), Thora Birch (sulky).
Best bit Spacey's jailbait fantasy of cheerleader Suvari naked in a bath of petals.
Interesting fact Spacey spent a year at military school but was expelled for fighting.

The Cider House Rules ★★★★

Wide-eyed orphan sets out on a journey of discovery, only to find out what he's looking for is right back where he started from.
With Tobey Maguire (innocent), Charlize Theron (lustful), Michael Caine (kindly).
Best bit The look on Maguire's face when he first realises Theron isn't just interested in a platonic relationship.
Interesting fact DiCaprio turned down Maguire's role to make *The Beach*.

The End Of The Affair ★★★★

Illicit romance set against the backdrop of war-torn London.
With Ralph Fiennes (anguished), Julianne Moore (troubled), Stephen Rea (tedious).
Best bit Fiennes's and Moore's nocturnal couplings during the Blitz, banging away while Jerry bombs fall in the background.
Interesting fact Adapted from Graham Greene's semi-autobiographical novel, this is based on the author's own adulterous affair.

Three Kings ★★★★

Four US soldiers hunt for Saddam's secret gold bullion stash in post-Gulf War Kuwait.
With George Clooney (rugged), Mark Wahlberg (easy target), Spike Jonze (rookie).
Best bit When an imprisoned Wahlberg finds a box of mobile phones in his cell and calls his wife at home.
Interesting fact Clooney and Wahlberg got on so well during filming that they immediately teamed up again for *The Perfect Storm*.

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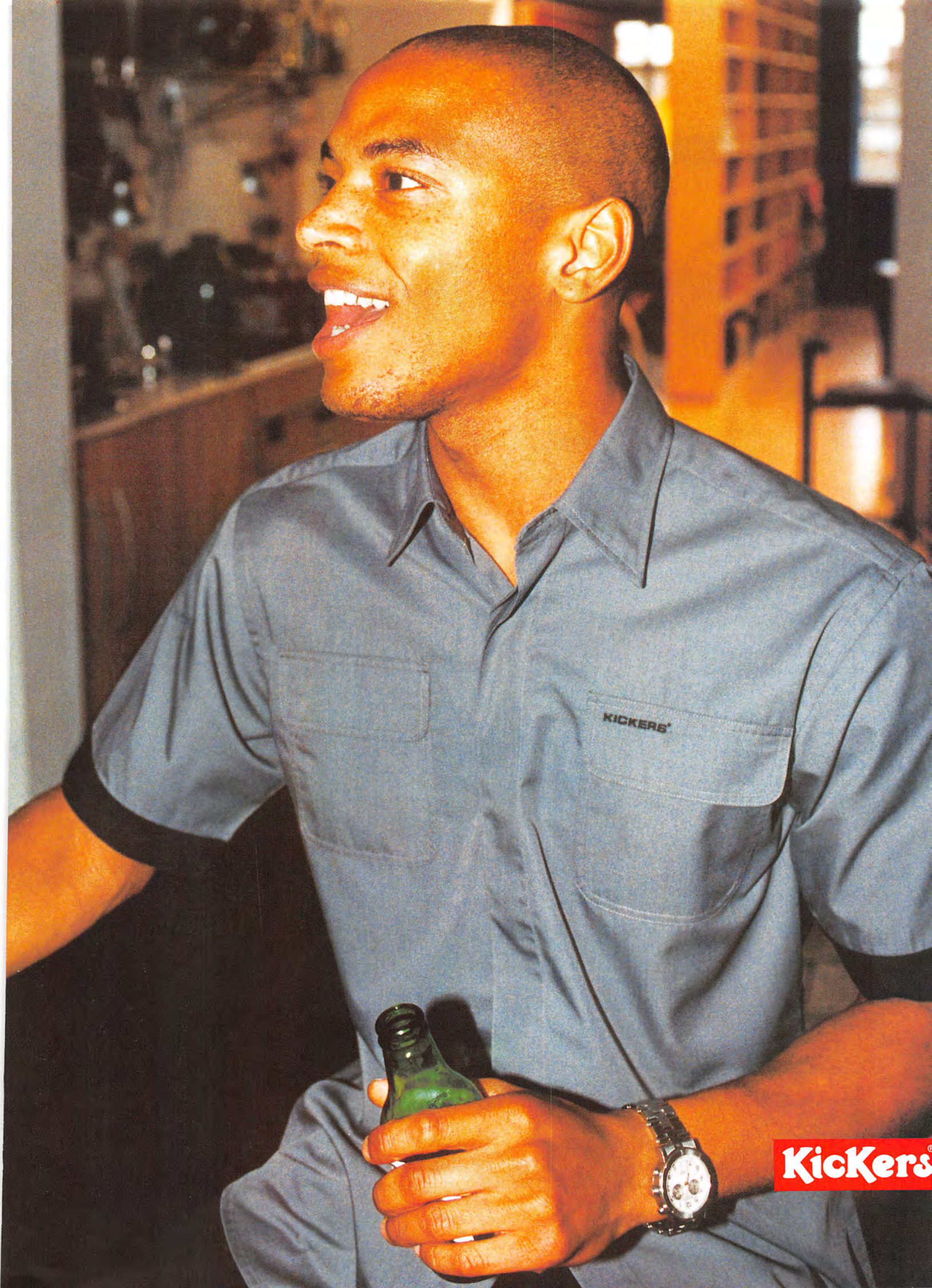
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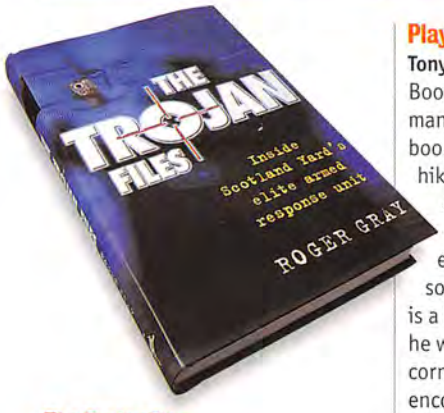
The month's best ink



The Trojan Files

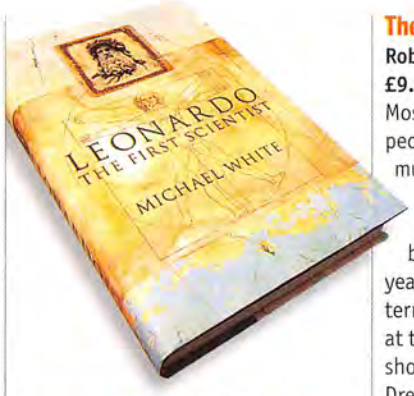
Roger Gray (Virgin, £16.99)

These are the days of the letterbox arrest, where police surveillance cameras monitor everything, from speeders and shoplifters, to impressive cleavages on a Friday night. So it's good to know that, in London at least, some of the boys in blue can still be arsed to get out there and bloody shoot someone. Since the formation of the Armed Response Units – codename Trojan – in 1991, Roger Gray and his team have been donning body armour and getting into the kind of trouble normally attributed to Andy McNab's vivid imagination. There's the Foreign Legion chap, who they shoot after a bank robbery, the chase through Putney that ends with the bad guy blowing his head off with a shotgun, and one bloke even wedges an axe through his girlfriend's head. An essential purchase in any airport lobby. **(RB)**

Playing The Moldovans At Tennis

Tony Hawks (Ebury Press £9.99)

Bookies must love Tony Hawks: the man will bet on anything. In his last book, he won a £100 wager by hitch-hiking around Ireland with a fridge, and for this one, he accepts a drunken challenge to beat the entire Moldovan international soccer team at tennis. What follows is a highly entertaining odyssey, as he wanders around this backward corner of Eastern Europe, encountering gangsters, gypsies and general bafflement in his attempt to get the first XI on the court. The book is full of gags that will make you laugh out loud, weird idiosyncrasies (the first entry in the "Key Words" section of his phrase book is "acrobat"), and – uniquely for a travelogue – it has a gripping twist at the end. Even if you hate tennis and couldn't find Moldova on a map, you'll be charmed. Utterly recommended. **(GS)**



Leonardo: The First Scientist

Michael White (Little, Brown £20)

Loads of talent, could draw a bit, founded the Renaissance movement and to cap it all off, was arrested for sodomising another man. Mind you, if the case hadn't been mysteriously dropped, Leonardo Da Vinci would probably have been executed, and the human race deprived of one its most influential figures. Delving to the very depths of his writing skills, Michael White has clearly had enough of being laughed at for claiming he was a member of chart-topping Thompson Twins (absolutely no-one remembers him) and thus recounts some of the brilliance – the Mona Lisa, announcing that the earth moved around the sun – Mr Da Vinci displayed. Sadly, even with snippets of useful information, it's all hidden in a mass of dross, and reading about such a multi-talented git is more likely to piss readers off than inspire them. **(AK)**

The Shark Net

Robert Drewe (Hamish Hamilton, £9.99)

Most of us, either directly or by 17 people twice removed, know a murder victim. Some of us even know a murderer. Aussie author Robert Drewe can lay claim to both – and that's why his teenage years were a shadowy mixture of terror, excitement and bewilderment at the local lunatic who was axing, shooting and knifing his neighbours. Drewe, an acclaimed Australian fiction writer – apparently – shares all his memories of these dark days in *The Shark Net*, which make for a fair read. It's largely a tale of sexual awakenings and Drewe's life as a youthful hack on his local rag – plus, of course, the wicked doings of the evil killer – with the author plumping for realism over drama. But this is a good thing, as there's no racy hyperbole or cheesy think-pieces. A strange read. **(MP)**

BLOOD

'Put the gun down, grandma'

Former armed-response policeman Roger Gray – author of *The Trojan Files* – on life with a very big rifle...

How long will it be before every copper has a shooter?
The majority of police don't want to be armed. They just don't want the levels of stress or training that comes with the job, so I can't see it happening within my lifetime.

How do things compare with your American counterparts?
Out in America, the ordinary policeman carries a gun, and in some states an officer can even choose which one he wants. Their training covers a much wider spectrum, from the basic ability to point a gun in the right direction, to coming through the window with smoke grenades. In this country, we train a limited number of officers to a very high degree.

The gay Jack of Clubs faced the firing squad

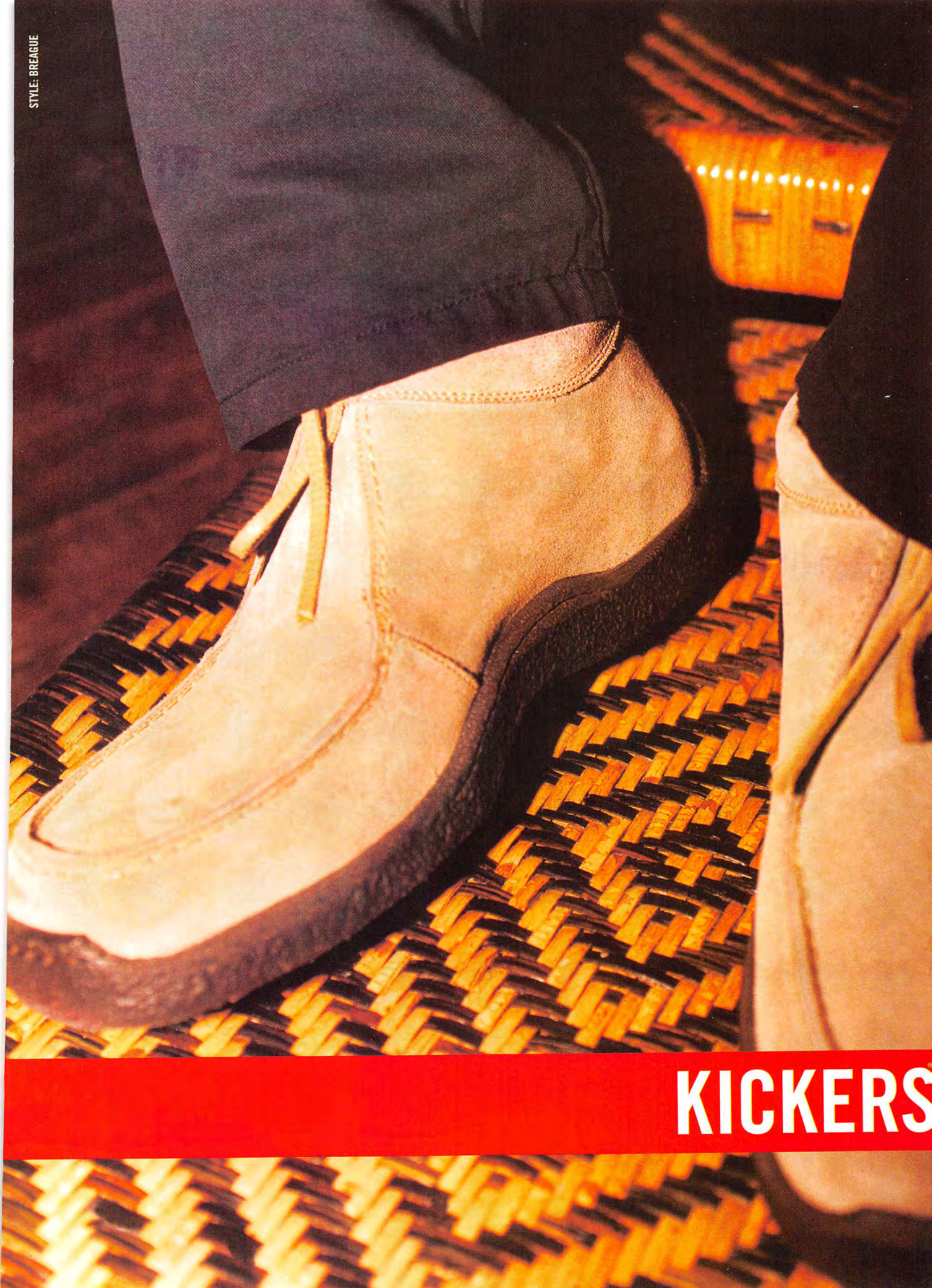
Have you ever arrived at a scene and found everyone dead?
I've never come across people lying all over the street, but I have certainly found a body. If people set out to kill someone, it can be done in a microsecond, and there is little chance that we will be there in time to stop it.

So, I'm coming out of the bank carrying a water pistol. Do I get it in the head?
Nobody wants to shoot Walter Mitty. You would feel a lot more comfortable if it was Billy Bank Robber coming out shooting, but you can't draw those differentials in the heat of the moment. Officers are trained to act towards a perceived threat. If they have shouted the challenges, and the threat is real, they will open fire if he lifts the gun in their direction.

What do you shoot them with?
An MP5, which looks like a machine gun but is limited to single shots. Unlike the military, who will fire any number of bullets at a target to keep him down, we need to be very selective.

Dear God, it wasn't like this on *Dixon Of Dock Green*.
No, but in the original episode, Dixon got shot and killed. **(RB)**

PSC, S. LEHMAN/KATZ



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Amsterdam from £99

In late April more than a million people take to the cobblestoned streets to celebrate Queen Beatrix's birthday. It's a nationally renowned street party with parades, bands, theatre and fireworks that starts on April 29 and lasts well into the small hours. Stay at the three-star Falcon Plaza in the city centre. (Price is per person and includes scheduled return flights from Gatwick and one night B&B accommodation.)

Paris from £109

Time your visit with the Foire du Trone in late April – a massive fair that features all that's weird and wacky in France. Done in a Victorian style, there's a real live freak show, with stars like a bearded lady and the woman with the largest breasts in France. (Price is per person, based on two people sharing, and includes return ticket on Eurostar and two nights B&B accommodation at the Aquarelle Hotel.)

Seville, Spain from £359

Spring is arguably the best time to visit Seville, one of the most exciting and beautiful cities in Spain. The Feria de Abril (April Fair, from April 30 to May 7), is when the streets really come alive. Stay at the comfortable and central Hotel Derby. (Price is per person, based on two people sharing, and includes scheduled return flights from Gatwick, two nights B&B accommodation, and all taxes.)

New Orleans, Louisiana from £360

Famed the world over for its wild Mardi Gras and lively and historic French Quarter, New Orleans is a non-stop party no matter what time of year you visit. The Jazz Fest (April 28 to May 7) is a great reason to go this spring. The 10-day festival features a fair with 12 stages of music – from jazz to blues to zydeco – as well as scrumptious local food and enough beer and bourbon to get you suitably relaxed under the warm Louisiana sun. Your stay is at the Comfort Inn Downtown. (Price is per person, based on two people sharing, and includes scheduled return flights from London Gatwick and two nights room-only accommodation.)

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JOHN LAMB/TONY STONE

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the right shoe

DESIGN
LOAKE
ENGLAND

Dr Banner had just started to turn

FARES

Follow that car!

The humble cabbie gets a makeover as another arcade conversion hits Sega's little white box

Lungfuls of chewy, smog-filled air, vomit-strewn back seats and hours of banal conversation – what ambitious little scamp didn't play in the dirt dreaming of the time they could one day be a taxi driver? So Dreamcast's *Crazy Taxi* caters for the steering wheel-chomper in us all, offering a choice of four wisecracking cabbies who hare around a San Francisco-like cityscape, picking up and dropping off as many punters as they can, against the clock. It's a simple premise – the more passengers picked up, the more cash and extended time you get, but, as this is an arcade conversion, it's designed to keep the player lobbing in the pound coins, so playing time will inevitably run down to zero. There are a handful of driving challenges – which open up extra options – thrown in to keep you occupied, but all the fun to be had in *Crazy Taxi* is about manically weaving and smashing your way through rush hour traffic in adrenaline-fuelled dashes across town.

Taxis: breezy

Best bit: Squeezing that one last fare into the time allowed.
Will you still be playing it in six months? The arcade style provides an instant gameplay fix, but when that wears off, there isn't much more to keep you hooked.
Verdict: Sega's stab at a *Driver*-style racing game is immense fun, but just doesn't have enough depth. (RBK) ★★★

GAMING GIZMOS

Ever since bespectacled onanists chased an inch square pixel around a black screen in *Pong*, game creators have been striving to invent genuinely interactive experiences. And it appears that the cunning Tefal-heads at Nintendo have finally cracked it. Out in April is the Transfer Pak, which slots into the memory card port of the N64 controller. Slide in a Game Boy game or camera, and you can play Game Boy games or import pictures onto your N64 console. This allows you to, for instance, fight the Pokémon from your Game Boy game in 3D against new pocket monsters on the N64 game *Pokémon Stadium*. But even better, you'll be able to take pictures of yourself, Elvis, or any image you like, and pull them into the faces of playable characters in multiplay, in the much awaited *GoldenEye* sequel, *Perfect Dark*. The drawback? The camera, Pak and game will set you back around a whopping £80.

Alien loved his hoverboard

REVIEWS *FHM* plays the best of this month's releases

Quake III Arena
Apple Macintosh £39.99

Earning a mention purely on the strength that it's a game for an Apple Macintosh, and it's superb. Mac owners can expect a torrent of games this year, and *Quake III Arena* is as good a start as you could wish for. It's the latest instalment of the amazing *Quake* franchise, where commandos take potshots at opponents in gloriously gothic arenas. Just make sure you've got a G4 or an iMac.

Best bit: Internet gaming against anyone in the world.
Will you still be playing it in six months? Set it up on your work server and your cold, empty homestead will suddenly seem even less attractive.
Verdict: Stunning shooter finally finds the Mac. ★★★★

Micro Maniacs
PlayStation £34.99

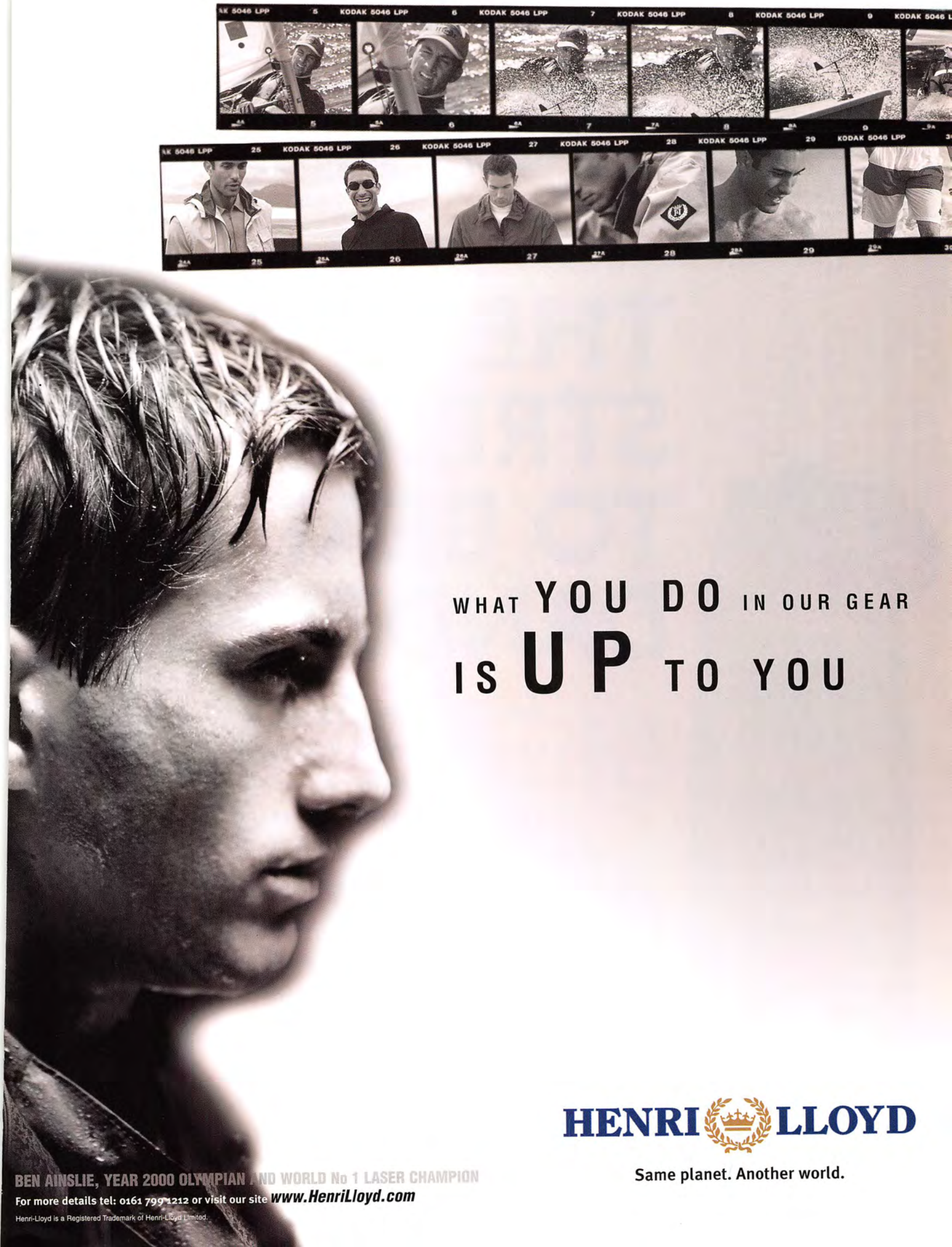
Instead of diminutive motor vehicles skidding about, in a moment of glistening genius, the makers opted for strange wee people running around oversized courses, for the umpteenth sequel of this immensely enjoyable racing series. This version boasts technicolour graphics, eight characters, 35 tracks and all-new weapons, but all this is gaudy frippery against the gleeful gameplay.

Best bit: Multitap multiplay action.
Will you still be playing it in six months? *Micro Machines* multiplay has always provided some of the best gameplay moments, and this is no exception.
Verdict: Another strong racer for the *Micro Machines* fold. ★★★

COMPETITION

To celebrate the launch of "gnarly" snowboarding sequel *CoolBoarders 4*, Sony is dishing out a limited edition *CoolBoarders* snowboard worth over £500, a set of Motorola walkie-talkies, a PlayStation and a copy of *CoolBoarders 4*. Three PlayStations and the game are available for runners-up. To enter, send a postcard with your name and address to: *CoolBoarders 4* Competition, *FHM*, PO Box 2419, London, W1A 5WL, by April 1 2000.

THIS MONTH'S REPORTERS *(in order of their biggest ever "bonus") Mark Salisbury (£5,700), Gez Russell (£5,000), Richard Galpin (£3,000), Adam Smith (£3,000), Damon Wise (£2,000), Ian Nathan (£1,500), Matthew Bingham (£1,200), Rory Buckeridge (£1,100), Mike Peake (£1,000), Grub Smith (£1,000), Mike Goodridge ($1,000), Ed Halliwell (£500), Neil Armstrong (£500), Dave McLaughlin (£500), Tim Marsh (£350), Liane Voisey (£350), Phil Boucher ($120), Ross Brown (£50), Hugh Wilson ("a £10 Marks & Spencer voucher), Chris Leadbeater ("a 10 per cent book discount"), Chris Bell (£5 – "Christmas fucking bonus at the Chester Chronicle), Andrew Holmes ("a pint and a ploughman's"), Tim Herbert ("a hot dog"), Jake Bronstein (0)*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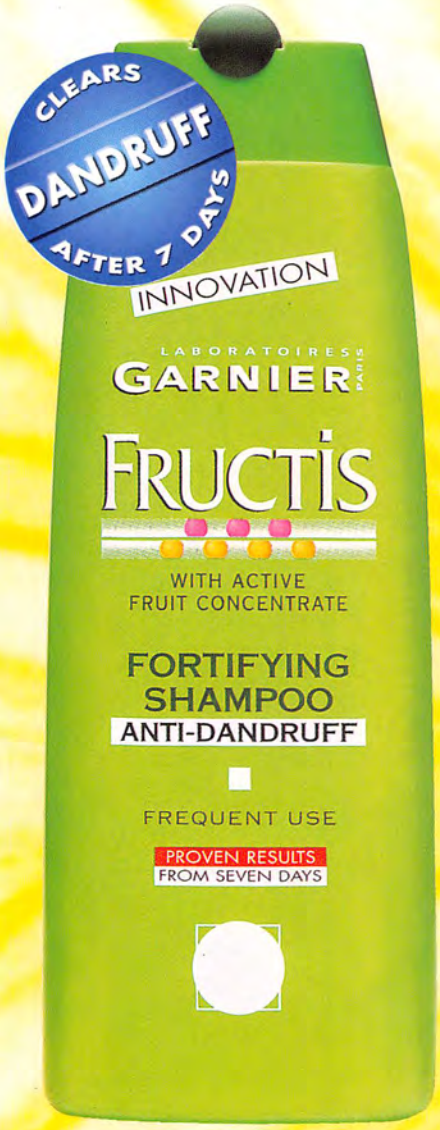

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CANVAS

Storm warning

To shut out the elements when backpacking and keep your wellies dry at 'Glasto' you'll need a decent tent

Terra Nova Quasar
This is the definitive two-person mountain tent. The materials and attention to detail make it lightweight at only 4.1kg, yet it's exceptionally strong and able to withstand just about any form of treacherous weather conditions that Mother Nature cares to throw at it.
STOCKISTS: 01773 833300
EXPECT TO PAY: £419.95

WORDS: GRAHAM THOMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHY:
PATRICK LLEWELYN-DAVIES

Vango Equinox 250
In 1967 Vango designed the ground-breaking Force Ten tent. Today its Equinox range is just as popular, thanks to the use of three flexible poles that form the long tunnel, splitting the tent into a sleeping area and a massive porch. The whole package tips the scales at a mere 5kg.
STOCKISTS:
01475 744122
EXPECT TO PAY: £219.99

Wynnster Merlin 2
A simple yet effective tent that is roomy and reasonably light-weight at 4.2kg, thanks to the use of a pair of flexible poles that form the spacious tunnel. There's an entrance and porch at each end, making this an ideal backpacking tent for those on a tight budget.
STOCKISTS:
01372 377713
EXPECT TO PAY: £75

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS

Fat Linda always took point in 'Nam

Before you take that tentative step through the shop door, *FHM* helps you anticipate the first five minutes of the salesman's patter...

How many of you are going?
Although the tents here are all ideal for two people – even three at a squeeze – it's always worth remembering that you can save considerable money and weight by choosing a one man tent. The main criteria is that you can sleep comfortably, everything else you can do outside.

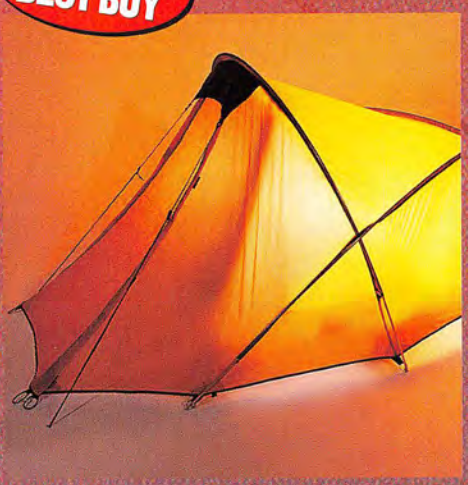
Will you need a large porch?
If you're going to spend your time on the top of a mountain in the rain, you'll be doing most of your cooking in the dry porch area of the tent. This space can also be used to store your rucksack or even your mountain bike, giving you extra living space inside. The sunnier the destination, the smaller the porch required, and the cheaper the cost.

Where are you going?
If you intend camping in the UK, then expect to see the occasional rainstorm. Thankfully, most tents today are designed to cope with the wind and rain conditions that prevail throughout Britain. But if you are feeling more adventurous, you'll need a tent that is designed to keep you dry during a Himalayan storm, or remain standing throughout an Arctic gale.

Don't scrimp on cash
You only get what you pay for, so when comparing tents of a similar design, higher prices usually mean higher quality materials and workmanship, coupled with improved durability and a lighter weight.

How do you intend to travel?
Even when carrying a tent to a camp site in a car, a lightweight option with a small packed size will be easier to manage. Backpackers need the lightest tents available to prevent their rucksacks bringing them to their knees when walking.

·FHM· BEST BUY



KOBAL

Aztec Esquina

For maximum space and minimum weight, modern tents use flexible poles and a design where they cross over one another, for the strongest possible configuration. The Aztec Esquina is a fine example of this. It's a modern backpacking tent that's stable, roomy and weighs only 2.8kg.

STOCKISTS:
0116 2344611
EXPECT TO PAY: £129.95

Khyam Micropack

Khyam tents can be pitched in around 20 seconds, which is about 20 minutes faster than most competing models. The whole pre-assembled bundle of poles and fabric weighs just 3kg and comes folded into the bag, leaving you to simply pull, lock and peg the tent into shape. Nothing is easier.

STOCKISTS:
01922 711243
EXPECT TO PAY: £139.99

ellesse
ellesse
the art of sport

·FHM· BEST BUY

TRANNIES

The radio stars

Seek sanctuary from the incessant whinging of irate travel companions with *FHM*'s selection of pocket-sized wirelesses

BEST FOR PORTABILITY

Philips SBC HR150

If the idea of a bulky pocket and plethora of little wires annoys you, then clip this simple little receiver behind your ear. There's a built-in speaker on the radio itself, complete with one-touch tuning, and another earplug for complete stereo FM sound. The little aerial may make you look like a dodgem car, but you can enjoy pretending you're in MI5.

STOCKISTS: 0181-689 4444
EXPECT TO PAY: £14

WORDS: DAVID SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHY: MICHAEL JENNISON

BEST FOR QUALITY

ROBERTS R972

"By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen" impresses just about everyone these days but Mohammed Al Fayed, and says all you need to know about the build quality of this superb little radio. With digital autotuning, deep bass boost, 21 station presets and FM/AM reception it is clearly the aristocrat of personal radios.

STOCKISTS: 0181-758 0338

EXPECT TO PAY: £40

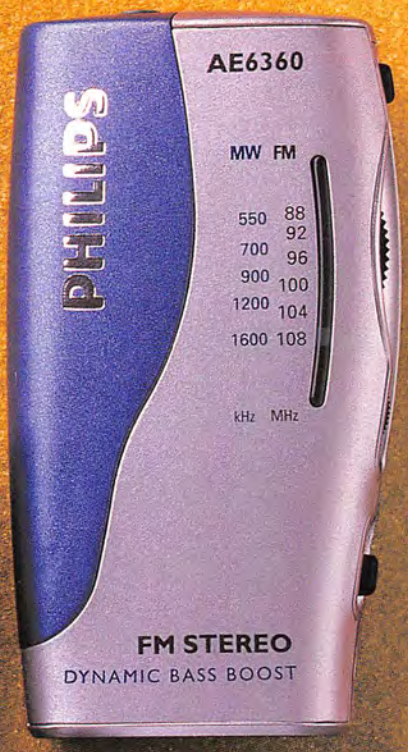
CLASSIC BUY

PHILIPS AE6360

It's been around a while now, but this pint-sized radio is still one of the best (and smallest) you can buy. It can really dish out the low end, featuring a bass boost that doesn't just make music boomy but adds genuine depth to a broadcast. AM and FM reception are available and it comes complete with a comfortable pair of stereo headphones.

STOCKISTS: 0181-689 4444

EXPECT TO PAY: £25



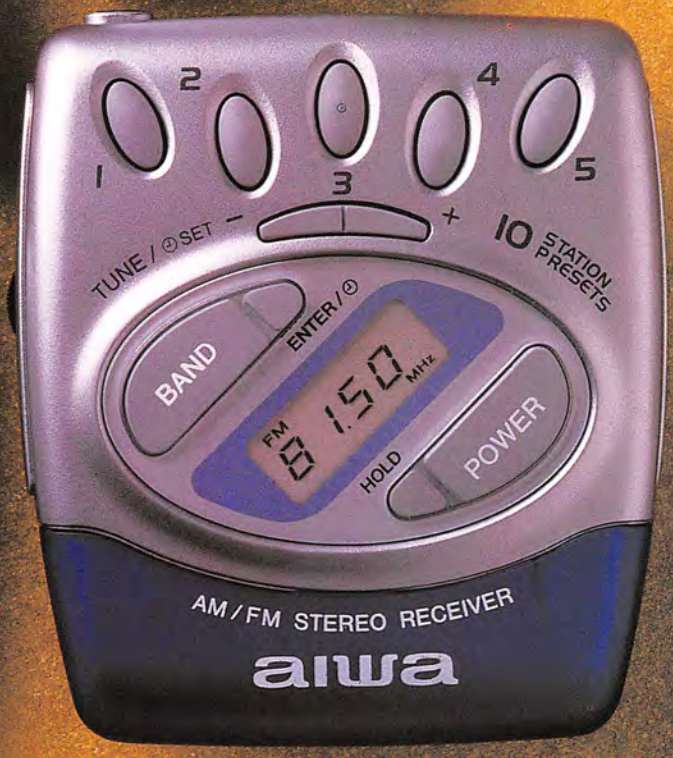
BEST FOR CONVENIENCE

AIWA CR-A61

This cigarette lighter-sized model is ideal for slipping into a pocket to keep up with the football scores while out shopping with your girlfriend. It has in-ear headphones, S-Bass (to boost bass output) and features a vertical tuning dial. It receives FM and AM signals but tuning is analogue rather than digital.

STOCKISTS: 0990 902902

EXPECT TO PAY: £25



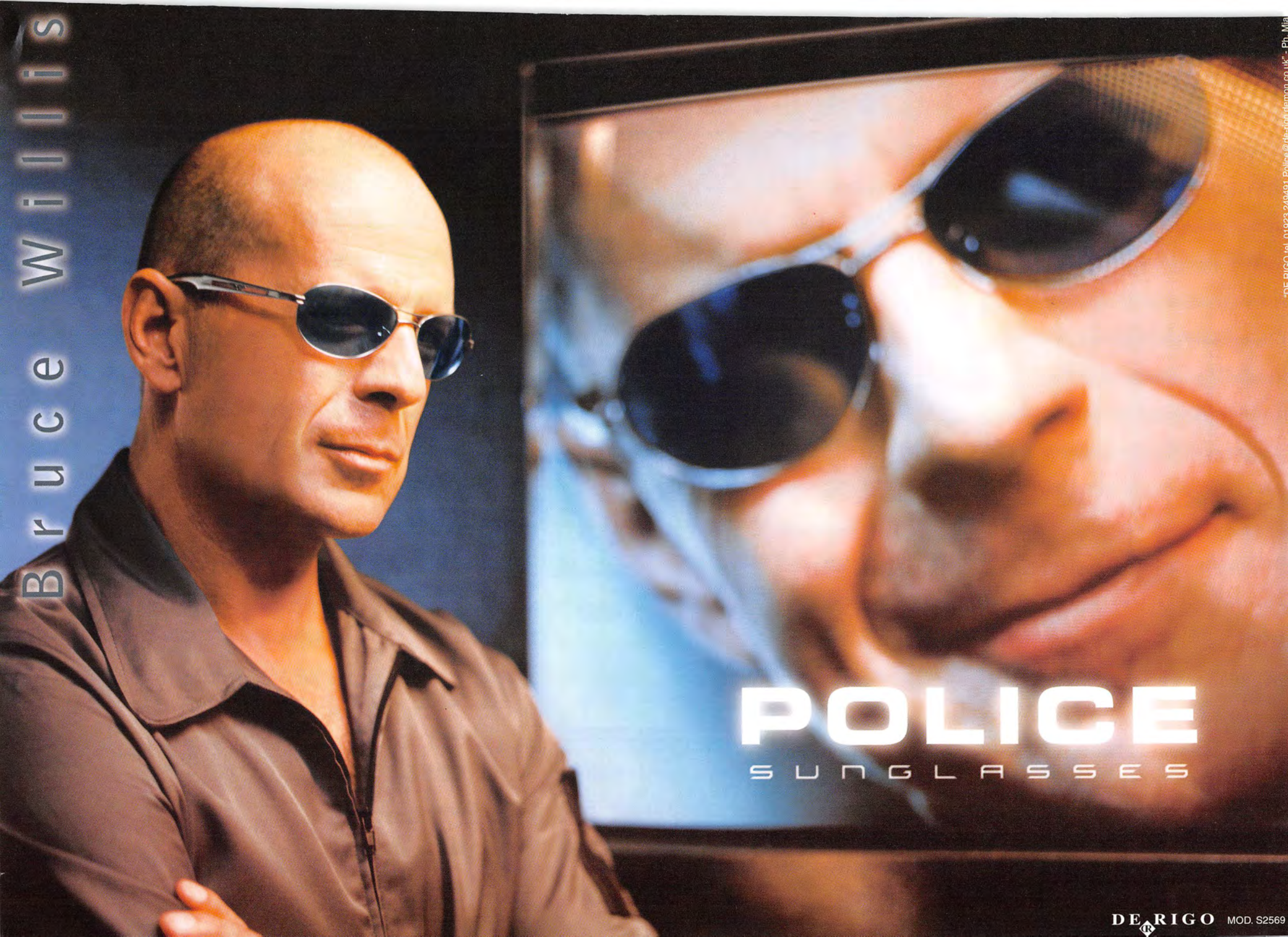
BEST FOR DESIGN

AIWA CR-DX501

This sporty little number comes in the style of a pager, and sits snugly inside an eye-catching silver and translucent purple case. It also boasts a belt clip and headphones, and features five preset buttons with a 10-station memory, and a digital tuning display with FM and AM autotuning.

STOCKISTS: 0990 902902

EXPECT TO PAY: £30


Bruce Willis
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A LONG WAY FROM HOME

When Neil Stevenson found himself 4,000 miles adrift of his Australian destination, he thought hitch-hiking couldn't be that difficult...

I awoke from a deep and blissful sleep, savouring for a few minutes the sensation of lying on the bed with my eyes shut. Finally, stretching, I sat up to greet the new day – only to recoil in horror. An old man was standing over me, with just a filthy pair of Y-fronts covering his scrofulous body. Worse, his pants were distended into an obscene tent-shape by a huge erection, pointing horizontally towards my face. "G'day mate," he croaked in a broad Australian accent. "Breakfast's ready..."

I'd thought that travelling the world would make me a wiser and better person. But after five months wandering around Asia with the shits, I admitted defeat and bought a ticket to Australia, where I had some relatives. I only had enough money to fly to Darwin, on Australia's north coast. Brisbane, where my uncle lived, is on the east. There's a road that connects them, winding through 4,000 kilometres of outback. My plan? Hitch a lift.

Leaving Darwin's tiny airport at dawn, I found the road just outside, and stood on the verge, optimistically waving my thumb. To my utter amazement, the plan worked first time. I flagged down one of the huge triple-articulated "Road Train" trucks, and by lunchtime, I found myself perched in a cab behind ten-foot high kangaroo-crusher bars, sitting next a wizened *Crocodile Dundee* clone called Larry. And despite being a neo-Nazi who listened to country music, he seemed a nice enough bloke.

His pants were distended into an obscene tent-shape

About six hours out of Darwin, we passed some tracks that slewed off the side of the road, chewing up the red earth on the verges. "That was me on the way up," announced Larry cheerfully. "Fell asleep. Woke up when the rig started bouncing off the road. Close one. Do you want some pills?" He was offering a handful of white tablets. They were a mixture of out-of-date diet pills and dodgy anti-congestants – both with an ingredient in common: amphetamine. Ten minutes later, we were both sweating, babbling, and beating our hands on the window frame to accompany Tammy Wynette.

Gurning wildly, Larry explained that he'd driven without sleep for the last three days: "That's why I picked you up – to keep me awake." With freight costs getting squeezed, drivers were forced to cross the Australian continent four or five times a week, sleeping one day out of five, and falsifying their drivers' log books to avoid detection. Like most of the drivers, Larry had a serious speed habit.

The next two days passed in a sleepless blur of pill popping, truck stop cafés, and unending straight roads. Finally, as the scorching sun rose above the horizon again, we arrived at the outskirts of Mt Isa, a Queensland mining town about halfway to the coast. Pulling into a truck stop, Larry suddenly announced I had to get out. "Don't worry mate," he assured me. "I've just got to pick some stuff up – if you're still here when I get back, I'll take you on to Brisbane."

I asked him how long he'd be. "Oh, four days or so..." I spent a day-and-a-half at that truck stop, during which time I unsuccessfully tried to stow away on a freight train (I got on one, but it didn't move). Finally, just as I was starting to gibber with loneliness and fear, another Road Train arrived.

Hysterical with relief, I turned to my saviour. Clutching a two-litre bottle of Coke and a packet of familiar-looking tablets, he looked like a serial killer who hadn't slept this decade. His name was Shaun.

We drove through the night, sharing pills but little conversation. Occasionally I drifted into unconsciousness, only to wake up with Shaun screaming at me: "If you go to sleep, we'll fucking crash! And we'll both die."

As dawn broke, Shaun steered the rig off the tarmac and onto the dirt verge. Switching the engine off, he turned to me with eyes that were terrifying bloodshot pits. "I'm shot, I can't see and I need to sleep. Wake me up in fifteen minutes," he muttered, then flopped unconscious over the steering wheel. After twenty minutes, I gently tapped him on the shoulder. He jerked upright, punched me full in the face, then wrenched at the steering wheel, at the same time stamping on the brake. "Shaun," I said as calmly as I could, "the engine's not on." He glared back at me, then turned the ignition and we drove off along the road.

It began to rain, huge gobs of water splattering off the cab. And what had been dusty outback suddenly turned to rivers of mud. An hour or so later, a town called Roma loomed out of the darkness. Shaun stopped the truck. "Can't go any further," announced Shaun. "The road's fucked." Once again, I was kicked out. It was 1am. We were just 500km from Brisbane.

Wandering around the darkened town in the torrential rain, I eventually found a bar. Floored with lino and lit by a single neon tube, it contained a handful of old men who looked like extras from a David Lynch film. Dimly aware that everyone was staring at me in silence, I tried to explain to the crone behind the bar why I was looking for the police station. She shuffled off, then returned. "There's a bloke over here who says you can stay with him..."

The evening started OK – he gave me a piece of meat pie to eat – but then he began staring at me with increasingly obvious sexual interest. At first I thought I was just being paranoid, but when he tried to accompany me into the shower I knew that something was up. I weakly protested, and he left me alone for a while, apart from occasionally putting his head around the curtain to remind me not to use too much hot water. Alarmingly, he'd also taken off all his clothes apart from his Y-fronts. When he asked me how many press-ups I could do, alarm bells began to sound furiously in my head. But I knew I had nowhere else to go, and with a final plea to be left alone, I passed out on his makeshift camp bed.

And so it was that I ended up greeting the fresh, dewy morning faced with the unsettling vision of a straining marquee of stretched cotton, masted by Antipodean wood. To this day, I don't know whether anything happened that night. Ironically, I took some comfort from the fact that he had a hard-on the following morning – it at least suggested that he hadn't spent the night pumping himself over my inert body.

I refused his offer of another shower, and fled for the local railway station. There was a $20 train headed for Brisbane that day. I only had $19, but the fear must have shown on my face. The man behind the counter took pity and gave me a ticket. I escaped. It was only later that I found that the old man had been through my bag and stolen all my unwashed boxer shorts. **FHM**

Neil Stevenson still never sleeps in the nude.

RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

GUNPLAY IN THE SUBURBS

When Chris Bell and his friend went on the rampage with an air pistol, they didn't expect the scale of response received from the local constabulary

The police sergeant continued to stare at us across the interview table. A light aroma of cheese and onion crisps mingled with his Old Spice. When he spoke, tiny fragments of pastry jangled in his moustache. "Luckily," he said finally. "The force helicopter was in the air anyway. So you won't be billed."

We nodded dumbly. I had the impression he was disappointed that he hadn't got to shoot anybody. Grinding his teeth, he went on: we weren't too bright either, he said. We told him that we were graduates of fairly decent universities. He pointed out this was obviously no guarantee of intelligence. This we were forced to concede.

It is true that, for most people, their personal tangles with the Fuzz are rare and trivial. A parking ticket, or perhaps a polite reminder not to be quite so Irish, or black. My friends, for instance, are hardly on the FBI's Most Wanted list – the occasional speeding fine, or drunken rant at a bobby was the closest they got to the courthouse. It was quite a coup, therefore, to recount my own brush with the law two weeks later in a hushed pub.

On the day in question, my mate Richard had arrived at my flat in his camouflage pants, grinning like a wanking Jap. He'd passed an adventure shop on the way home from work and, in a fit of childish whimsy, had shelled out for an air pistol. It wasn't an expensive competition model – far from it – but no matter how old you are, guns still seem impressive: black, sleek and cold. They also bring out the worst in people.

Within minutes, neighbours' French windows, local cats, even the occasional small child all entered the firing line. A "chance" ricochet off next door's Ford Capri coaxed out its OAP owner, who'd normally glare at us just for being under 40. The effect of the tiny dent was superb – we discovered pensioners do actually shake their fists in rage in real life as well as cartoons. But it didn't matter: we had the gun.

Boredom soon returned – and predictably, Rich looked around for another target. Me. What he thought was roguish mischief, however, was lost on me. Each BB pellet impact stung viciously. After ten minutes of trying to dodge these tiny missiles, "annoying" quickly became "painful" and I ran shouting for cover into the house.

He wouldn't get away with it. I'd remembered a packet of Chinese bangers that I'd bought on holiday: like tiny sticks of dynamite, I could wreak happy childish revenge by lighting the fuse and throwing them manfully towards his face. Leaving the house, I spied him down the side alley. After carefully lighting a banger, it sailed through the air and exploded near his feet.

It was enough to even the fight; like a spooked wildebeest he fled, sprinting around the front of the house. I pursued, and ran straight into the back of him. His eyes were bulging in surprise: I followed his gaze... and blanched.

There, poised at my lichen-stained garden wall, stood three police marksmen in full body armour. In their gloved hands, steady as granite, lay gleaming Heckler and Koch automatic rifles, focused on our vital organs. Perhaps detonating a loud explosive charge in their vicinity had not been wise. From under a thick moustache, the lead marksman spoke: "Are you the man with the gun, sir?"

A plastic pellet shot out, glancing off the bobby's chestplate

In super-slow motion, Richard, never the best under pressure, did the unimaginable. Without thinking, he drew the gun and waved the barrel at the lead officer. "Do you mean this one?" he said.

We should have been cannon fodder. There was time for a single thought to pass through my mind: "If I make it to the floor, perhaps they'll just be flesh wounds."

But no. With nerves of high-class German steel, the man just blinked slowly. Numb, I heard him breathe out sharply. "Just... don't. Don't do that, son," he said, with superhuman composure. "Put it down."

Richard, suddenly realising the gravitas of the situation, panicked. Involuntarily, his finger squeezed the trigger – and with a phut! a tiny plastic pellet shot out, glancing off the bobby's chestplate. The policeman rolled his eyes downwards and frowned. A tiny whimper escaped Rich's lips, and he thumbed the release catch on the magazine, which sprang out, spraying roughly a hundred tiny pellets over the drive.

As they danced over the tarmac, the policemen looked at each other quizzically. To my increasing horror, I saw the three men on the pavement had brought friends with them; down the street was a further five of Her Majesty's finest, watching us from behind lampposts and garden walls, guns trained. Later, we would learn from an excitable neighbour, there were a further eight back-up officers, armed and vested, in a police van at the top of the street.

The stand-off was broken as Rich, who'd been scrabbling in the flowerbed, let out a desperate cheer – and triumphantly held up a pellet covered in grit. Lowering his gun, the pointman peered at the tiny black sphere with dour, heavy-lidded eyes. He then stared into middle distance. A moment passed, and he appeared to reach a decision; perhaps he was weighing up whether to shoot us anyway. He pulled out his collar radio, and fixed me with a glare. "Tell the force to stand down," he said.

The elderly neighbour had put in the call: with Richard's combat pants, gun and all the shouting, it was easy for the vindictive old gimmer to report another Hungerford in the making. As we sat in the back of the police van, we learned the armed response unit was stationed 25 miles away. They arrived a cool 20 minutes after we started messing about.

Ultimately, we got away with a few hours stewing in the cells and some low grade sarcasm. Nevertheless, five weeks later, I received an envelope through the post. Inside, in a tiny sealed evidence bag plastered with Crown Prosecution Service stickers, was a single black BB pellet. With it, on a constabulary compliments slip, was a simple message in spidery policeman scrawl. It read: "Do you mean this one?" Jesus Christ.

Chris Bell doesn't even get speeding tickets anymore.

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FHM BAR ROOM JOKES

For cutting edge humour, you can't do better than the great British football chant. From the Wildean cheek of "Yoooouuurrrrre Shit-ahhh!" to the burlesque iambic pentameter of "You're Gonna Get Your Fucking Head Kicked In", never has popular comedy been more highbrow – or more scary. Ironically, this makes the prizes for a good Bar Room Joke – *FHM*'s salute to football's unsung raconteurs – all the more appropriate. Two VIP Premiership tickets await the Joke of the Month, plus £100 to spend and 365 cans of Carling. There are even two match tickets for the runners-up to test their pithy comebacks. So send your best to: Bar Room Jokes, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London W1N 7AR. Or e-mail them to: fhm.jokes@ecm.emap.com

JOKE OF THE MONTH

A cowboy rode into town and stopped at a saloon for a drink. Unfortunately, the locals had a habit of picking on strangers, and when the cowboy finished his drink, he found his horse had been stolen. He went back into the bar, flipped his gun into the air, caught it above his head without even looking and fired a shot into the ceiling. "Which one of you sidewinders stole my horse?" he bellowed, making the glasses on the bar shake.
No-one answered. The cowboy squinted around the room then, without looking, shot the tops off three bottles of whisky on the bar. "Alright," he snarled at the room. "I'm gonna have another beer, and if my horse ain't back outside by the time I finish, I'm gonna have to do what I done in Texas."
The locals shifted uneasily in their seats, as the cowboy swivelled around suddenly. "And let me tell you – I really don't want to do what I done in Texas." Chairs creaked restlessly. The cowboy sat at the bar again, and quickly downed another beer. The locals watched as he got up, paid the bill and walked outside – to find his horse back where he'd left it. As he saddled-up and started to ride out of town, the bartender came out of the bar. Unable to contain his curiosity, he approached the lone wanderer. "Say partner, before you go, tell me – what happened in Texas?"
The cowboy turned back, with a long face: "I had to walk home."
James Kennedy, Carlisle

An elderly gentleman shuffles into a newspaper office and asks if he can place a piece in the obituaries section. "No problem sir," says the girl behind the desk. "That'll be a pound per word."
Nodding slowly, the old man writes "Doris Is Dead" on a piece of paper.
"Is that all you want to put?" asks the girl.
"I only have three pounds, my dear," says the pensioner, starting to leave.
The girl, feeling sorry for the old man, says she will go up and speak to the editor. Moments later, she returns from the office, grinning broadly. "Good news," she says. "The editor says you can have another three pounds-worth of words."
Smiling gratefully, the old man takes another piece of paper and thinks for a moment. Shakily, he writes: "Doris Is Dead. Metro For Sale."
Gary Beasley, Hull

How do you kill an entire circus at once? Go for the juggler.
Andy Scott, via e-mail

Cursed with splitting headaches for years, Trevor goes to a headache specialist. "The trouble is," Trevor tells the specialist, "I get this blinding pain, like a knife across my scalp and..."
He's interrupted by the doctor: "And a heavy throbbing, behind the left ear?"
"Yes! Exactly! How did you know?"
"Well, I suffered from that same type of headache for years. It's caused by tension in the scalp. This is how I cured it: every day I gave my wife oral sex."
"Is that all it took?" says Trevor, intrigued.
"Oh no," says the doctor. "When she came she'd squeeze her legs together and the pressure would relieve the tension in my head. Try that every day for a fortnight, come back and let me know how it goes."
Two weeks later Trevor returns, grinning. "Doc, I'm a new man! I haven't had a headache since I started this treatment! I can't thank you enough."
"That's fine," says the doctor. "I was glad to pass on a personal cure."
"By the way," says Trevor, standing up to leave. "You have a lovely home."
Neil Duncan, London

There's an old couple sitting watching TV, when the woman decides she's got to do something to spice up their lacklustre sex life. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she goes upstairs and searches through her wardrobe. She finds an old pair of stockings and suspenders, a moth-eaten basque and a fancy-dress cape. Putting them on, she creeps downstairs and kicks open the living room door.
"Darling!" she shouts, running in.
"Super Pussy!"
Her husband glances up, then looks back at the television.
"I'll have the soup, thanks."
Russell Limbrick, Burnham, Bucks

A drunk goes to the doctor complaining of tiredness and headaches. "I feel tired all the time," he slurs. "My head hurts, I've got a sore arse, and I'm not sleeping. What is it, Doc?"
Frowning, the doctor examines him before standing back. "I can't find anything wrong," he says. "It must be the drinking."
"Fair enough," replies the lush. "I'll come back when you sober up."
Steve Martindale, Surrey Quays

Having just arrived at a Foreign Legion outpost, a raw recruit asked the corporal what the men did for recreation. The corporal smiled and said, "You'll see."
The young man was puzzled. "Well, you've got more than 100 men on this base and I don't see a single woman."
"You'll see," the corporal slyly repeated.
That afternoon, 300 camels were herded into the corral. At a signal, the men went wild: sprinting into the enclosure and screwing the camels. The recruit saw the corporal hurrying past and grabbed his arm.
"I don't understand," he said. "There must be over 300 camels and only 100 of us. Why is everybody rushing? Can't a man take his time?"
"What?" exclaimed the corporal, startled. "And get stuck with an ugly one?"
Andrew Heywood, Halifax, West Yorkshire

Hungry for more?
These jokes – and loads more, updated on a daily basis – are at the *FHM* website: http://www.fhm.com

ILLUSTRATION: GRIFF

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BRAVO

IT SHOULDN'T BE ENTERTAINING. BUT IT IS.

While it is an evolutionary miracle, the human act of giving birth is still a disgusting sight to behold. Never mind the timeless majesty of reproduction: there's afterbirth, breaking waters, a distinct chance of flesh tearing and something sinister called a "mucus plug". But none of this matters to the average new father. Holding up his new son, mewling and puking semiotic fluid, all he can see is a person to protect and care for – a little life to shape and educate. The *FHM* Expert Dads believe wholeheartedly in this paternal duty. In fact, they're here to offer readers advice on any problem, whether you're covered in chunky slime or not.

Send your worries to:
FHM Expert Dads,
Mappin House,
4 Winsley Street,
London W1N 7AR,
or e-mail them to:
fhm.dad@ecm.emap.com

Help me with my water, dad!

Q Dear Gardening Dad,
Since moving into our nice new marital home, I've had nothing but grief from my wife, who is completely obsessed with doing up the garden. Despite the tiny size of our terraced house lawn, she's absolutely determined that we should fit an ornamental pond – probably to impress her mother next time she comes round. I, on the other hand, am convinced that this is a job for a professional, or at the very least someone with a modicum of gardening acumen, unlike me. What's the easiest way to solve our dispute, so we can get back to having sex as quickly as possible?
R. Bricher, via e-mail

Bart Patrick replies:

A *Unfortunately for you, it's well within the amateur gardener's grasp to install a water feature in any garden. And you'll be pleased to know it's quite easy. It's a good time of year to start as well: in spring the ground is softer and the blooming plants should show the quickest results.*

The rigid, prefab ponds, available in a variety of shapes and sizes, are the easiest to install. It's just a question of digging a hole to accommodate the mould, ensuring that it's level, then backfilling the soil around it. Most even come with moulded plastic shelving to suit most water plants. Otherwise, flexible plastic liners enable you to select whatever shape or size you want. Reasonably durable and inexpensive, PVC or polyethylene sheeting is easily repaired and ideal for small or medium-sized ponds. You'll need a liner measuring the length and width of the pool, plus twice the maximum depth in both directions. Add 18 inches each way for safety or if you want a few pond shelves.

An interliner – made of old carpet, or several layers of garden fleece – will reduce the chance of the liner being punctured. Mind you, if your subsoil is heavy clay, you won't need sheeting; just compact the clay with your feet, smooth the sides, then fill with water as before. Otherwise, follow this easy procedure to getting back into your wife's good books:

Step 1 Position the pond in a level, semi-shaded spot, preferably away from large trees to avoid autumn leaves. Mark the required size and shape of the pool – including paving – using a garden hose.

Step 2 With a spade, remove the outer nine inches of turf. Dig down about six inches, for the edge. The next shelf should be nine inches wide, for pond plants. Now dig out the rest, to a minimum depth of 13 inches.

Step 3 After excavation, remove sharp objects and stones from inside the pool area, then line it with about half an inch of moist sand. Now, using wooden pegs and a spirit level, ensure the pool is level.

Step 4 Lay the liner inside, folding and tucking to the shelves along the way. Weigh down the edges with bricks, then fill with water up to the liner rim. Cut off any surplus liner – leaving an extra 12 inches to go under the paving.

Step 5 Lay the paving on the outer edge. If possible, secure with a sand-cement mix to hold the sheeting's fold. If you are installing a fountain pump, make sure you leave a gap for an electrics conduit pipe.

Step 6 Use the soil and turf removed from the pond to build a rockery. Large lumps of granite or pumice with plants can look good, and can conceal pumps for fountains. Now stand back and admire your achievement.

THE EXPERT PANEL

FHM's professional paters aren't just here for show. Each has unique skill, experience and qualifications in their chosen field

Bon Viveur Dad

KENNETH HARRY PUTT
Director of the Wine & Food Academy (0181-675 6172)

Fighting Dad

IAN OLIVER
Teaches martial arts and fitness at The Academy in London (0171-729 5789)

Money Dad

NEIL HARRISON
Personal Banking Manager at NatWest's head office

DIY Dad

ROGER BISBY
DIY expert for Professional Builder magazine and TV's Watchdog

Old Gardening Dad

ROB GAINES
Take a last look at old Gardening Dad, Rob. He's been usurped by Bart Patrick...

Legal Dad

JOHN HONEY
A former policeman, now a criminal barrister

MEET NEW GARDENING DAD

Bart Patrick

In our first paternal coup d'état, former Gardening Dad, Rob Gaines, has been ousted by pipe-chomping Bart Patrick, 55, nominated by his 29-year-old son Marc. Bart founded Garden Care Supplies in Surrey (0181-337 9922) in 1967, after attending agricultural college. Best of all, he used to be Head Monkey Keeper at Chessington Zoo, "which makes handling staff at the Garden Centre easier."

Suddenly, job security for the other Dads is a thing of the past. Could your dad do better? Could he even fill the considerable shoes of Sex Dad? Send your nomination to the address on the left and he could be gracing these very pages...

Dave took Zavaroni's death hard

I'm stuck with it!

Q Dear Crisis Dad,
My old man died, aged 50, when I was 17. As well as the grief of losing him and dealing with the loss, I also had to deal with the family business. I'm now 22 and am just about ready to jump off a cliff.

I feel totally drained and exhausted. I deal with hardened businessmen and whinging, ungrateful customers all day and I'm getting increasingly wound up. I can't relax unless I'm pissed-up at night, and at weekends I turn to ecstasy and coke to help me escape. I feel that I've grown up much too fast and that I've got the head of someone 10 to 15 years older on my shoulders. While my mates can switch off at night after their "normal" jobs, I can't seem to concentrate on normal relationships with girls: I'm always worrying about my business's financial state, whether to expand, who owes me money and the sharks who are out for a slice of my old fella's firm.

I know I'll make something of myself and I do enjoy the ducking and diving in the business – it's all I know. But I'm not sure how long I can keep it up before my fuse blows and I end up in a nuthouse having shock therapy. I just want my dad to be proud of me, wherever he is.
Matt, Chester

Reverend Ivor Halliwell writes,

A *I have no doubt that your dad is proud of you. But I'm also deeply concerned that you might quit this beautiful world before you've begun to appreciate it.*

You're right that your difficulty stems from having to grow up too fast. You have to be a child before you can become an adult, and to be a happy adult you have to keep a bit of that childishness for when things get too serious. At present you're a slave to what you think is your duty to your dad. But that's not the only "you" that can exist.

You're going to have to do something quite difficult – stop clinging on to your dad and let him go. His life in this world is over. Don't try to pretend you're him, or that he can live the life he lost through you – you're doing him no favours.

If you let your dad go, you'll feel different. The load which weighed you down will have gone. Now you need to let yourself find the real Matt, who can be a child again as well as an achieving adult.

I don't think you will be able to do this on your own. You make no mention of your mum, nor of any other family. What about mates or girlfriends? You certainly need someone who will let you talk and really listen to you. If all else fails, it's not an admission of defeat to try the Samaritans (0345 909090).

Crisis Dad

REVEREND IVOR HALLIWELL
Retired priest and prison chaplain

Mechanic Dad

JOHN STUBBS
Head of Technical Policy for the AA

Travel Dad

TONY WHEELER
Founded travel guiders Lonely Planet (www.lonelyplanet.co.uk)

Career Dad

WILLY WHYTE
Managing Director of ROSTA Engineering Company Ltd

Give me my full service history!

Q Dear Legal Dad,
Two months ago I bought a second-hand car with a full service history. However, when I checked the documents I found that one of the services wasn't stamped, which meant the two months warranty was invalid. When I phoned the bloke, he said if I sent him the document he'd get it stamped. This I did, but now he won't give it back to me. When I ring, he gives me some cobblers about how he's sent it by registered post. Now he tells me it must have got lost in the post – but won't send me the register slip to prove it. I would not have paid full price for the car without the history, and when I sell it, I'm going to lose money. Where do I stand legally? And if I took him to court, would he have to pay all the costs if I won?
Steve Curry, via e-mail

John Honey answers:

A *There are two separate courses of action here: first, if a vendor guarantees a full service history and it's incomplete, it's misrepresentation. It depends on what you were told. Is this fraud or just negligence on his part? Each has different legal consequences, and it's generally easier to prove negligence.*

Herbie was Mike's bitch

The second course of action may be your bigger problem: the service history is your property and the vendor is not returning it. He can be sued for the damage you suffer by not having that history (ie the difference in value), but how will you prove the elements of your case? Have you got a copy of the ad, any contract documents, proof of payment etc?

The general rule is that if you win an action the other side pays your costs. But try to get it settled without going to court. A solicitor can give you a full overview of the case, and write a strong letter for you at the same time.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ADAM LAWRENCE, SUPERSTOCK, CORBIS

all:man@all:sports

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THE KNOWLEDGE

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

Just a few hours a day banging away at a keyboard could win you a whopping advance, a bidding war for the film rights and even an appearance on *Oprah*...

The monkey is an incredible primate, capable of astounding acts of dexterity, bravery and intelligence. Anyone who has seen them drinking tea dressed as old ladies in TV adverts or strapped into a small cockpit and propelled into space can't fail to be impressed. It's even said that if you put enough monkeys in front of enough typewriters they would eventually come up with Tolstoy's epic novel, *War And Peace*. Their talents do have limits, though. After all, these are the same animals who happily eat each other's excrement and get "excitable" in the company of David Attenborough.

But if a troupe of gurning chimps can eventually come up with a literary masterpiece, what's stopping you from doing the same? The usually mumbled excuses range from the fact that you work too hard and when you come home you just want to relax, the letter "T" being missing from your typewriter, or that you get writer's block when attempting to pen a postcard.

None of these factors should matter as long as you can spot a gap in the publishing market and know how to exploit it. This doesn't mean toiling well into the night either – just give over the time you would usually devote to *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* to jotting down a few notes. No-one expects authors to suffer for their art anymore and publishers are more than happy to throw fat advances at anyone who can convince them that they know what they're doing. So to become the next Alex Garland or – God forbid – Jeffrey Archer, simply follow *FHM*'s indispensable guide to writing a novel... ▷

WORDS: JON AXWORTHY

TELEGRAPH COLOUR LIBRARY, ICON: J SOHM/CORBIS

"For the last time, Maureen, 'Help' starts with an H"

1 Get inspired

"I had an idea and a subject that I was really passionate about," says Anna Maxted, whose first attempt at writing a novel, *Getting Over It*, was snapped up in a bidding war for a £350,000 advance. "I don't think you can set out to write a novel if you aren't really keen on your subject and are just trying to make some quick money. It's like the old adage: you write for love, you publish to make money."

But where do you find that original idea? Jonny Geller, a top literary agent at the Curtis Brown Group in London says: "A lot of people in publishing are very keen on the phrase, 'Write about what you know'. If you want a great example of that philosophy just look at the incredible success of Nick Hornby's *Fever Pitch*." But don't restrict your search for ideas to this kind of autobiographical fiction, says Geller. "The bookshelves are packed with navel-gazing introspection at the moment. What I'm always on the look out for is a really good yarn." This was exactly what first-time novelist Jake Arnott was hoping for when he wrote *The Long Firm*, a story based in gangland London in the Sixties, which is expected to sell over 150,000 copies and is being made into a BBC drama – a remarkable feat for someone's first novel.

"I didn't intend to write a novel at all," reveals Arnott. "But I'd always thought that when Ronnie Kray died there was very little mentioned about his homosexuality and that it would be really interesting to write a story about a gangster's boyfriend. There were all sorts of interesting contradictions in that idea that made for great reading. I fully expected someone else to write the story but when nobody did, I thought okay, I'll do it." Arnott wasn't around during the period he writes about, but he advises never to be afraid to write about what you *don't* know.

Even in hell, the dentist's waiting room was boring

'Never be afraid to write about what you don't know. Be audacious'

"Most of us lead dull lives of quiet desperation and if we all wrote about what we knew there would be a lot of boring books out there. So be audacious," he says, "particularly if you're just starting out. Come up with something that makes you think, 'I couldn't possibly write that,' and that will make it interesting to you. You'll want to write it on a Saturday night when everyone's gone to the pub because it's so challenging."

If you're still finding inspiration difficult, scan the news for an idea. It worked for Tom Clancy, author of *Patriot Games* and *Rainbow Six*, who was working as an insurance agent and had already started and abandoned two books, when he heard about a Soviet frigate that was trying to defect to Sweden. He took this as the inspiration for his submarine thriller *The Hunt For Red October*.

2 Do your research

If you've ever read one of Clancy's doorstops you'll know that his books are half narrative and half facts about weaponry and biological warfare, but the facts validate the narrative. This is the main function of good research. Clancy had never been inside a submarine when he wrote *Red October* but instead did his research through naval manuals and television documentaries. So once you've got your idea, you need to research the facts about the fictional world where your story is going to be set – unless your story is based in a land populated by dwarves, elves and wizards when you might just want to drop some acid. If you want your backdrop to be in a different country you'll need to get a feel for the place. You might be able to work it so that your setting could be the place where you're going on holiday this year – after all what better way to justify a trip abroad than in the name of research?

"Just make sure that the trip doesn't become a way of putting off the actual writing of the book," says Barbara Levy, who runs her own London-based literary agency. "If it's going to mean that you don't start for a couple of months because you want to wait until you get back from some far-flung place, then maybe you should think about setting your story a little closer to home." An away day to Manchester in the rain may not seem as glamorous but at least it will mean that your novel has a better chance of getting finished.

Once you've researched your location you need to think about your characters. If your story features a character whose background is very different from yours, you'll need to do some research so that their dialogue and actions are convincing. Jake Arnott spent time researching London's underworld in the Sixties, but was careful not to get too close to the real people that he was basing his characters on. "You need to stay as detached as possible with your research," he says. "The guys I was looking into were very charismatic and very interesting, but I didn't want it to get to the point where I couldn't write something in the book about them because I didn't want to offend anyone. I needed to be able to say whatever I wanted." And never think that your research has finished as soon you start the novel – writing is an organic process, so you'll often need to write and research at the same time.

Roald Dahl wrote in his shed using a pencil and a plank for a desk

3 Put pen to paper

Roald Dahl worked with a pencil and paper in his garden shed, with a plank of wood for a desk. If you try doing this, however, it's unlikely you'll make it past your first chapter. "For your debut novel you'll have enough problems writing the thing," says Stephen King. "You need to make everything else that's within your control as user-friendly as possible." So if you're serious you'll get hold of a second-hand word processor and printer – as long as its keys are working and it's got a spell check and word count, that's all you'll need. "I found that when I'm writing it's difficult to keep my thoughts ordered," says King. "That's why a word processor is invaluable because I've always got a clean copy in front of me." Once this is done and you finally begin, be careful to check the style of your sentences. "A rookie mistake is to end up writing in exactly the same style as your favourite author," says King. "If you catch yourself writing words that you'd never say in your daily life, then you're obviously copying someone else. You're trying too hard." You shouldn't have to use your thesaurus for every other word and you shouldn't be agonising for hours over a single paragraph – you'll never finish a novel writing that way. It has to come naturally, so you need to establish the same rhythm that you have when you're talking with a friend. Say the words you're writing out loud and imagine you're telling your story down the pub.

A great way to sharpen your writing style is to join a writer's course or workshop. The Workers' Educational Association (0181-983 1515) runs them up and down the country and they attract both budding and published authors. For some moral support you should contact the Directory of Writers' Circles (01298 812305) who will be able to put you in touch with other writers in your area for advice or even brainstorming sessions.

Although they may not be working in the same genre as you, you're bound to find someone who can advise you on a particular problem or pitfall that might be dogging your work. Ultimately, don't worry about whether you're writing a masterpiece – just get the book written. That's what Tom Clancy, who now earns around $19 million per book, advises: "I was never thinking about whether *The Hunt For Red October* was a good or bad book. I was thinking of the mission and the mission is to finish the book – everything else is a sideshow."

4 Draft a writing schedule

When you're writing your first novel you probably won't have much choice but to fit in your time at the keyboard around your day job. Jake Arnott was working as a care worker while he was writing *The Long Firm*: "I know this sounds really sad but I often found, and still do, that Saturday night is the best time to work because no-one is going to phone and you can't phone anyone else. When you have another job you have to be incredibly disciplined," continues Arnott. "If you're going to succeed, writing your novel should feel as exciting as going out. Sitting in on a Saturday is almost a test of whether you're writing about the right subject. If you can work when everyone else is going out and be consumed by what you're writing to the point where you don't notice until you see them all coming home drunk, then you're on the right track."

If there's no way you can see yourself giving up your weekends then you'll have to seize every opportunity. "If you think it isn't worth sitting down to write unless you have a free afternoon, think again," says Nigel Watts in his self-help book *Writing A Novel And Getting Published*. "It may be frustrating to stop before you're ready, but at least you'll have something to show for your frustration." One thing you're bound to find is that writing is a lonely process, so it might be a good idea to sign up to a writers' circle in your ▷

But I can't even spell!

Even if you can't write, don't worry, you can still make a mint without even looking at a typewriter

You only need to look at the number of Bluffer's Guides or "How To..." manuals on sale to realise that as long as you have some expertise that someone else would find useful, there's a market waiting.

"It may not be a novel in the classic sense but you'll still be a published author sharing shelf space with the likes of Tolstoy and Dickens," says literary agent Barbara Levy. "If you have a technical skill – you're an IT professional, for example – and you think you've got a different angle on a computer problem, all you have to do is organise some notes which lead from the problem to the solution. Try and break them up into chapters, then record them on a dictaphone. Have them transcribed, then hire a professional writer or editor to lick them into shape."

You'll be able to find these people in the *Writers' And Artists' Yearbook*. Alternatively, you could use a ghost-writer (again you'll find them in the *Yearbook*) or contact a journalist who has written about your field. Maybe you have an unusual personal experience, hence the spate of SAS books in the bestseller lists.

"I certainly never thought I'd have my name all over a book," says ex-SAS hard man Chris Ryan, who's written several novels based on his time with the regiment. "I work with a ghost-writer who records my experiences and turns them into a story. I then add all the technical detail. It's very rewarding, particularly financially. So if you've got a story of derring-do or could talk knowledgeably about things that could be made into a story, you should contact an agent."

Don't be put off if your field of expertise at first seems a little dull. Lining the shelves of the British Library in London are such works as *The Romance Of Leprosy, Amputation Stumps: Their Care And After-treatment* and the hugely exciting *A Study Of Masturbation And Its Reputed Sequelae*.

"I'll have the steak and mixed vegetables please"

MOVIESTORE, REX

Bob's breath-powered toaster could only handle thin slices

area – you'll find their addresses at your local library. Here you'll meet other people who might be experiencing the same difficulties as you and who will be able to offer some advice on your schedule and feedback on your ideas.

If you're still having trouble getting off to a flying start you should consider a creative writing course, either run by the Local Education Authority or privately. Again you will find addresses at your library but some respected courses are: The Arvon Foundation (01409 231338) which runs one-week residential courses in Devon, Yorkshire and Inverness and the Taliesin Trust (01766 522811) which runs four-day and weekend residential courses from May to November. Remember that just because writing is seen as an "artistic" profession, it doesn't mean you have to keep "artistic" hours and write by candlelight.

"Even now that I can write any way I like," explains Arnott, "I still end up following a rather boring nine-to-five schedule because that's how everybody else works."

5 Plot development

There's no point in rushing headlong into a novel without getting your plot sorted out first. It's essential to have a clear idea of where your story is heading if you're going to avoid getting lost and disillusioned before you reach the end.

"I spent about a month on the plot of my book," says Maxted. "You have to plan it with precision until you know you've got a real story – a beginning, middle and end, not just a rambling series of events. No matter how shallow your characters seem to be before you start writing, when you immerse them in a good plot they'll take on personalities of their own. Then your imagination starts to kick in."

'You have to plan with precision until you know you've got a real story'

Neil Taylor, book editor at publisher Weidenfeld and Nicolson, says: "You should raise intriguing questions and make the readers sweat before they get any answers." Tom Clancy is a master of this, withholding information and action for as long as possible, building up a sense of unease with long, drawn-out monologues that crank up the tension. Clancy's strategy can last for pages before any action kicks in. Alternatively, if you raise a good enough question at the beginning of your novel, the reader will wade through as many pages as you want to find the resolution. "It's good to have something that kicks off the action," says Maxted.

But it's not enough just to have a great opening. Taylor admits that even if an editor receives three great opening chapters, but the writer only has a vague idea of where the next 20 chapters are heading, it's unlikely he will get a deal. "Publishers rarely throw money into a well," says Maxted. "They want to see that you know where you're going, and a completed plot will prove that to them. They want to know that all you've got to do now is write it."

In the same way it's just as important to know how to stop as it is how to start. "I had a very clear idea about my ending," reveals Arnott. "But it wasn't big on drama, it doesn't have to be. It's almost a mood that you want to end on. The last paragraph shouldn't necessarily tell you what happens at the end of the story. Look at the last paragraphs of some great novels, like Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock* – it's not telling you that everyone lived happily ever after."

6 Get an agent

Although it may grieve you to sign away a chunk of the money coming to you, just remember that an agent can often sell your book for a much healthier advance than you would ever have got doing it yourself. "Even if your book is pure genius it's not going to mean much to a publisher when you turn up on their doorstep trying to endorse it yourself," says Geller. "However, with an agent, an editor knows that they've chosen to represent you out of the hundreds of manuscripts they're sent. This commitment carries weight."

Finding the right agent isn't easy, and the best place to start is the Association of Authors' Agents (0171-405 9351) who will send you a list of their ▷

You got *how* much?

If publishers think you're worth it, they don't mind forking out to ensure you don't take your novel to their rivals

In August 1992, publishers Putnam Berkley reportedly paid $14 million (£7.3 million) for North American rights to the thriller *Without Remorse* by Tom Clancy. The book follows the adventures of US Navy SEAL, John Kelly, who sets out to avenge the murder of a woman he had fallen in love with. It was this advance that prompted Clancy to finally announce his intention to buy American football team, the Minnesota Vikings, with a bid of $200 million. **On February 9 1989, multi-millionaire and recent road accident victim Stephen King scooped a $46 million (£26 million) advance for his next four books – a long way from his first advance, a paltry $2,500 for *Carrie*. The publisher, Viking Press, had no idea what these next four books would be and gave King an unlimited time limit to produce them. However, King's prodigious output meant that *Four Past Midnight*, *Needful Things*, *Dolores Claiborne* and *Gerald's Game* were all delivered within four years.** The highest advance ever paid to a British author went to the corset-ripping literary talents of Barbara Taylor Bradford. Her payday was £17 million (over five years) for just three novels, in a deal concluded by HarperCollins on May 6 1992. Since then her advances have been treated with the strictest secrecy – poor Babs claimed that the media interest in her advance adversely affected the quality of her writing.

Edward Currencyhands was a heavy smoker

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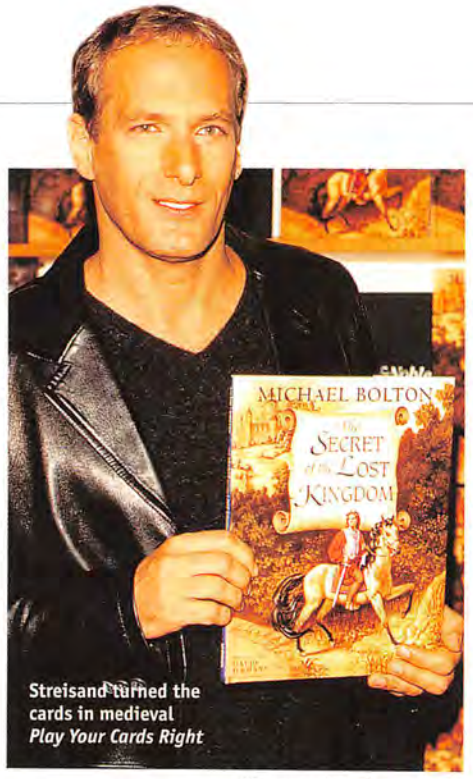
members with contact numbers. Then visit a big bookshop and go to the section you are writing for, like "crime". Check out the "Acknowledgements" page in ten or so books to find out which agents have been thanked, then cross reference them with your AAA list. You now have a list of agents who usually represent your type of book.

"The next step is to send these agents a 'query' letter," says Barbara Levy. "This asks the agent to review your synopsis or completed manuscript and consider representing you." After a couple of weeks, look through your responses and decide which agent you'd like to be your first choice. "Send them the proposal," continues Levy. "Wait to see if you're rejected, then repeat the process with the second choice agent and so on until someone says yes." When it comes to the agent's cut: "The norm is around 10 to 15 per cent," reveals Geller. "The smaller agencies take a bigger cut." Just make sure that this percentage includes administration charges and the cost of any work the agent has done on your synopsis or manuscript. Also you should make sure the contract clearly defines the agent's area of responsibility. Now call one of your mates and tell them you've just got off the phone from your agent.



Streisand turned the cards in medieval *Play Your Cards Right*

Now tell your mates you've just got off the phone from your agent

7 Pitch your novel

You don't have to have finished your book before you can think about getting a deal. Anna Maxted secured her advance after showing an agent three fully written chapters and a synopsis. After he'd agreed to represent her, he went to several publishers who all began to fight over the rights. "I wanted to show them that I had all the ingredients to bake the cake," says Maxted. "But in the meantime I gave them a slice to tempt them."

Jake Arnott went about things a little differently and finished his book first. Then he sent out the synopsis knowing that he could provide a completed manuscript as soon as anyone showed an interest. Both strategies proved successful. "It's difficult to synopsize a book, particularly if it's a first novel," reveals Arnott. "But I thought my book was robust enough to put the story on one sheet of paper. In this business, the hardest thing to do is to get anyone to read anything, but if it's on one sheet at least you've got a better chance. I thought if someone was interested they could then have a look at the finished manuscript, because often samples of work on their own don't give the publisher any idea of what the whole thing's like." Barbara Levy says that an agent will know the relevant editor to approach. "Good agents are friendly with many editors," she says. "They're on the inside track for information that's essential for the best placement of your book."

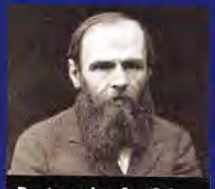
8 The advance

This is the point when all the work "literally" pays off. "The royalty advance is an estimate of the number of books the publisher thinks can be sold in the first year or two of the book's life," says Neil Taylor. "A figure will be arrived at by looking at how similar books have sold previously." So if the last three books on a similar subject to yours sold around 20,000 copies in the first year, then that's the guideline the publisher will use for your novel. To put it in some sort of context, Alex Garland's big-selling holiday read *The Beach* has sold 350,000 copies in the UK. The amount you earn on each book sold will be determined in your contract, but can be anywhere between 7.5 to 15 per cent. This will depend on whether the book is being published in hardback or paperback. Also, the percentage often increases as the quantity of books sold increases.

"It's customary for the publisher to pay you half of your advance when you sign and the other half on publication," says Levy. "For larger advances, it'll more likely be one third when you sign the contract, one third when your manuscript is accepted and the final third on the book's publication date."

Suffering for their art

With unkempt hair and rumpled clothing, the novelist often exhibits bizarre behaviour while striving for greatness


Dostoevsky: fretful

Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky, renowned for his breeze-block of literature, *Crime And Punishment*, was fiercely protective of all his works in progress. To the point where after he had finished writing he would bind the manuscript with a padlock and chain, put it in a cast iron box secured with another padlock and chain, then deposit the whole thing in a safe within another safe. Often worrying that this wasn't enough, he'd sleep on a chair in front of the safe.

Author of sci-fi classics such as *War Of The Worlds* and *The Time Machine*, H G Wells would get so furious when his writing wasn't flowing that he'd tear whole pages of prose from the typewriter and eat them. This would lead to a frustrating time for his housekeeper who'd take him supper only to be turned away from the door because the writer claimed that he was sustaining himself with his words and therefore had no need for any other sustenance.

Wells: tantrumy

Reclusive American author Thomas Pynchon finally overcame a bout of writer's block while on the toilet. So he decided to write the rest of his novel, *Gravity's Rainbow*, from the throne. However, after setting his typewriter up and having the seat custom-padded, he decided that things weren't going too well and went back to his desk.

When *Sports Illustrated* commissioned Hunter S Thompson to cover a motorcycle race in Las Vegas they didn't expect him to go on one of the most famous literary drug benders in history. Thompson reported his acid-addled antics in *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* as they were happening. From swarms of imaginary bats to parking on the sidewalk, even he can't remember what was real and what was imagined.

Thompson: rakish

18th Century Irish writer Thomas Congreve was so convinced that his novel, *Toward A Life Unknowing*, was a work of genius that he threw it into the sea the moment it was finished. He claimed he did so to save fellow authors from the embarrassment of having to find alternative careers once it was published. He died in an lunatic asylum. **FHM**

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JOHN THOMSON

The *Cold Feet* and *Fast Show* star on hairdressing, *Blake's 7* and doing Sean Connery in bed...

Your latest creation, Dave Saint, is an ex-heavy metal fan and DJ for Radio Stoke FM. Sounds like an awesome recipe for a decent catchphrase.

Oh yeah, he's got a few. He says, "What say you?" as in, "What say you to Ozzy and the demons of Black Sabbath?" I'm still developing the other one, but basically it's, "I am the Rock Weiler!"

Do you get pissed off with people who throw your catchphrases back at you?

Well, people say, "Nice," and I say, "Great." I've got to say it really, I'm just glad they don't say, "Rubbish." But I am a genuine jazz fan, and when I buy CDs in HMV, the blokes at the till always say, "What, you really like that stuff? Cheers mate, you've made our lives hell."

For no real reason, please put together a comedy jazz band you would feel confident touring with.

Sure. Jim Tavare, he's on bass, me on drums, Micky Hutton, he can play guitar, and Bill Bailey on whatever. Ha, there you go, and a great name would be The Thieving Gypsy Kings. My band in the sixth form was called The Cheesy Helmets, and not one teacher knew what it meant. "Hello everybody, please put your hands together for The Cheesy Helmets!" And we would stand up and shout, "Way Hey!"

Jazz aside, you're also an ardent fan of the horror genre. Are there any videos tucked away in your selection that, while perhaps not horror, are still of an adult nature?

Ha! No, my porn selection is completely separate. I've always loved being scared though. That's the only thing I hate about getting older, I see something like *Blake's 7*, and I can't suspend my disbelief. It's absolutely terrible.

Well *Blake's 7* was always shit. At the age of seven you apparently boasted a boffin-like IQ of 186, and a reading age of 18. Did you take to sitting around smoking and reading copies of *Razzle*?

I loved to read but after they tested me they put me in with all the swots, and I didn't understand why they were doing it. I just wanted to be out playing with me mates, so I messed about and spent most of my time standing outside the classroom door.

Who was your first snog?

Nicola Hunter. Oh, she were lovely, but that was a bit later at secondary school. It was weird, because there you would go out with a different girl each week. You snog 'em at Youth Club, and then one of her friends comes up to you and says, "Sorry, you're packed," and you just shrug and go, "Oh well. Next."

You also worked at the local hairdressers. Your mates must have thought you'd become a right nancy boy.

It's quite likely that they took the piss behind my back, but I never once saw it as even the slightest bit poofy. It was an old ladies salon, but I stuck at it: I could mix colours, put rollers in, and blow dry – I even did my mum's hair.

Did the chair ever drop slightly, thus providing you with a nice rooftop view of ripe breasts?

Christ, no. Not with 75-year-old women, not even as a young lad. But have you ever wondered why old ladies have a streak of yellow running up the side of their head? It's because they tilt their heads down when they're playing bingo, and the cigarette smoke drifts up and the nicotine stains their hair...

You met Steve Coogan at Manchester drama college. Was he the only student there who wasn't a complete knob?

It's funny you should say that. The thing I always hated about actors is that they love to talk shop, and every lunchtime you'd hear, "Oh darling, I just don't think my *King Lear* is working." Ha, I don't want to know mate, how much did you win on the bandit?

Having a Northern accent must have spared you the odd tonking from the local lads.

Well, there were certain pubs you just didn't go into, but it's the rich kid who's the main target, or the professional student. I went past a house the other day, and in the window was a flashing light, an inflatable pint of beer, a "Grants Not Loans" poster, and an England flag. That just sums it all up, I was never one of them. I was asked to leave in the second year anyway, because I had a run-in with a mature bisexual feminist from New Zealand called Jean.

And how quickly has an angry crowd dispatched you from the comedy stage?

Five minutes, as Bernard Righton at the Comedy Store. What annoys me about Londoners is that they just don't believe that I'm being genuinely ironic. Some of them don't even know who Bernard Manning is.

That's Londoners for you...

And it's the same with the word "twat". They've made that their own, and it's a good Northern expression. "You twat, you fucking twat." Yeah, the Southerners have stolen that.

You're renowned for your practical jokes. Who's the biggest celebrity on your current hit list?

When we were filming *The Man Who Knew Too Little*, I called Bill Murray from the Ritz, pretending to be Christopher Walken: "Yo, it's Chris. What ya doing this film for, Bill? It's terrible man, you gotta get out." Bill was like, "Erm, why are you calling me, Chris?" He fell for it hook, line and sinker. And it broke the ice.

Anything to avoid ending up on the cutting room floor, eh?

You're talking about *The English Patient*. Yeah, that was unfortunate. At the time I didn't give a monkeys, but then, after the 11 Oscars, I can safely say I was a bit gutted. Give Anthony Minghella – the director – his dues though, he wrote me a handwritten letter explaining why. I've heard nightmare stories about actors who've taken their parents to New York to see a premiere, only to find out they're not in the film. I mean, can you imagine?

Not really. Have you ever been asked to impersonate a famous Hollywood hunk mid-way through a strenuous session of hide the sausage?

Yeah, my girlfriend sometimes tells me to do one, and an ex always used to ask for either Christopher Lambert, or Sean Connery saying, "You are a very beautiful lady." Actually Bond is a very popular choice, but not so much Roger, as he's got that comical element.

What's the oldest you've ever been mistaken for while you've been wearing that funny goatee beard thing?

Thirty-five, but I've been 30 for the last five years. I like this goatee though, because I've got quite a round face and it helps to make it look thin. The best picture I've got is me with a full beard, dungarees, shirt done right up to the top, and a big black hat on... full-on Amish!

Q Can you give us any handy tips for surviving the modern office?
A Yes. *The Book of Revelations*. Read it

Do you get hate mail from people who claim to recognise themselves in your characters?

Not me personally, but do you remember Steve Coogan's salesman character, Gareth Cheeseman, who he invented for *Coogan's Run*? Well, he got this letter from a real Gareth Cheeseman, who was also a salesman, asking why he had it in for him. Now that's scary. I mean what are the chances of that? Especially with a name like Cheeseman.

Finally, where's the weirdest place you've been recognised?

Universal Studios in Los Angeles, by a group of Americans. Now that's not bad. I've decided that the reason people know me abroad is because of the inflight entertainment: *Cold Feet* has been on, and so has *The Fast Show*, so when I went out for the premiere of *The Man Who Knew Too Little*, I hung around afterwards, just to see if anyone would recognise me.

And?

Nah, they were all Mexicans.

Interview by Ross Brown. John Thomson appears in The Dave Saint Show on UK Play, Saturdays at 9.30pm from March 18.

LIAM DUKE. THANKS TO THE TRAFALGAR TAVERN, GREENWICH

Our little secret

EX-LINGERIE MODEL LORRI BAGLEY MAY BE A TV STAR IN *VERONICA'S CLOSET*, BUT SHE HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO HEAT UP A PHOTO SHOOT!

Not all actresses make such an immediate impact on cinema goers as Cameron Diaz did in *The Mask*, striding into the foyer of Edge City bank, squeezed into a red dress, shaking her head from side to side to flick rain drops from her hair. For instance, in 1980 Sharon Stone had a glimpse-and-you'll-miss-her part in the Woody Allen comedy *Stardust Memories* – the *Basic Instinct* star was credited simply as "Pretty girl on train." Ashley Judd would have waited patiently at the end of the dire 1992 Christian Slater vehicle *Kuffs* to spot her name next to "Wife of paint store owner" and Goldie Hawn can't be that pleased to be known only as "Giggly girl" in the 1968 musical *The One And Only, Genuine, Original Family Band.*

Dallas-born beauty Lorri Bagley has followed Ms Stone's path to stardom with a string of small parts in movies. She was "Beautiful dancer" in *Kingpin*, the bowling comedy from The Farrelly brothers who went on to make *There's Something About Mary* and she was "Chekhov-style writer" in Woody Allen's thoughtful comedy *Celebrity*. Her first part with an actual name – "Judy" – came in the gay comedy, *Trick*, and landed her the starring role of June in *Veronica's Closet*, the US sitcom about an American lingerie company run by ex-*Cheers* star Kirstie Alley.

"The casting director at NBC, saw *Trick* and said, 'That's the girl'," says Lorri. "I did an audition in New York, then they flew me to LA for another one. I got the part and had to show up for work two days later. It was really great."

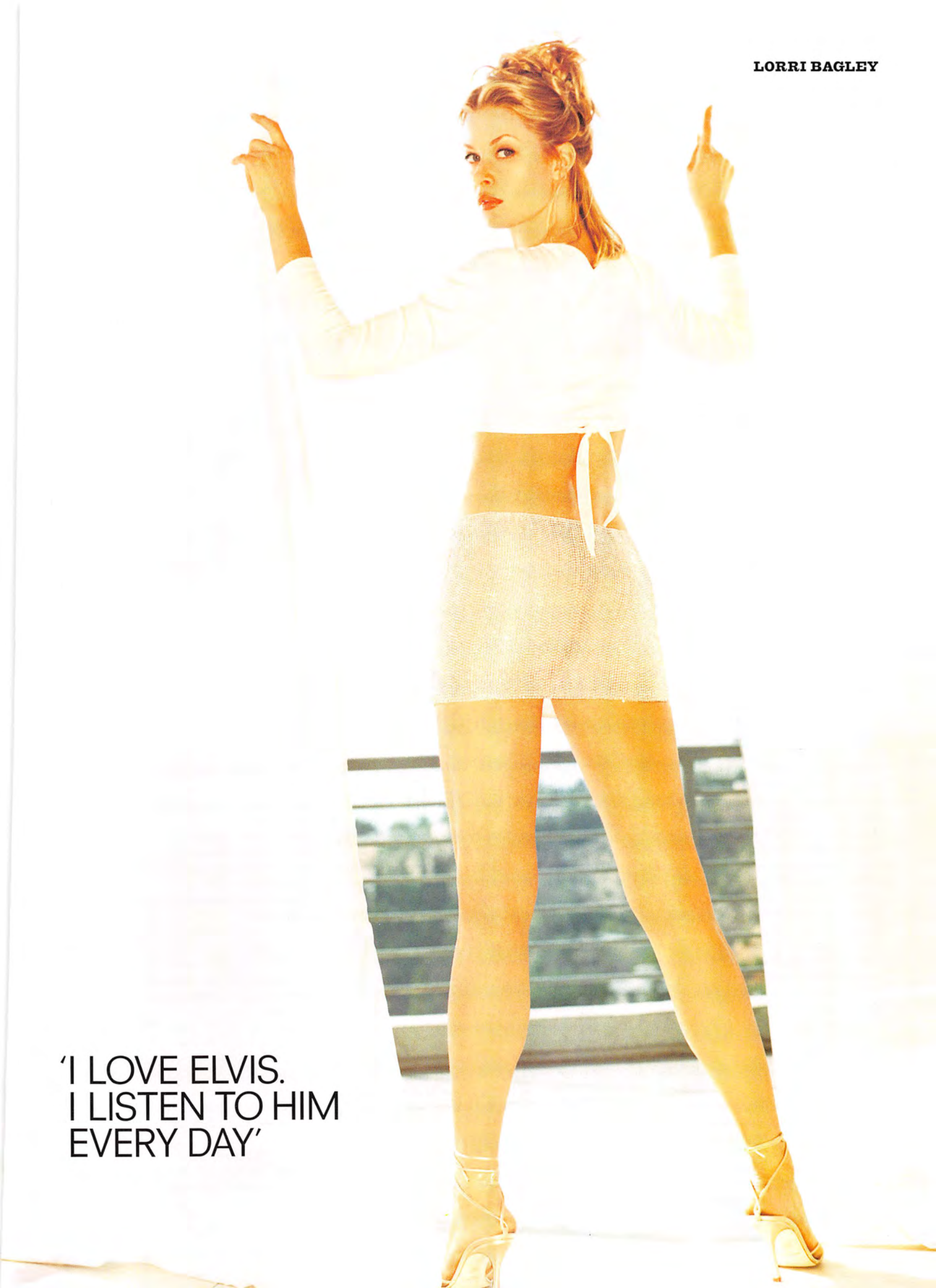
Lorri found abandoning her home in West Harlem, New York for a temporary one in LA easy because she's currently unattached. "I'm way too busy," says Lorri. "*Veronica's Closet* is new to me and I want to make the best of it, so there's no time for boyfriends."

After a long modelling career, Lorri made her first tentative steps into the movies auditioning for a role in the 1992 Gary Oldman and Winona Ryder horror *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. Unfortunately, she didn't get the part, but renowned director Francis Ford Coppola took her aside and said he thought she was really talented and had a natural ability for acting. Lorri took the *Godfather* director's encouragement as: "A huge sign and thought, okay, I have to do it." So she quit modelling and studied acting, "Like crazy and just fell in love with it"... ▷

INTERVIEW: BRIDGET FREER
PHOTOGRAPHY: WILLY CAMDEN

STYLING: TOD HALLMAN. HAIR: JONATHON HANOUSEK AT FRED SEGAL. MAKE-UP: ROBIN SEGAL AT FRED SEGAL. WHITE KNIT SWEATER BY NARCISO RODRIGUEZ. WHITE TAP SHORTS BY ON GOSSAMER, SHOES BY NARCISO RODRIGUEZ

IVORY WRAP TOP BY LA PERLA (0171-436 5864), BRA BY WONDERBRA, BEADED SKIRT BY RANDOLPH DUKE, SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO (0171-235 0242)



'I LOVE ELVIS.
I LISTEN TO HIM
EVERY DAY'

'I DO KARATE, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER USE IT'

Before acting you were a model. What made you decide on a change of career?
I was really successful at modelling, but I felt empty. I'm very strong on how I want to be looked at and with modelling I didn't have that freedom – for example I like long nails and they hated long nails. It's a horribly bitchy world, and I'm too honest. The agencies make 20 per cent from these very young girls, and there are no contracts or protection for them.

You were a model for the posh lingerie company Victoria's Secret. What sort of underwear do you go for – small lacy pieces or big, white, man-pants?
I like the whole package – I want everything to match and co-ordinate. I like having really nice things, but rather than getting the obvious expensive stuff, I think it's more creative and fun to buy cheap things.

Your home is in West Harlem – is it a tough neighbourhood to hang out in?
When you have tough or poor neighbourhoods, people stick together, so they really watch over me. In New York when you're walking around you have to give out that sense of "Don't mess me with me". I know karate but I don't think that I'll ever have to use it because I can usually get out of any situation with words.

How did you get your nickname "Kitten"?
Since I was a teenager people have been calling me Kitten or Little Cat or Miss Kitty – it's kind of my personality, but I can be a lion if I have to be.

Do people ask you for your autograph now you're on a prime-time TV show?
Yes, it's really strange, I mean why would anybody ever want my autograph? But it's usually just kids, so you want to make them happy.

In the movie *Trick* you have a row with your boyfriend and storm out topless. Did you mind everybody on the set catching a glimpse of your breasts?
It was hard for me, but for my character it wasn't a big deal, so we just had to get everything set up so I could become her and do the scene. It was okay but the minute they went ,"Cut," it was back to being me and it was like everybody was looking at me. People really stare – seeing me topless they can't help it, but I just laughed.

So you'll never have a no-nudity clause on your contracts then?
No, never. I think it's fine as long as it fits with the character and it's not just to expose you.

Has anyone ever tried to get you to change your look or your breathy, "Marilyn Monroe" voice for a part?
A lot of people told me I wouldn't be able to work with this voice, but I just didn't listen to them and now people try to work with me *because* of the voice. Kirstie Alley said, "First I saw the way you looked and then I heard your voice and thought, 'Yeah, that's the girl for the part.'"

You originally wanted to be a professional dancer: if you were going out with someone and then realised he was a real dobbin on the dance floor would you ditch him?
I'd prefer him to be a good dancer because I like men to be graceful, but if he wasn't that's okay, too. If I'm in love I don't care if they're bald or fat. It's their essence that I fall in love with.

Have you been disappointed with any of the films you've made?
In *Kingpin* I had a bigger part, but the scene which had all my lines was cut. Peter Farrelly, the director, phoned and explained why, but of course it was disappointing.

What's the worst rumour you've heard about yourself so far?
That I do drugs. That was just people talking because I am shy and I don't talk to people. Some people take that as if I was on something.

In a film called *Deli* you were cast as the "One-a-day girl": is there anything you have to have one of every day?
I am obsessed with Elvis Presley. I love him and listen to him every day. I've loved him since I saw *Jailhouse Rock* on the TV. He's so cool, he gets me in a good mood. Even the fat Elvis, bless him: it's not easy being the King, it gets tiresome after a while. He did it for a good 20 years and then he got bored, that's why he gained the weight. And, like him, I have a burger most days – they are my favourite thing. **FHM**

Veronica's Closet is on Sky One, Thursdays at 10.30pm.

LORRI BAGLEY

'IN NEW YORK YOU HAVE TO GIVE OUT A SENSE OF 'DON'T MESS WITH ME''

BLACK CRYSTAL SWIMSUIT BY CHRISTINA PERRIN, SHOES BY DOLCE & GABBANA

CONQUER THE MODERN OFFICE

Covert surveillance, drug testing and even genetic screening – today's office is a breeding ground for paranoia. So take *FHM*'s advice, win the workplace race and succeed in the cutthroat business of office politics...

WORDS: STUART MILLAR
PHOTOGRAPHY: SYRIOL JONES

Even when doing the accounts, Flatley just couldn't help himself

On October 29, 1998, Roz Johnstone was bang on time as usual for her 6am shift as a cleaning supervisor at Leeds Metropolitan University. As far as she was concerned, her working day passed without incident, and she clocked off as usual. But within just a few hours, the 41-year-old found herself in police custody, charged with conspiracy to assault her manager. The sole evidence for this alarmingly serious accusation was a covertly shot video, in which Johnstone is heard saying to colleagues that if her husband met her boss, he would, "kick the shit out of him."

You probably think that your conduct at work could never wind up with you in such a ludicrous predicament. Maybe you're never so careless as to badmouth your boss in the office. Or perhaps you're certain that you work for a company that trusts you to do your job without having to rely on underhand KGB-style surveillance techniques. But consider the following statistics. According to a recent survey by the white collar union MSF, more than 93 per cent of British companies believe it is justifiable to use undercover surveillance on their staff – and more than 30 per cent admit they already invade their employees' privacy in some way.

Just because nobody's taken you to task on your little expense-fiddling scam, that doesn't mean your superiors aren't carefully filing away the evidence for the day when you've outstayed your welcome and they need an excuse to have you escorted from the building without forking out a penny of redundancy pay.

Basically, if you've ever taken a few long lunch hours without permission, looked up a sports result on the internet, received a personal e-mail, or even let a relationship get in the way of your work for a day or two, your job could be on the line... ▷

SYLING: PROPPED UP, HAIR/MAKE-UP: DEBBIE CRONIN AT MICHAELJOHN

Caesar's toilet visits could last hours

The range of James Bond-style options open to prying bosses is vast. Pinhole cameras and tiny recording devices can be secretly installed at desks, in tearooms, and in toilet cubicles. E-mails, details of internet usage and voicemails are all stored away for easy scrutiny, and staff at major corporations like Nestlé and SmithKline Beecham even have to wear smart badges which monitor their movements around sites. Also, more and more employers are fitting satellite tracking devices to company vehicles to check that your sales conference in Harpenden isn't actually a dirty weekend in Bournemouth.

If that isn't bad enough, don't be fooled into thinking you can rely on your fellow workers for solidarity. With job insecurity so high, many employees think the key to survival is to crush the will of their colleagues. According to research published in January by the Andrea Adams Trust, a staggering 93 per cent of British workers say bullying goes on in their company.

Most of the Big Brother-style policies are winging their way over here from the States. In 1986, only 20 per cent of American firms had drug-testing policies; today more than 70 per cent do. In Britain, about eight per cent of workers face testing, but that figure is growing steadily, even though the techniques are often crude and inaccurate. Medical experts have discovered that false positives can be caused by hundreds of foods and prescription drugs, including poppy seeds, tonic water, asthma inhalers, ibuprofen, or cold and flu medicines.

Take the case of John Kinnie, a Ford worker from Arizona, who was sacked in 1998 when a random drug test apparently showed that he was using speed. In fact it was his bronchitis medicine which produced the false result, but nearly two years on, he has still not been given compensation or reinstated.

The range of Bond-style options open to prying bosses is vast

There are some even more alarming developments to come. A growing number of American companies are introducing genetic screening to weed out potential recruits deemed at risk of diseases which they may – or may not – contract in the future. And modern employers are not just interested in what their staff get up to in and out of the office. They also want to get inside their heads to see what they feel. The latest craze in recruitment is the EQ – emotional quotient – test. As well as having the qualifications to do the job, workers are tested for skills such as empathy, graciousness and the ability to read a social situation. If their emotions don't fit, they could be looking for a different job.

Personnel directors are raving about the technique; others are not so sure. "I don't think it has any value at all in the workplace," says Debra Allcock, head of campaigning at the Industrial Society. "It presupposes people cannot adapt to new circumstances and locks them into a certain category."

Allcock is certain that EQ testing, surveillance and all the other new management techniques are merely the tip of the iceberg. "For two decades, organisations have had it all their own way, but now workers are starting to realise that their knowledge gives them power. Employers are not going to give up without a fight, and if that means making life hell for their workers, so be it." There's no doubt the future looks grim – but fortunately there are ways to make sure you're the one who stays to pick up a promotion when it's time for the office staff cull. Not only that, but if you play your cards right, you can be the workplace winner who snags all the best bonuses, gets the easiest assignments, and still has time to sneak their girlfriend in for some after-hours knobbing on the hated line manager's desk. *FHM* shows you how...

10 tips for survival

How to curry promotion-winning favour with bosses and workmates

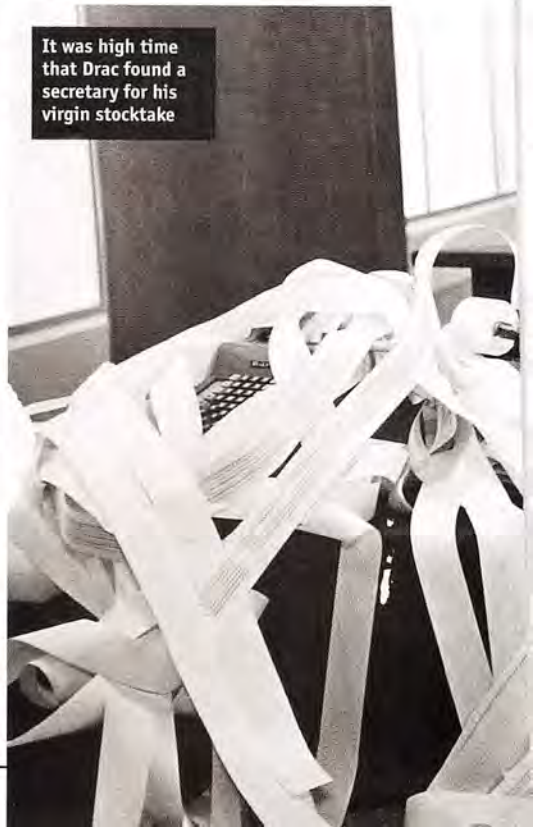
In a world of sneaky subterfuge and bitter office politics, every would-be player requires some cunning tricks up his sleeve to give the impression of being a hard-working, loveable rogue. Now, with the help of *FHM*'s 10-step guide, you too could be the king of the office...

1 Make yourself popular

"It's all about fitting into the office culture," says *FHM*'s relationship expert Susan Quilliam. "You don't let the team down, you pull your weight and you don't run power trips. You're easy to get on with, you go down to the pub if everyone else does, and if someone gets into shit, you bail them out." Generally, people tend not to like people who are out for themselves – someone who will really fuck them over for his own sake – or a total nerd. Between those two, you'll usually be in the popularity band. Try boosting your cred by masterminding office games, or running ludicrous sweepstakes. Random acts of kindness could also boost your appeal ("Right! Tea!"), but don't be a muppet – an occasional gnashing of teeth and drunken bravado should let people know not to mess with you.

2 Knowledge is king

Your colleagues will have their eye on just two things: getting the job done and going home. You, however, should become a Jack Of All Trades. Swot up on the company, become pally with different departments and acquire skills that have nothing to do with your job. Not only will you be in a position to trade inside info about the company, but you'll also be first to know when new jobs are coming up.



It was high time that Drac found a secretary for his virgin stocktake

SURVIVAL TIPS WORDS: MIKE PEAKE. JAPS WORDS: CHRIS BELL. ICON: SYRIOL JONES. RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE, ANTHONY SUAU/NETWORK

3 Find a scapegoat

Evil human nature decrees that most offices require a natural-born loser who's been picked on since the first day at primary school. Make this luckless fool your scapegoat by informing him whenever you're about to do something slightly suspect. Then, if you get caught, just direct the flak at your socially inept colleague. "Well, I told Jenkins, and he didn't say anything..." you snarl, nodding in the direction of the unloved goon.

4 Control the boss

There's not much point being popular with your workmates if the very sight of you makes the Guv'nor want to skewer you to the floor. Make him your friend and he'll confide in you, nurture you – and take you with him as he scrambles up the corporate ladder. "When you start a new job," explains Quilliam, "for the first month you should keep your head down and suss out what the boss is like. What does he give grief for? What pleases him? And remember, it's not just the work you do that counts, but the work you don't do, too." But of course, take care not to be so obsequious that your colleagues start making jokes about you giving him a blow-job every time you're in the back room planning the company's future.

An untidy desk gives the illusion you're too stressed to tidy it

5 Sound important

The best way of appearing like someone with the welfare of the company at heart is to suggest simple "improvement" measures. Enthuse to your boss about how marvellous it would be if your company was to expand to Germany. Explain how a fortune could be saved if only another department submitted their reports a little earlier. As long as your suggestions make a modicum of sense and there's absolutely no chance you'll be asked to make them come to fruition, you'll come across as the hard-working "big picture" guy who's always thinking.

6 Dress right

As Bob Geldof, Lemmy and The Wurzels have found to their peril, it's hard for people to take you seriously when it looks like you've walked into the office straight from a street fight – the sharp-dressed man will always have the edge. "Even just changing from a white shirt to a royal blue or sky blue shirt can make you look different," says Selfridges personal shopper Clare Mansfield. "A warmer colour makes you look more approachable and gives off an air of confidence. Also make sure the colours of your suit and shirt are in your tie – otherwise it can look like you've just bunged anything on. As for suits, single-breasted is more slimming, and you should really have a few so you can alternate them: it gives the wool time to rest and return to its natural shape. And personally, I'd avoid a white shirt with a grey suit – it looks like a school uniform."

7 Look busy

The lazy man's best-kept secret was blown wide open when *Seinfeld's* blubbery neurotic George Costanza revealed how "looking annoyed" was the key to appearing snowed-under. And while becoming ruffled whenever you're approached remains a clever ruse (huffing, swearing and tutting loudly may also help), the modern office layabout should have other weapons in his arsenal. A criminally untidy desk is a winner – it gives the illusion that you're too stressed-out to tidy it, and ensures plenty of frantic scrabbling about when you're trying to find anything. The smart loafer also has the sense to walk speedily, with purpose, when he is, in fact, idly roaming the office. E-mail is your friend too – bash away at leisure and the boss will think you're busy, especially when you pause to ask a colleague a work-related puzzler.

8 Make sacrifices

By extraordinary coincidence, the night your boss has to stay late is the night you have to stop behind, too! "I tried to get this finished last night," you tell him, shrugging bravely, "but it's taking longer than I thought to do it properly." Alternatively, try hinting you've got an important night out coming up – and then cancel (loudly) at the last minute, because you've got "work to finish". Once the sound of his footsteps heading out to the car park have subsided, you're only two minutes behind him...

9 Be successful

Presumably, your goal is a promotion – and the extra money. Timing is crucial, here – just before your next pay review, offer to take up a new task. And be sure to remind the boss of this during pay negotiations. "A lot of companies are moving towards performance-related pay reviews," says Sophie Rowan at London-based Career Psychology (0171-976 1010), "so you should think clearly about how you're going to state your case before your review. Have you taken on extra work? Are you managing more staff? Have you been working longer hours? If the offer on the table is laughable then you could try holding out for more, but if it's fair, then it's probably not worth testing your boss: take it."

10 If all else fails...

If you're one of those saps who share the same popularity genes as Anthea Turner, join a union. For mere pounds a week, you have someone who will back you when your world turns to shit, and if nothing else, at least you can tell people you belong to a club. Self-employment, begging and the dole are all options, too...

Office survivalist

Mad Japs

Japan, the home of work-based insanity...

Squeaky Joe had forgotten to oil his knees

Toadying
Forget pathetic one-upmanship like always working until the boss has left: you'll never beat the Japanese accountant who, in 1997, died of fatigue after spending two straight weeks in his office. He hardly even left his desk: a futon for sleeping and all his food was brought to him as he fought to prop up brokerage firm Yamaichi Securities Co. The 38-year-old, whose name was withheld, died a week after the company folded.

Commuting
Next time you're crammed on the bus, breathing flu germs and body odour for 20 minutes, spare a thought for Tadao Masuda — his daily journey takes six-and-a-half hours. For 30 years, he's risen at 4am every morning to travel between his trucking company in Tokyo and his home town of Mito: the equivalent of Newcastle to Tunbridge Wells. Only his wife rises before him: she makes his noodle lunch.

Skiving
That old trick of leaving your jacket on the back of your chair while taking a long lunch break is no use to employees of the Xerox Company in Tokyo — bosses now track them wherever they go. Using a £20,000 system, special mobile phones — which could soon be replaced by bodily-implanted chips — transmit locator signals to a central computer, linked to managers' screens.

The boot
When Toshiyuki Sakai was assigned to the company's "personal room" by his Sega bosses, he knew his number was up. His new office, a boxroom, had no phone or windows, and he was given no work to do. Two weeks alone is usually enough for workers to accept "voluntary" retirement, the time-honoured Japanese alternative to a P45, but Toshiyuki endured three months of "solitary" before being sacked. "I was close to tears," said the 35-year-old.

Office survivalist

Fake it!

Wave *FHM*'s cunningly-prepared, 'authentic' press cuttings in your boss's face and take it easy...

Health And Safety Law: Note To Employers

Amendment 34: *Pornography In The Workplace*. It is the policy of the European Union to homogenise the health and safety practices of member states, and, in this instance, the code of conduct practised in Holland will become standard as of February 29 2000. This means that no worker may be disciplined for accessing material which could legally be purchased in a Dutch retail outlet. Indeed, as studies have shown that periodic reference to such material may be beneficial, employers are encouraged to permit one five-minute "pornographic screen break" per hour of the working day.

Workplace madness!

SOD OFF BOSS – I'M TALKING!

EXCLUSIVE

By GLENN KEY

BRUSSELS Eurocrats have ruled against a British firm who sacked a receptionist for making a SIX-HOUR-LONG phone call to her boyfriend. Posh London lawyers Duncan, Duncan and Williams has agreed a payout of £450,000 to 19-year-old Jo Davies, after they sacked her for "improper use of the telephone". Davies admitted having the marathon conversation with lover Ken Brown. "I was very upset that day," said Davies, "and it's not as if we were busy or anything." The ruling was based on an EU law which entitles workers who earn less than £9 an hour to eight hours of "compassionate" calls from the office every year. A spokesman for Duncan, Duncan and Williams said the law was ludicrous, but admitted they had no option but to pay out.

● Carte Blanche For Chatterboxes! The Sun Says, Page Eight

7 News

EU green light for late employees

IN A BID TO CURB the problem of early morning gridlock on continental roads, The European Parliament has ratified The Steigers Retarding Bill, compelling businesses to turn a blind eye to employees who arrive late for work. Speaking in Brussels, Dr Helmut Steigers, who prompted the bill with his pioneering study on the danger of punctuality, insisted that the alternative for employers was empty offices. "It may be unpalatable," said Dr Steigers, "but unless some people turn up late for work, European transport systems could grind to a total halt. Less punctual employees are doing us all a favour." The new ruling means that employers who discipline staff for being late could face enforced liquidation.

No longer any trust

BY DANIEL LITMAN

Opinionpoint

RETURN OF THE SIESTA

The European Commission is finally taking seriously the concerns of controversial Spanish psychologist Professor Geraldo Gomez. Following publication of Gomez's seminal thesis *Soy Un Hombre Perezoso Y Me Gusta Dormir* (literally: I'm A Lazy Man And I Like To Sleep), the Commission has accepted the possibility that working more than 20 hours a week may cause a decline in long-term productivity, alopecia and, in extreme cases, blindness. Gomez, Spain's leading researcher into mental fatigue, is jubilant. "In many EU countries, people have always worked unreasonable hours, and so the detrimental effect on performance has been hidden. In Spain, however, we used to maintain high productivity – even though our menfolk lived it up in Salsa bars all night and slept it off in the office. But with the decline of the siesta, Spanish men have become both more stressed and more bald – with no increase in productivity."

Office Olympics

Why pass the time with idle gossip, when you could be a gold medal winner in *FHM*'s Office Olympics?

Telephone football
Draw an imaginary line across the middle of the office, thus dividing all the staff into two teams. The goals are two unmanned telephones located behind each team, and the aim of the game is to make them ring. Starting at the back of the office, a "kicker" telephones the number of one person on the first line of defending desks. Only one "defender" is allowed to take his phone of the hook, and the others must ignore theirs should it ring. If the kicker manages to avoid an engaged tone, he hangs up and calls the next set of desks, until he reaches the goal. If a defender blocks play, he becomes kicker and play is reversed. First to ten wins, break for oranges at five.

Lunch box poker
The game here is to throw in a poor hand – any non-meat-based product – and gain a good hand – a superb packed lunch, of the kind only chubby mothers can produce. Each player goes out and forks out on lunch, brings their choice back to the office and declares its worth. The declaration, which may be a bluff, can vary from The Brag – "Yes sireee, it's a triple bacon club sandwich" – to The Grumble – "I'd rather not talk about it". Concealed in wrapping, a Tupperware box or a carrier bag, each player then places his meal in the middle of the floor. Players line up at the far end of the office, and race each other to grab what they feel to be the best deal. The winner is he who has lost the least, yet gained the most. Studying form is important here – if you buy rubbish every day, the others will soon get wise.

Zavaroni: one-legged

Pass the Post-It
A Games Master writes a dare on each page of a Post-It pad, then passes it to the first person on his right. The dare is carried out, and the Post-It handed on. Dares can range from telling the Boss, "I love you, Doreen," to belching while on the phone. Once it has been committed, the person removes a page and passes it on.

OLYMPICS WORDS: ROSS BROWN. T LATHAM/TONY STONE; KOBAL

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Office survivalist

Sex in the workplace

To get your oats and revenge at the same time, try a spot of office sex

Disappointment loomed for the Liberace groupie

Not only will the words, "I'm working late this evening," impress your boss, they'll also give you the chance to ship your girlfriend into the office for some late-night hanky-panky. Just make sure you've got all the right moves ready...

Preparation

Your missus is going to have to get past the security guard, but as most of these fellows are – despite their impressive Pinkerton-style uniforms – borderline morons, this shouldn't involve anything more complex than signing an illegible scrawl in the visitor's book. It will also help things run smoothly if you work late a few nights in advance, so you get an idea when the cleaners do their rounds. Lastly, ensure that you know the whereabouts of any CCTV cameras, or your bobbing buttocks will be on prime time at the next board meeting.

If a cleaner walks in, just look busy and try not to make a 'vinegar face'

'The Diplomat'

This position is ideal for the nervous first-timer, as it cuts down on the chances of discovery. Choose a desk at the back of the office and install your missus in the space underneath it where your legs would normally go. You now slide your chair forwards, she unzips your flies, and a blow-job commences. To enliven proceedings further, tap into some internet porn, and – if you're a real gentleman – give her a couple of thick "Jiffy Bag" envelopes to cushion her knees with. If a cleaner or nightwatchman comes in, just look busy and try not to make a "vinegar face".

'The Romantic'

If your office has a reception area, use the sofa there for a really comfortable shag. The mechanics are pretty much what they would be at home, but with the added bonus that you can reward her with the bunch of flowers on the coffee table afterwards. Ungifted performers can make use of "motivational" posters on the wall – the ones with a photo of some lions and the motto, "In this company, we try 110 per cent to please" – to inspire them to greater heights.

'The Lenin'

If your boss is a tyrant, there's no better way of "sticking up for the workers" than by using his desk for sex. Ideally, it will be bigger than everyone else's, and have a soft leather inlay or various padded blotters on top, all of which are perfect when used for cushioning purposes. Simply lie your better half across it, then scuttle her while talking dirty to the framed photo of his wife and kids. When you come, either mop things up to conceal your deed (the water cooler will come in handy here), or make a subtle protest against your working conditions by gumming up his Rolodex with a few dollops of your pearly white man-fat.

Sacked for receiving porn

Until January 1999, Paul Joseph worked for a busy media company in London. And then one of his mates sent him a 'revealing' e-mail...

There was always a lot of computer stuff flying around the office that had nothing to do with work. Anything from harmless Clinton jokes and *Simpsons* screensavers through to full-on porn. We knew it was against company rules, but no-one seemed to take it too seriously. Then last year I got an e-mail from a lad who used to work for the company, and it had some files attached. They were a little bit on the lively side, it has to be said – stuff like blow-jobs, cum shots and anal sex. I suppose it was pretty hardcore for the workplace, but one of the top people in my office was renowned for being a porn king and he'd never been done for it, so I didn't really feel I had anything to worry about. I didn't think any more about it until about a fortnight later when I got an e-mail from someone else in the building. It was also porn, although not nearly as hardcore as the first lot. The next day I was summoned to the boardroom for a meeting. When I went in, all the company bigwigs were in there. It set the alarm bells ringing to say the least. "We're here about a very grave matter," my boss said. "We've registered you've been accessing pornography on your e-mail, which constitutes gross misconduct. We'd like you to go back to your desk, pick up your stuff and leave. Straight away."

Geri would do anything to get back in the Spice Girls

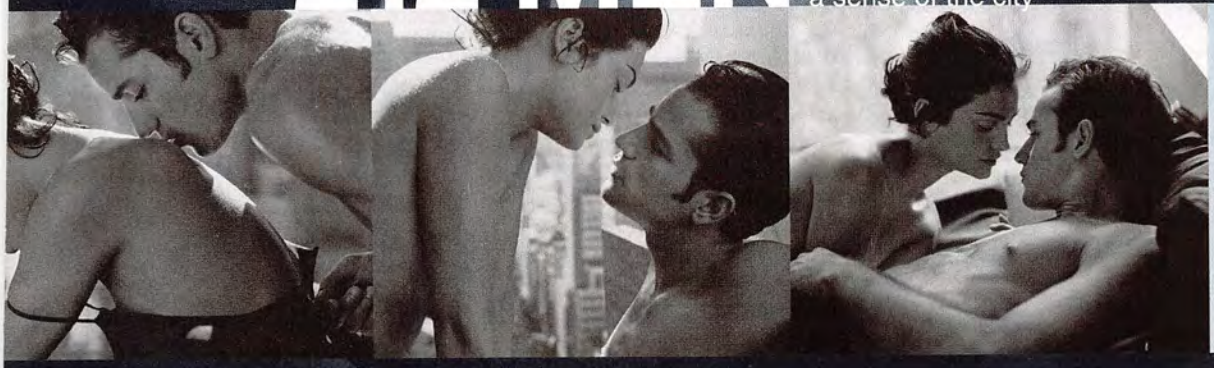
I sat there for a moment and then started bleating: "But... surely I should get a warning or something? It was an accident, a mistake. It got sent to me and I opened it. I didn't know... I won't do it again. I promise." But they'd made up their minds. And that was it. After 18 months of solid work, I was out.

I actually reckon they wanted to get rid of me and were using the porn as an excuse. I can appreciate that employers want to root out any secret Gary Glitters who are getting their kicks during office time, but to mark me out as a deviant because I opened up an e-mail is outrageous.

SEX WORDS: GRUB SMITH, SACKED WORDS: TIM HERBERT

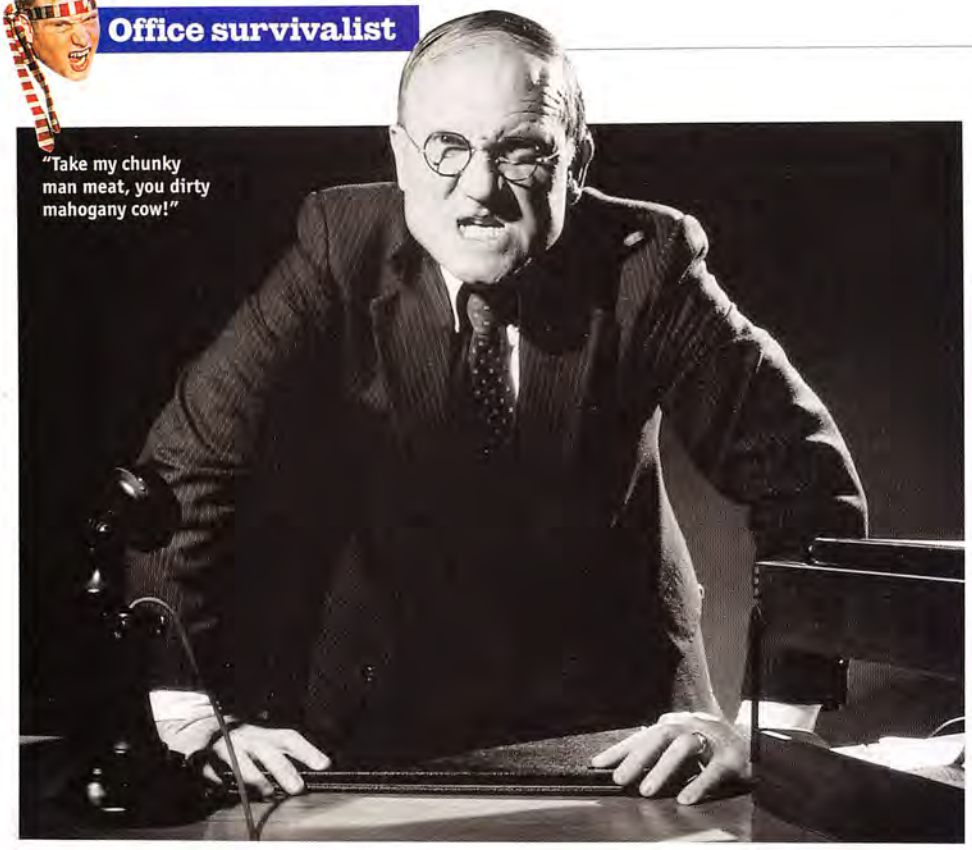
212 MEN

a sense of the city



CAROLINA HERRERA

NEW YORK



"Take my chunky man meat, you dirty mahogany cow!"

Bosses from hell

If you think your boss is a mean bully, take a look at this lot...

Millionaires force pensioner into servitude

Partially blind farmhand Leslie Bawden got scant reward for his 55 years of service when his millionaire employers forced him to work for a pittance and stole all his savings. 80-year-old Bawden had happily worked for wealthy Oxfordshire farmer Joe Hillier since 1932, but when the old boss died in 1991 and the estate passed into the hands of Hillier's daughter, Joan and her son Adrian, Bawden's fortunes took a downturn. The pernicious pair plundered his building society account, national savings and pension fund, repaying him with the laughable salary of £5 a week. Bawden was even kicked out of the family farmhouse after being promised a new home in a luxury caravan. "It turned out to be nothing more than a rusty old banger with a big pit of pig slurry right outside," said the angry pensioner. The miserly pair finally got their comeuppance in April last year when a judge ordered them to pay Bawden £50,000 in damages.

Weatherman fired for correct forecast

Weather forecaster Sean Boyd was sacked in April 1995 following a broadcast in which he suggested, correctly, that it might rain. Boyd claims his bosses at Californian radio station KMJ instructed him to change the wording of his forecast from "partly cloudy" to "partly sunny", so crowds wouldn't be deterred from attending the annual station-sponsored Dittohead Barbecue and Politically Incorrect Picnic in Madera. But Boyd went ahead with his dreary premonition and hundreds of revellers failed to show. "I think those people had a right to know," he said. The forecaster's bosses denied he was sacked because of his prophecy. "His reports had become babble," insisted KMJ's general manager, Al Smith.

End of line for grape thief

Disabled sales assistant Sylvester Boyne was canned by Marks & Spencer in March 1998 after being caught on CCTV eating a grape. Boyne was dismissed for lifting the forbidden food from a consignment of waste fruit and veg in a warehouse. "I can't believe I've been treated this way, especially as the grape was out of date," said Boyne, 43, from Peckham, south-east London. A spokesman for Marks & Spencer was unsympathetic: "The company has a consistent policy on theft. It will not be tolerated." A month later Boyne was reinstated.

A disabled M&S sales assistant was canned for eating a grape

Secretaries sacked over dingy decor

A pair of legal secretaries were given their marching orders in March 1997 after complaining about their office decor. Linda Clarke and Dorothy Buckton were told to "resign or be sacked" after criticising the dim lighting and the arrangement of their desks in solicitor Jenny Lawrence's offices in Wellingborough, Northants. "This office is my vision, my hard work," bemoaned the overbearing solicitor at an industrial tribunal the following year, describing the women as "a cancer eating away at my business". The court ruled that the secretaries' dismissal had been unfair.

Big brothers

Has your snooping firm gone high-tech?

■ Human rights watchdog Privacy International estimate over 200,000 bugs are sold in the UK each year, many of them ending up in office equipment. It's also estimated a further 200,000 visual devices are installed in UK workplaces every year. Tiny cameras which measure 42mm square and see in the dark can be picked up for under £100.

■ **According to a survey by the American Management Association, 67 per cent of companies admitted monitoring their staff, either by recording calls, eavesdropping on voicemail or monitoring e-mail and internet usage. A further 70 per cent said they tested staff for drug use.**

■ Figures from the Institute of Employment Rights indicate that ten per cent of British companies drug test their employees.

■ **It's not just e-mails you send or files you store that can be snooped on by prying employers. Computer keyboard monitoring systems, such as those made by British company Vascom, can transmit all individual computer key presses to a receiver located up to 150 metres away. These are then sent either to a printer or a display unit, so everything you type can be monitored.**

■ Many employees are already forced to wear tags revealing their exact location at any time during work hours. But Professor Kevin Warwick, a cybernetics expert at Reading University, is working on a microchip that can be inserted directly under employees' skin.

■ **According to an American survey of telecommunications workers in 1990, 84 per cent of workers who knew they were monitored complained of stress and tension, compared to 67 per cent of unmonitored staff.**

■ One US airline reservation agent, whose staff are electronically monitored, would only allow staff to have an 11-second gap between calls and a 12-minute break each day. FHM

The gay assassins prepared their Tonka mortar

BOSSES AND BIG BROTHER WORDS: TIM HERBERT. SUPERSTOCK; RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

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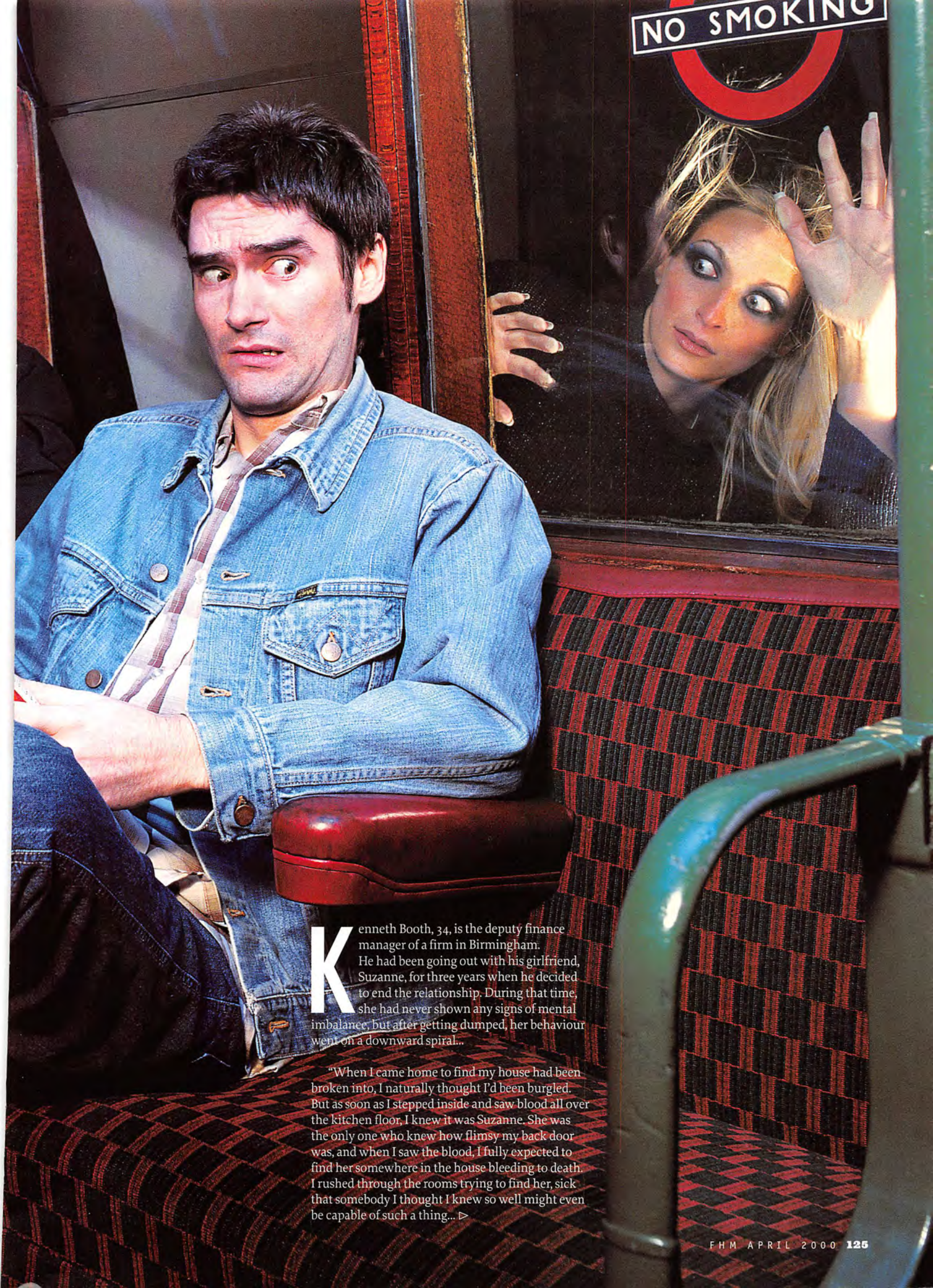
The mermaid helped submarine Jim with "seven down" on his crossword

GET AWAY FROM ME, WOMAN!

Generally, women are a fairly even-tempered bunch. But as these unfortunate men have found, when they lose it, female madness can go off the scale...

WORDS: JON AXWORTHY PHOTOGRAPHY: SYRIOL JONES

STYLING: PROPPED UP. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: DEBBIE CRONIN AT MICHAELJOHN USING CLINIQUE. MODEL: ANNA MELTZER AT VERVE MANAGEMENT



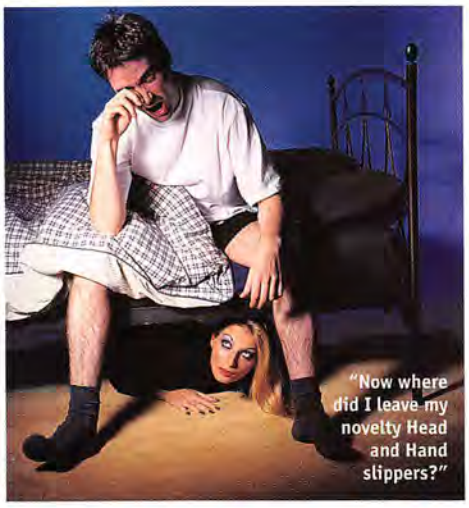
Kenneth Booth, 34, is the deputy finance manager of a firm in Birmingham. He had been going out with his girlfriend, Suzanne, for three years when he decided to end the relationship. During that time, she had never shown any signs of mental imbalance, but after getting dumped, her behaviour went on a downward spiral...

"When I came home to find my house had been broken into, I naturally thought I'd been burgled. But as soon as I stepped inside and saw blood all over the kitchen floor, I knew it was Suzanne. She was the only one who knew how flimsy my back door was, and when I saw the blood, I fully expected to find her somewhere in the house bleeding to death. I rushed through the rooms trying to find her, sick that somebody I thought I knew so well might even be capable of such a thing... ▷

To begin at the beginning, it was just over a week before the blood incident that we broke up. There weren't any dramatic scenes. It was as normal as these things can be. I found myself lapsing into all the old clichés. I told her that it wasn't her, it was me, and that I didn't love her anymore, but also didn't want to see her hurt. She didn't fly off the handle or break down in tears. She just sat there, calmly taking in everything I was saying. When I couldn't think of anything else to say she did look a bit tearful, but just said she was going to leave.

Of course, I was worried about her, but decided not to call because it was probably easier for us both. I returned the knick-knacks of hers that were around the house through some mutual friends and they told me that she was doing OK but didn't want to see me. I hoped that, at some stage in the future, we could still be friends.

Then, four or five days later, my doorbell rang and I opened it to find Suzanne standing on the step in a long coat. I was too shocked to say anything, and before I could compose myself she opened her coat, to reveal that she was only dressed in a bra and panties. I couldn't believe it – but rather than shut the door on her, my first reaction was to drag her inside the house and off the street. I asked her what she was doing and she replied simply by saying that she knew that I liked her body and thought I should have one last look at it, so that I could decide if I really wanted to give it up for good. I had no idea what to do – I thought she must be drunk. I did know that now wasn't the time to jump back into bed with her and that I had to get her out of the flat with the minimum of fuss. I called her a cab, all the while telling her that she'd meet someone much better than me and that she shouldn't waste her time.



"Now where did I leave my novelty Head and Hand slippers?"

'My bed had been slept in and she'd put her things back in their position'

That's when things started to get a little messy. First she started crying, and then, when that didn't get the desired response, she started trying to hit me, claiming I'd "ruined her life". She kept saying, "You won't get away with this," and, "who the hell do you think you are?" By the time the cab arrived she was in a right state.

I phoned a mutual friend of ours to ask her to watch out for Suzanne, explaining that she clearly wasn't taking the break-up too well. I left out the details about the coat. However, I did tell the whole story to one of my friends and he told me that Suzanne had tried the same stunt that the psycho girlfriend in *Play Misty For Me* plays on Clint Eastwood. I wish he hadn't told me. The weird thing was all the time I'd known Suzanne – including a year when we hadn't even gone out together, she hadn't seemed highly strung at all.

I didn't sleep well that night, but for the next two days I didn't see or hear from her. Then I came home from work on the third day to find the back door had been forced. It was easy enough to do, but you wouldn't have known that from the outside. I couldn't believe it when I saw the blood on the kitchen floor. After checking the whole house for Suzanne I realised that my bed had been slept in and the things of hers that I'd passed back through friends had reappeared in their original positions. That and the blood made it all really creepy. I remember thinking why couldn't she have just slashed a suit or broken my records? I could have handled that. I panicked, thinking that Suzanne had bungled a suicide or something. I rushed to the phone and called her flat. She answered, and acted as if nothing had happened, even when I asked her where the blood had come from. I went mental, saying that she was only hurting herself by playing such a stupid game, but she just kept telling me that she didn't know what I was talking about.

It's at that point I threatened to get the police involved, before hanging up. I had no intention of actually carrying out the threat, but I thought saying it might bring her to her senses a little. It was that night that she started calling me, telling me that I was bad in bed, that I didn't have a hope of getting another girl like her, that sort of thing. I just took the phone off the hook but then she started calling my mobile. I told her she should get some help, although a couple of times I lost my rag and swore down the phone at her to leave me alone. The final call that night was what

Female mentalists

The fairer sex has a nasty habit of objecting violently to break-ups...

Spiteful cleaner kills nippers in the bath

Psychopathic housemaid Carmen Capellan murdered two of her lover's relatives in 1986 after he refused to marry her. While her partner Maximo de la Cruz was crashed out in front of the TV at their Florida home, the dastardly domestic helper was busying herself in the bathroom, strangling her lover's three-year-old niece Pamela Carrasquillo and her eight-month-old sister Tanischa. Monstrous Capellan, 22 admitted she'd killed them purely out of spite, saying she'd originally wanted to kill de la Cruz's sister with scissors. "I know they're going to give me 30 years for this," she admitted.

Jilted lover gives boyfriend earache

Luckless Ian Hardy bore the brunt of his girlfriend's wrath last year when she bit off one of his ears and spat it out onto his front lawn. Hardy, 27, had dumped lover Claire Madine after discovering she'd had a fling with his best mate. But Madine, the mother of his four-year-old daughter, was so enraged at the prospect of being binned that she plotted revenge. Lying in wait for him in his front garden, the spiteful 25-year-old, from West Wylam, Northumberland, pounced as Hardy was returning from the pub, sinking her gnashers into his left ear, ripping it off. The flesh-eating fiend admitted malicious wounding in March last year and was given a 12-month suspended sentence.

Cheating lover bit off my ear

POOR Ian Hardy got serious ear-ache from his cheating ex-lover . . . when she bit off his lug!

Ian, 27, had dumped Claire Madine after discovering she'd had an affair with his best mate.

Jilted Madine, 25, was livid, and hatched a revenge plot. She lay in the dark on Ian's lawn, waiting for him to come home from the pub.

Then she sprang at him "like Dracula from the tomb", and sank her teeth into his left ear.

Engineer Ian then watched as she spat it out. Surgeons managed to sew part of it back on, but Ian faces four operations to rebuild the tattered lug.

Madine, of West Wylam, Northumberland, mother of Ian's four-year-old daughter Chelsea, was given a 12-month suspended jail sentence after admitting malicious wounding at Newcastle Crown Court.

OUCH: Ian's mangled ear

WIFE PUTS TONSILS IN CHEAT HUBBY'S CURRY

FURIOUS Lorraine Belson added a juicy extra to her ex-cheat husband's curry — her own tonsils.

Cheating husband eats wife's body parts

Vengeful Lorraine Belson cooked up a treat for her cheating husband last year, when she served him her tonsils for dinner. Unsuspecting Terry, 37, from Warden Bay, Sheppey, Kent, tucked into his favourite chicken curry dinner, but stopped when he came across some gristle. Spitting the morsel out onto his plate, wife Lorraine revealed the true nature of the surprise ingredient – her tonsils, extracted 23 years earlier. "I showed him the tonsils with the teeth marks still in them," she said. "They were nicely chewed. It's put him off curries."

MENTALIST WORDS: TIM HERBERT. JOHN FROST NEWSPAPERS: KOBAL

Moses handed his Taliban wife her beating schedule

made me call the police. I picked up my mobile and she told me that she'd paid an assassin £2,000 to "do me in".

It was crazy, and if it were someone else I'd have told them not to worry, because the Suzanne I knew wasn't capable of such a thing. But this wasn't the Suzanne I knew anymore and I really had no idea what she was capable of. The police told me they'd send a couple of uniforms to her house the next day to have a chat with her. I called the police from work to find out how the visit had gone and they told me that she seemed scared by the threat of arrest and they thought that would be the end of it. But that night she called again with the same threat. The following day she smashed my windows while I was at work, so that night the police arrested her and charged her with harassment and criminal damage.

The case went to magistrate's court – which was bloody awful. Her defence lawyer said that she had an obsession with me and that she was very vulnerable at the time that I split up with her. He also said she was unable to control her emotions, and that I had led her to believe that I was having another relationship, which wasn't true. He said it was her jealousy which had made her behave abnormally. Suzanne admitted what she'd done and the judge placed her on probation for 18 months. She was ordered to pay costs of £90 and a restraining order was issued – which meant that she couldn't come within 200 yards of me. Throughout the whole thing I just sat there, unable to believe what was going on and what the relationship had come to. Clearly, the realisation that her actions had landed her in serious trouble must have given her a bit of a wake-up call. In any case, I haven't seen or heard from Suzanne since that day in court, although friends have told me that she has a new boyfriend and has moved away from the Midlands. After that kind of experience, I was happy to be on my own for six months, although I've now just got engaged, so it can't have soured my outlook on relationships totally. In fact, Suzanne has become something of a running joke among my friends and girlfriend. I don't really mind – I just know that at the time, when she was threatening to have me killed, it didn't seem quite so funny.

'She told me she'd paid an assassin £2,000 to do me in'

Dumping a nutter

Do things the right way and sidestep the 'shredded suit' scenario

Remember the first rule: all women are – to a certain degree – insane. Sadly, this means even the most apparently docile "Snugglekins" can turn into the personification of demented evil upon hearing the words, "It's over." Luckily, there are ways around this thorny problem. Although there is a clear need to be sensitive when crushing the delicate heart of a mentally imbalanced lover, the key is to remain adamant that it is over. Under no circumstances allow her tantrums to lure you into a U-turn, and be on the alert for any underhand measures she takes to try and wheedle her way back into the relationship (presents, sexy get-ups, "nobbling" your friends to put a word in for her).

It's wise to take precautions from the start of the relationship if you can. No matter how perfect she seems, never allow her to have her own key to your flat. Coming home to find your beloved gaff dripping wet and sprouting watercress from every surface is a sure-fire carbuncle on the face of even the happiest holiday memory. Of course, if you live with her, then you're in trouble. Try moving as much of your stuff out as you can while she's at work and then break the news when she comes home. The shock may prevent instant hysterics. Beyond that, do not return her phone calls – no matter how desperate or pleading – and give up all hope of retaining any of your possessions she still has in her clutches; chances are they've already either been been cut up or put into her shrine. If all else fails, buy a big rucksack, fill it with holiday detritus and tell her you're going travelling in Asia.

Daisy waited for a gust to launch her Alfred kite

DUMPING WORDS: DAVE McLAUGHLIN

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It was the last time Sheryll would forget Gazza's birthday

Is your lady a lunatic?

Sweetness and light or psycho bitch? Rate your missus with this quiz...

The gobbledegook self-help book *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* has sold over a million copies. However, it's a safe bet to say extremely few of them were bought by men. There are two simple reasons for this: a) the absurd title, because if ladies really *did* hail from Venus, then telescopes would surely have picked up signs of chintz on the planet's surface by now, and b) the fact that our gender just isn't interested in how a relationship "works".

Women, of course, are different. They can spend hours on the phones to their pals, analysing every little thing you've done or said in the past week, wondering whether it "means" anything. This constant questioning produces doubt, which slowly spirals into suspicion, and then finally into full-blown paranoia. Once this occurs, your missus may well become obsessive, accusing you of everything from "staring at other women" to "not loving me enough". Harsh words will be spoken, crockery will be hurled, and in extreme cases, you may one day wake to find her holding a carving knife in one hand and your penis in the other. Clearly then, it pays to be on your guard, and to spot the problem early doors. To find out where you stand, tick off how many of the following things your girlfriend does, then work out exactly how far down the road to lunacy she's gone...

1 When she comes round to your flat, does she go to the phone and dial 1471 to see who you were talking to before she arrived?

2 When you tell her you're going to the pub for a boys' night out, does she turn up a couple of hours later "by coincidence" just to see if you were telling the truth?

3 Have you ever caught her going through your trouser pockets?

4 Or counting the number of condoms left in the bathroom cabinet?

5 Does she call your ex-girlfriend "that bitch", even though she never met her?

6 Has she ever bought a cat, and insisted on calling it "our cat", even though you hate the flea-ridden, anti-social furball and wish you'd got a dog instead?

7 Has she ever complained that she's broke, only to come home with several shopping bags full of new clothes because "it made me feel better"?

8 Has she ever bought an item of clothing for over £100 and only worn it once?

9 Does she leave copies of wedding magazines on the coffee table?

10 Has she discussed what you'd call your children, even though you've only been going out a short while?

11 Does she own more than ten pairs of shoes?

12 Has she ever asked you if something she's wearing makes her look "fat"?

13 Does she get angry if you don't cuddle her after sex?

14 When her friends pop round, does she make you join in their absurd, gossipy conversation?

It pays to be on your guard and spot the problem early doors

15 And yet, when you say your friends are coming round, does she tut disapprovingly and moan about how they "lead you astray" and how they don't like her?

16 Does she celebrate the anniversary of your first meeting?

17 Has she insisted that you remove any sexy posters or calendars from your wall?

18 Does she burst into tears or get over-emotional during soppy films like *Sleepless In Seattle*?

19 Would she cry/throw a sulk if you forgot to send her a Valentine's card?

20 Has she read *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*, or any other self-help books?

Is she mental...?

0 to 7 Relax – for a woman, your girlfriend is surprisingly well balanced. She's happy just to see you for friendly, recreational sex, and she has no devious long-term plans to "change you". However, if you've only just started going out with her, do this test again in six months, because a very different creature may be sleeping under your duvet...

8 to 14 The claws are starting to dig in. You probably have a few fall-outs, and it takes ages before she's forgiving enough to let you put an arm round her shoulder. To keep her happy, and stop her developing into a full-blown loon, it's essential that you start sharpening up your act. Make a note of birthdays and anniversaries, pretend to laugh at her pal's jokes, ask her if she's lost weight, and never, ever mention your ex's name. If it gets worse, dump her before she gets too mental.

15 to 20 You're like a man who's stepped into a bear trap. But be tough, because although the slaps and screams and months of phonecalls will hurt for a bit, they're better than the alternative: staying with her. Do that, and you might as well have your balls mounted and put above her mantelpiece, because she's going to make the rest of your life an impotent misery.

Suzie was determined to unmask the phantom tramliner

QUIZ WORDS: GRUB SMITH. PA

Obsessed with Gary

Even that fat bloke who used to be in Take That has a stalker

A young boy's fascination with famous females is usually limited to sneaky but furious masturbation sessions in the school toilets, but teenage girls take their obsessions seriously. We delved into the mind of Christine Heldon, who, at the age of 17, still dedicates most of her free time and money to following the life of Gary Barlow.

How far does your devotion to the chubby crooner go?
I made a tape of myself singing along to his songs and sent that to him. I also sent him photos of myself and asked him if he'd go out with me, and I recorded my answerphone with him singing on it. I've got about 500 posters of him and every book and video there is about him. I also sleep on my Take That pillow case. And I wrote a book about his life story and I had myself as one of the characters...

What makes you spend so much effort on him?
I think he's really sexy. He seems to really care about his fans, and I love the way he moves.

The way he moves? You mean like an overweight, traumatized sloth?
That's so shallow. Gary hasn't been fat for years and he dances brilliantly. I've seen him in concert loads of times and he looks fantastic. He's done extra training to make himself a better dancer.

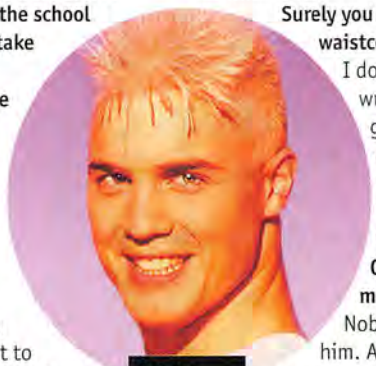
Does it upset you that no-one else gives a toss about him anymore?
That's just rubbish. It's the radio stations who won't play his records. It's the same as Cliff Richard – his fans know how good he is, but the radio people just won't give him a chance because of who he is.

Surely you can't approve of the gaudy waistcoats he wears!
I don't think there's anything wrong with them. He's got really good dress sense. He knows what suits him. I like it when he wears stuff in light colours because it really suits his blonde hair.

On a scale of one to ten, how much do you love him?
Nobody knows how much I love him. All my mates take the mick, but I think he's better than any bloke I could go out with. I think they're a bit jealous because I spend so much time on him.

Can you see ever yourself going out with him?
I don't know if he would ask me. But I think we'd get on well. I know the kind of girl he likes. He likes women with athletic figures, which I've got, and he quite likes blondes, which I am.

Trust us, he's never going to marry you...
God, I would love that so much. He would be such a lovely husband.



Brigitte Nielsen: chiselled

How to get a restraining order

When stalking becomes bunny boiling you'll need to turn to the protection of the plod...

If there weren't a few tears and tantrums when you told your girlfriend you were ditching her, you'd probably be a bit disappointed. But when she's bombarded you with the thousandth phone call at 3am and set up burning effigies of you in your front garden to indicate her displeasure, it stops being flattering and starts getting a lot more sinister.

Fortunately, when the ex goes doollally, the good old British justice system springs into action.

Under the Protection from Harassment Act 1997, if you can prove two or more instances of harassment, the court can impose a "restraining order". Your first step would be to contact the police, with some notes of when and how she's been stalking you. If they and the Crown Prosecution Service think there's enough evidence to prosecute, your girlfriend will be charged. You should of course be prepared to give evidence against her, and if convicted, it's likely she'll receive community service/probation or a fine. The court may also order an injunction preventing her from contacting you in any way. In extreme cases, some kind of "exclusion zone" may be set up around your home; the police will then have power of arrest if she breaches the restrictions.

If your ex-girlfriend manages to successfully avoid prosecution by the CPS but still continues to be a menace, you could always bring private proceedings against her. You'd be advised to employ a solicitor to handle any civil action. Your solicitor will make out a claim against the harasser and she will be brought to trial. In these civil cases, the court only has the power to grant an injunction and/or award damages.

With Bungle gone, Rod and Freddy ate Jane

Deranged fans

The female of the species isn't known for demonstrating a calm head in the face of adversity. Here *FHM* charts the level of hysteria which greeted some celebrity events.

7 — Oestrogen Factor

Jackie Chan
Event: In 1986, the walking fracture announced that he'd found himself a girlfriend.
Repercussions: When the news that Chan is getting his oats hits, two Hong Kong girls commit suicide.

6 — Oestrogen Factor

Take That
Event: The boy band announce their split in 1996.
Repercussions: Two Berlin teenagers attempt suicide. A helpline is set up by UK Samaritans, who take on extra staff to cope with demand.

5 — Oestrogen Factor

Kurt Cobain
Event: The King Of Grunge parts his hair permanently with a shotgun.
Repercussions: Thousands congregate at a Seattle candlelit vigil. A 16-year-old Turkish girl shoots herself as a "tribute".

4 — Oestrogen Factor

Richey Edwards
Event: The Manic Street Preachers guitarist goes missing, presumed dead.
Repercussions: Magazines are deluged with pictures of girls carving "4 Real" into their arms with knives – like he did.

3 — Oestrogen Factor

Barry Manilow
Event: The amusingly nasal crooner tours Britain.
Repercussions: 40 women – the self-titled "Maniloonies" – spend £100,000 getting front row seats for each of his 13 concerts.

2 — Oestrogen Factor

Steven Gately
Event: Chubby Boyzone dwarf announces he's been putting from the rough with fellow boy bander Eloy de Jong.
Repercussions: Teen fans stage a candlelit vigil outside Gately's home.

1 — Oestrogen Factor

George Michael
Event: The stubbled Greek is caught tugging in an LA toilet and admits he's gay.
Repercussions: International female indifference to the "revelation", which everyone had guessed anyway. **FHM**

GARY WORDS: ALLY OLIVER. RESTRAINING WORDS: ALEX KROHN. FAN WORDS: CHRIS BELL. RETNA, REDFERNS, REX, KOBAL

Busy day today.

Actually I just bought myself a newspaper...

I bought it to shade my eyes from the sun. No time to read. I just lie back and enjoy the relaxing warmth and constantly changing colours of the day. Treasuring the moment to become a happy memory through long winter nights back home. What harmony! What a land! What a life!

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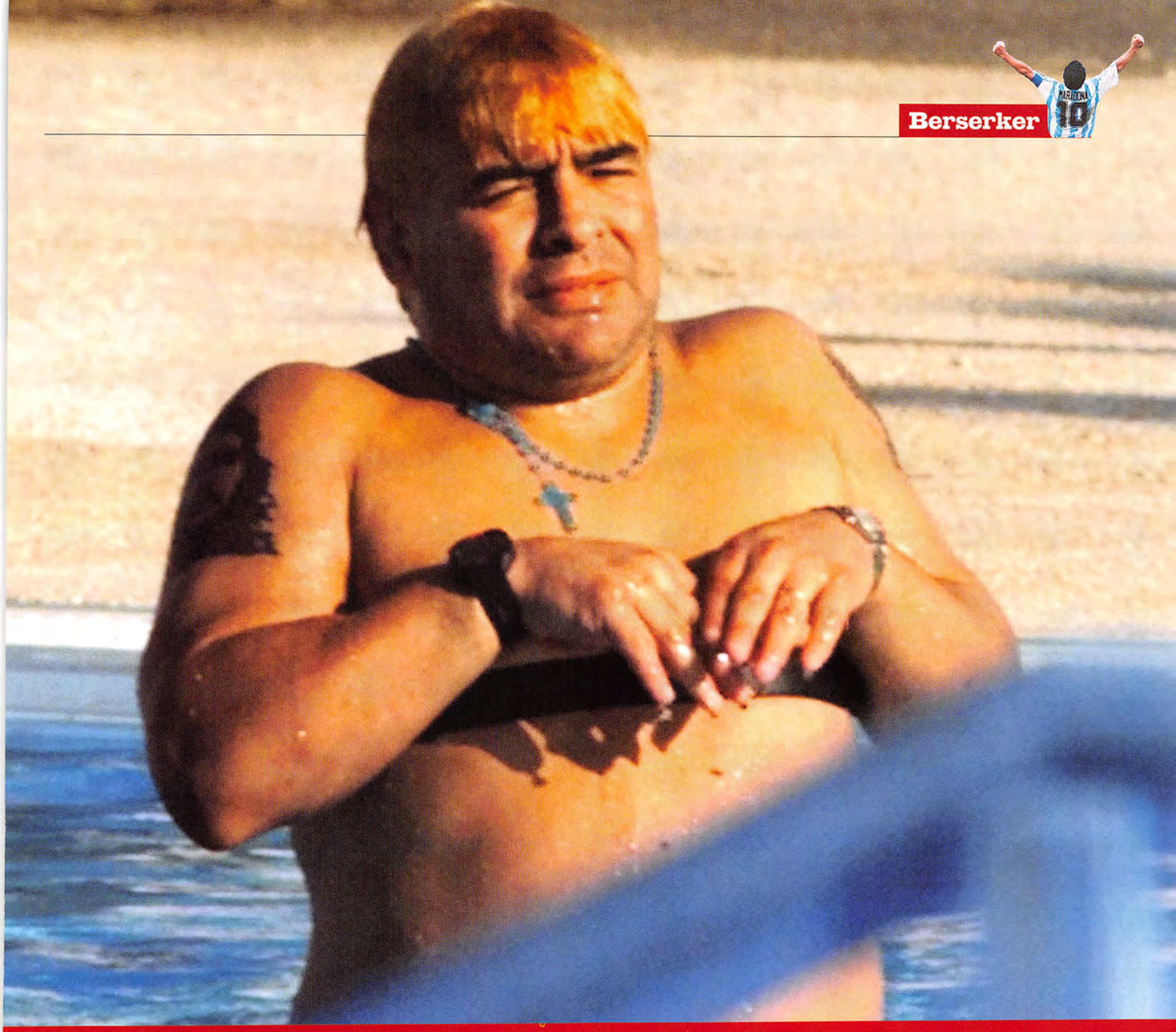

CHEATS NEVER PROSPER!

Fanatically worshipped by the Argies, reviled by the English – you can't help but snigger at the gargantuan fall of diminutive footballing genius Diego Maradona

WORDS: ANDY DARLING

POPPERFOTO, ICON: ACTION IMAGES

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Eddie Gypsy King swore he'd never stage dive again

he signed up to the youth wing of Argentinos Juniors, then a first division side. On arrival, however, the youth trainer noted that the kid was exceptionally small, almost dwarf-like. It was at this point that Maradona first became aware of the power of drugs. Off he was sent to Cacho Paladino, a man who claimed to be a doctor, and who specialized in building up the bodies of boxers using injections of vitamins and drugs. The trainer told the doc: "You fix him. This boy's going to grow up to be a star." The little fellow quickly beefed up, at a long term cost to his health that's incalculable. Throughout his professional career, Maradona was especially prone to injuries, far more so than other players, and it's clear that this was exacerbated by the attempt to force growing limbs to develop faster in those early years. He also came to rely on drug injections to soothe the pain: the insides of his knees regularly had to be scraped to get rid of the residue from hundreds of injections of the painkiller, cortisone.

But by the time he was 10, Diego was already a star in Argentina. He regularly appeared on TV,

The insides of Maradona's knees regularly had to be scraped to get rid of the residue from hundreds of injections of the painkiller cortisone

As the new millennium dawned, 39-year-old Diego Maradona, a full four stones heavier than during his playing days, lay in the intensive care ward of a hospital in Uruguay, plugged into a series of life support machines. Though his father-in-law claimed that he was merely suffering from high blood pressure – "he was overeating on holiday. He had lots of pork and drink" – the sad truth is that sixteen years of cocaine addiction had damaged his heart to the point where he could drop dead at any moment. Leaked medical reports state that substantial traces of cocaine were found in his bloodstream, and that, if he takes cocaine even just once more, it will probably kill him.

If the hospital had got hold of a 1990 video starring Italian hardcore porn actress and MP La Cicciolina, and slipped it into the VCR above the Argentine's bed, that would probably have finished him off too. In it, the blonde starlet's mission is to ensure that Italy's main rivals in the upcoming World Cup are rendered too exhausted to be competitive on the pitch. And so we see a bunch of football star lookalikes given a right royal rogering. All, that is, apart from a podgy, sweating Diego Maradona, who's too proud to join in, and instead brings himself off to a loud climax. The video may not have exactly been Oscar-winning material, but the image of a bloated, arrogant has-been, pleasing himself with no regard for the welfare of others, was actually a pretty neat summation of the player's eventual decline.

Incredibly, it was just a few years before that the five-foot-four-inch pocket battleship was nominated as the greatest footballer ever to play the game. He had put in some spectacular performances as part of Argentina's 1986 World Cup-winning team and he was the toast of southern Italy, where he played his club football for Napoli. Great players such as George Best and Paul Gascoigne are often cited as men who fell from grace, who wasted their talents and were misled by people masquerading as friends. But compared to Diego Maradona and his world of drugs, drink, prostitutes, guns, Mafia and madness, not to mention the squandering of several fortunes, their lives have been virtually problem-free.

Maradona grew up in the most impoverished suburb of Buenos Aires, an area so rough that the police saw no point in building a station. He was given a football by an uncle when he was just three years old, and the ball and his foot soon became inseparable – his juggling and shooting skills were instantly noted by family and friends. Even though he hadn't been walking for more than a couple of years – just before receiving the ball he'd tottered and fallen into the family cesspit and nearly drowned in their shit – the gift was clearly there, and the family realized he could be their ticket out of the squalor. Aged eight, juggling a ball one week, a bottle the next, an orange the week after. At half time during Argentinos Juniors games, he'd entertain the crowd with his skills. At 11, he had his first taste of the high life, when he and his team stayed in a hotel in Uruguay during a youth tournament. He ordered room service, rather than come down for breakfast, an early sign of what was to come. Argentinos Juniors, like the boy's family, were only too aware of what a commodity they had, and when bigger clubs came sniffing around, they were told he wasn't for sale. To keep him sweet, on his 15th birthday, the club bought an apartment for the whole Maradona family. Papa gave up his job crushing animal bones at the bonemeal factory, and dedicated himself to ensuring that his meal ticket was looked after.

In this he was helped by their next-door neighbours in the block. One of these neighbours, Coco Villafane, a taxi driver, sensing the money-earning potential of the squat teenager, made sure that his daughter Claudia be thrown together with him whenever possible. It worked: they later married and have two daughters. The entourage around Maradona grew further: he appointed Jorge Cyterszpiler, just two years his senior, to manage his financial affairs. Jorge's 22-year-old brother, a promising footballer, had died five years ▷

"I couldn't find any myrrh, so I brought you this snooker ball"

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When the iceberg hit, the fight for the lifeboats got nasty

from their new signing. The fans were expectant, certain that the new saviour would deliver great things. Instead, there followed a succession of injuries, which Maradona refused to have treated by the Spanish club's doctors. Instead he brought in an old friend, a Dr Oliva, who relied on cortisone injections and stirring up the little man's emotions. Maradona had instantly rubbed his bosses up the wrong way, and a pattern had emerged. Like many precocious sportsmen, he needed to be surrounded by yes-men, people who would never disagree with him on any matter, let alone go against him. He also wasn't too keen on the day-to-day drudgery of training, believing himself to be above such chores. His weight ballooned, and the Spanish press had a field day. Rumours of orgies with prostitutes abounded, a lay-off with viral hepatitis was interpreted as a dose of the clap, and there were whisperings of drug abuse. Maradona denied it all, even though this was the time when he became a frequent coke user – he even had the

At Barcelona, rumours of orgies with prostitutes abounded and a lay-off with viral hepatitis was interpreted as a dose of the clap

previously, having been kicked with extreme force in the testicles. Jorge studied economics at the University of Buenos Aires, and would be at Diego's side for the next ten years.

Having become the youngest player to turn out for a premier league side anywhere in the world – ten days shy of his 16th birthday – Maradona soon became the youngest international, and the Argentine media went into overdrive. In 1978, Argentina was hosting the World Cup finals. Amnesty International had urged a boycott of the tournament on account of the appalling human rights record under the military junta that ruled the country. And 17-year-old Maradona wasn't picked for the squad, because, according to manager Cesar Luis Menotti, he wasn't emotionally mature enough to deal with the possibility of losing. When told the news, the youngster threw a huge tantrum and threatened to quit the game. After the tournament, though, with his game still improving, Menotti could no longer ignore Maradona, and nor could the military regime. Successful football teams kept the people happy, they reasoned, and so they did their darndest to keep the wonder kid in the country, performing for his fellow Argentines each week. Offers were coming in from all over the world, so the government siphoned off taxes to Argentinos Juniors so they could pay the little genius more and keep him sweet. Hooligans in the pay of the government did their best to put off any potential buyers. Harry Haslam, then managing Sheffield United, was warned that if he signed Maradona, they'd have to smuggle him out of the country in a meticulously planned operation, which would add to the cost.

In 1982, after the collapse of the military regime following the Falklands War, Maradona was off, signing to Barcelona in a deal that would earn him $70,000 per month plus bonuses, not to mention the sponsorship deals that Cyterszpiler was setting up with the likes of Puma, McDonalds, and Coca-Cola. With him went his entourage, immediately dubbed "the Maradona Clan" by the Spanish media. And then the real problems began.

The pressure was now on for Diego and his cronies: they were no longer at home, they were in a city where footballing success meant everything, and where games against Real Madrid, historically supported by followers of fascist dictator Franco, constituted little short of war. Shortly before he left Argentina, there'd been a number of kiss 'n' tell stories in newspapers linking Maradona with various pneumatically endowed women, including "The Argentine Raquel Welch", a stripper then performing in a show called Circus Sexy. Maradona was becoming paranoid about the press, and it didn't help when the great Brazilian star Pele announced that, "My main doubt is whether he has the sufficient greatness as a person to justify being honoured by a worldwide audience."

Having spent a fortune on him, Barcelona demanded quick results

Glitter made friends at the beach

Desperate Ardilles signed Wicket the Ewok

audacity to make an anti-drugs ad for local TV. The blazered officials at the club demanded that he curtail his nocturnal activities, but he responded with unashamed truculence, saying: "I'll go out wherever I want. The life I lead outside the club shouldn't be of concern to anyone, as long as it doesn't damage my capacity as an athlete and a player."

Actually, the biggest threat to his career at this stage was a crunching, studs-up foul by Atletico Bilbao defender Goikoetscea, henceforth nicknamed the Butcher Of Bilbao. It put Maradona out of action for three months, and he never fully recovered, requiring a left boot several sizes larger than the right for the rest of his career. Without football he was a bomb with a short fuse, and during his time off he veered from coke hysteria to deep depression, staring blankly at the TV all day with the curtains closed. When he returned to the game, he suffered from terrible backache, which resulted in yet more cortisone injections. He was also in dire financial straits, brought about by his extravagant spending and the lack of big sponsor ▷

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Maradona (circled) takes pot shots of the assembled press

birth to his son. Though the affair had been known to many, Maradona denied responsibility. In southern Italy, where family is everything, this wasn't well received. Claudia gave birth to their first daughter shortly afterwards, and when mother and child were booed by the crowd at the Napoli stadium, Maradona threw another tantrum, threatening to quit the club. He also took to storming into newspaper offices and reading the riot act to any journalists he felt were being critical. In one case he stuffed a piece of newspaper down a writer's throat. The fans were tiring of his injuries and outbursts, and they weren't too happy about the kitsch extravagance of his and Claudia's wedding ceremony, for which the couple jetted back to Buenos Aires. Her dress cost $30,000, he punched a cameraman on the way to the service, and Italian papers reported that bowls full of cocaine were provided on tables at the reception, along with prostitutes.

By now, his cocaine abuse was resulting in

The money that Napoli amassed to sign Maradona was partly raised by the Mafia, and as soon as he arrived, the mob hooked up with him

money coming in, a result of his frequent injuries and the constant threat of scandal in the press. What they needed, reasoned Cyterszpiler, was a hefty signing-on fee via a transfer to another club. The best way to do this was to upset the Barcelona directors so much that they had no choice but to let him go. And so, in an interview with a newspaper, Maradona described the proud Catalan people who paid his wages, as "sons of bitches". The final straw came in another game against Atletico Bilbao. Beforehand, Maradona goaded the opposition manager, Señor Clemente, saying: "He hasn't got the balls to look me in the eye and call me stupid." Clemente responded: "Maradona is both stupid and castrated. It's a shame that a player like him who earns so much money has no human qualities whatsoever." After the game, Maradona punched a Bilbao player to the ground, before being set upon once again by his old pal Goikoetscea. Finally, the Barcelona board realised that Maradona had to go.

With a handsome signing-on fee of $6.4 million, in 1984 he moved to Napoli, a struggling southern Italy side. The following four years witnessed Maradona at his peak on the pitch. His ability to outwit and out-dribble whole teams week in, week out resulted in Napoli winning their first ever Italian league championship, and Argentina the 1986 World Cup. En route, Argentina defeated England, with Maradona scoring twice, firstly with the notorious "Hand Of God" goal, when he fisted the ball over Peter Shilton, and then with perhaps the greatest individual goal ever seen, when he left half the England team for dead.

However, even during these glory days, there were demons lurking in the shadows. Throughout his Napoli period, the Argentine and his unquestioning entourage were heavily involved with the Camorra, the local Mafia, whose influence infiltrated virtually every aspect of Neapolitan life. The money that Napoli amassed to sign Maradona was partly raised by the Camorra, and as soon as he arrived, the mob made sure that they hooked up with him. They demanded that all merchandise sold locally be organised by them, an offer Cyterszpiler couldn't refuse. They provided Maradona with cocaine and prostitutes, while in return, just like the military junta back home, they basked in his reflected glory. While the Camorra ran the city, Maradona could carry on snorting and whoring with impunity. But when, finally, in 1990, the authorities made a concerted attempt to bring the criminals to justice, it was claimed by members that the mob offered to kill anyone who upset the star player.

Long before then, though, he'd continued the habit of blotting his copybook with local fans. Just when he should have been revelling in the glory of the World Cup victory and success for Napoli, a young woman called Cristiana Sinagra announced that she'd given

At the final whistle Maradona was winched to safety

acts of true lunacy. A couple of months before the 1990 World Cup tournament began, he took five pot shots with an air rifle at journalists outside the gates of his mansion. "If you don't get out of here, we will start shooting real bullets!" he yelled, as members of his clan made wanker signs at the press-men. "You are a bunch of shitheads!" With the World Cup imminent, though, and national glory paramount, President Carlos Menem of Argentina had a quiet word with the journalists and investigating magistrate, and the fuss died down.

But at the tournament itself in Italy, the madness continued. As the national anthems were played before one game, he could be seen mouthing the words "sons of bitches". He also claimed that the draw for matches had been fixed by the authorities. This coincided with the drive against organized crime in Naples, and as the fear lifted and people dared to speak out about the Camorra, his name was continually linked with drug-taking and dealing, and with prostitution. A Brazilian prostitute called Susy announced that he'd paid her $800 for sex without condoms. "He particularly liked sucking ▷

EMPICS SPORTS PHOTO AGENCY, STEVE GOLDBERG/ALLSPORT, ASSOCIATED PRESS

my big toe," she said. Of two prostitutes he spent a night with in 1991, Maradona admitted: "I didn't find the girls attractive or efficient." But that didn't put him off hiring 30 call girls for $300 each a couple of years later. But before any of the cases came to court, he fled, having tested positive for cocaine twice. Four weeks later, back in Argentina, he was woken in a friend's house by the police. Next to him was a bag containing several grams of coke. A period of therapy followed, but he ended up thinking that the shrinks were out to turn him into a vegetable.

Unsurprisingly, Diego Maradona's football career was on the point of collapse. Somehow, the Spanish club Seville was persuaded to buy him, but the now tubby, permanently paranoid player only turned out 26 times for them. He left after a violent dressing room fight with the team manager, who substituted him midway through a game. "We beat the shit out of each other" Maradona later announced. The last throw of the dice came in the 1994 World Cup finals in the USA. A slimmer, trimmer Maradona, captaining his country, led them to a 4-0 victory over Greece. After scoring, he violently rushed up to a TV camera and roared. Maradona was back. But a few days later, he was gone again, having failed another drugs test. His personal physician, a former bodybuilder who'd been embroiled in the

Trevor sacrificed his life on the ball grenade

world of anabolic steroids, had injected him with a five-drug cocktail, comprised mainly of stimulants – hence the animated response to scoring. Maradona, now beyond reasoning, claimed that the CIA had somehow got the drugs into him as part of a plot masterminded by the football authority FIFA. His punishment was a 15-month ban from playing the game – so he decided to have a crack at management in Argentina. It was a disaster. The first club he helmed was relegated, and in the final game he screamed at the referee, "You're a thief and a liar, a gutless coward without balls." At his next club, he disappeared on a four-day drink and drug binge.

The pattern was repeated on several occasions. In 1997, he trained with disgraced sprinter Ben Johnson, promising that he'd soon be back to his best. But the Argentine fans, who will never fully turn their backs on him, and for whom he has always been a new Evita Peron, still pray for his rehabilitation. And yet he ruins it every time. The man who became his family's breadwinner in his teens, who spent his life being used by governments, shady advisers, greedy future fathers-in-law, the mafia and football club chairmen, simply can't raise his game anymore. On a recent phone-in show in Argentina, with every call concerning the seriously ill icon, the host announced: "He represents the glory and tragedy of the nation. One moment he can be covered in glory, the next he is in despair. He is genuine Argentine." To add further to the pressures that have all but killed him, a bunch of callers gleefully announced that once the little man is better, they want him to return to one of his former clubs, Boca Juniors, as player/coach. "He will save us!" they whooped, failing to realize that Diego Maradona has a far harder task on his hands: saving himself.

Home-grown football mentalists

It's not only foreign fancy Dans who have a tendency to lose the plot. Plenty of British footballers have a screw loose, too...

John Burridge
Now 47, John "Budgie" Burridge played in goal for over 20 clubs, ending his career two years ago as player/manager of Blyth Spartans. Unlike most footballers, his problem wasn't missing training, it was actually over-doing it. Aston Villa manager Ron Saunders believed he was obsessive, and banned him from the ground in the afternoons, so Budgie went to the local woods to continue his exercises. He also wore his goalie gloves while watching *Match Of The Day*, and slept with a football. When the other players were getting drunk on the bus back from matches, his treat would be a Mars Bar and three bags of crisps. His antics on the pitch also kept the crowds enthralled. He would stand on his head and do mid-air somersaults while play was going on at the other end. And in 1998 he was charged with dealing dodgy designer clothing to his fellow players at Blyth, and was fined heavily.

David slew Goliath with his favourite marble

Robin Friday
A professional for less than four years with Reading and then Cardiff (1973-7), Friday was out of the George Best/Stan Bowles mould – but tragically his temperament was even more extreme. One week he would make the legendary defender Bobby Moore look like a donkey, the next he would be sent off for chinning Mark Lawrenson, now a TV pundit. After being given his marching orders against Mansfield, he walked straight into the Mansfield dressing room and did a shit in their communal bath. Banned from many pubs in the Reading area, he left the club when his drug-taking – mainly speed and dope – became excessive. He arrived in Cardiff by train, with only a platform ticket, and was arrested by Transport Police. After just 25 games with Cardiff, he disappeared, and was found dead, the result of alcohol and drug abuse in 1990, aged 38.

Mickey Thomas
Cheeky-faced Thomas, who played for Man United, Everton, Chelsea, later admitted getting drunk before big games to bolster his confidence. 1992 was a bad year for him. Senior pro at Wrexham, he was caught and charged with passing forged 10 and 20 pound notes to YTS players. The following year's case, which began with him cheerily asking reporters if they had change for a tenner, ended with him being sent down for 18 months. Meanwhile, he was attacked by the husband of a woman he was having an affair with, and stabbed in the buttocks with a screwdriver. "They were trying to break my legs," he says. "I was on my side, so they pulled me over by my hair and banged the fuck out of me."

Peter Storey
Arsenal's hard man of the early Seventies is also no stranger to the courtroom. In 1977 he was fined for headbutting a lollipop man, and two years later was fined £700 and given a six-month suspended jail sentence for running The Calypso Massage Parlour in Leyton High Road, London. The following year, he was put inside for three years, for financing a plot to counterfeit gold coins, and almost as soon as he was released he was back in the slammer, this time for car theft. In 1990, he spent another month behind bars after being caught smuggling 20 porn tapes into the country, inside the spare wheel of his jeep. And the following year, a 28-day suspended sentence was awarded, after he swore at a passing traffic warden. **FHM**

ACTION IMAGES, MIRROR SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

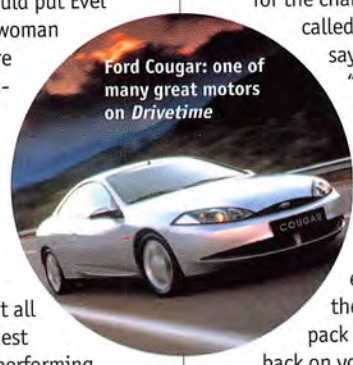
Sarah Donohue

BORN TO THRILL

All-action girl Sarah Donohue comes clean about what turns her on to *Men & Motors*.

LOOKING AT SARAH DONOHUE MODELLING in a studio – and let's face it, who wouldn't, given the chance – it's hard to believe that the 28-year-old powerboat racer, stunt woman and *Men & Motors* presenter boasts a list of injuries that would put Evel Knievel to shame. As the only woman racing in the European two-litre off-shore powerboat championship last September, she was involved in a horrific accident that left her with a smashed jaw, a broken and dislocated shoulder, and a snapped wrist. She was even clinically dead for four minutes.

But life in the fast lane isn't all hurt, hurt, hurt. Sarah's proudest moment so far, she says, was performing the powerboat stunts for the latest Bond movie, *The World Is Not Enough* - although she did break two ribs during filming. "I'm up for anything dangerous, me – skydiving, motor racing, snow boarding, you name it," she reveals breathlessly. "So I guess I'm the ideal person to present on *Men & Motors*!" No doubt Sarah's 34DD-24-35 figure doesn't exactly harm her career with the channel either, considering its programmes are a high-energy mix of fast cars and even faster women. Sarah's combination of *Baywatch* body and man-sized *cojones* would seem to offer viewers the best of both worlds.



Ford Cougar: one of many great motors on *Drivetime*

Unfortunately for her male fans, though, Sarah's work for *Men & Motors* hasn't just given her wounds time to heal – it's also brought her a little *après*-ski action with a bloke called Stéphane. "I went to Andorra to present a show for the channel about snowboarding called Performance Power," says the well-toned blonde. "I thought one of the snowboarding instructors was dead sexy, and the next thing I knew, I was seeing Stéphane!"

There's good news for extreme sports fans though, especially those who enjoy them most while nursing a six-pack on the sofa. Sarah will be back on your screens with *Men & Motors* soon – although not as soon as she would like because of her injuries. "Still" says Sarah, "there's plenty of other hot babes and extreme action on *Men & Motors* to enjoy until I return." Just be sure not to hurt yourself in the rush for the remote.

men & motors

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■ *2 Wheels*: Jeff Stone, Paul Johnston and Wayne Kershaw get the inside story on the high-octane world of biking. *(11pm, Sundays)*

■ *Motormania!*: In-depth studies of classic cars, interviews and all the gossip from the auto industry – that's Motormania! *(10.30pm*, Thursdays)*

■ *Ferrari: The Myth of the Prancing Horse*: Get under the paintwork of the king of cars with this fascinating history. *(9.30pm*, Thursdays)*

■ *Drivetime:* No engine is left untuned in this collection of programmes on every aspect of motoring. *(1am, Thursdays)*

FASTER WOMEN...

■ *4Play Away:* Ever wondered what four hot glamour girls would get up to in Amsterdam? Watch this and find out! *(00.30am, Saturdays)*

■ *The G Spot:* Cuddle up to the lovely Dillon (and Terry Christian) on the entertainment show with added sauce *(11.30pm, Fridays)*

■ *Fully X-Posed:* Find out the pluses and pitfalls of life in front of a lens as glamour industry insiders bare their souls to Danni Hunt. *(11.30pm, Tuesdays)*

■ *Girls On Film:* A sizzling collection of boobs 'n' buns programmes. *(1.30am, Saturdays)*

■ *Undressed With Guest:* Jo Guest, the girl who put the 'rox' back in peroxide, peels the undergarments from the glamour industry. *(10.40pm, Tuesdays)*

** Digital hours: 9pm-2am. Analogue hours: 11pm-2am.*

For more information about *Men & Motors* programming, check out the website at www.gmenmotors.co.uk or read your favourite TV guide for full listings.

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OUR SURVEY SAID– HOT!

ALL RISE FOR SITCOM PIXIE AMANDA HOLDEN – TV BABE, SEVENTIES SEXPOT AND MRS LES DENNIS!

INTERVIEW: CHRIS BELL PHOTOGRAPHY: GRANT SAINSBURY

Mullet haircuts, power cuts and the Bay City Rollers: the Seventies were truly the armpit of all decades. Not even Pacers, the green-and-white chewy mint phenomenon, could make an evening sitting on a paisley beanbag watching the highly racist "comedy" *Mind Your Language* tolerable. Worse still was the fashion – grotesque kipper ties, tartan stripes and ankle-mangling platforms. It's something Amanda Holden, the star of ITV's Seventies sitcom *The Grimleys*, knows all too well. As naïve yet luscious young teacher Geraldine Titley, she's endured a wardrobe of lurid lurex, garish green eye-shadow and puffy-sleeved peasant smocks.

"The worst is a foul pair of orange flares, that I had hoped we'd burnt after the last series," grimaces the 28-year-old. "They're loose from the knee down, but incredibly tight around the crotch – so not only extremely uncomfortable, but with huge nylon static problems, too." Not that her appearance has stopped her career's dramatic ascendancy: after the present series of *The Grimleys* closes, there's another series of *Kiss Me Kate* on the way. Amanda is also set to star in the BBC comedy *Happy Birthday Shakespeare* alongside Neil Morrisey, a role which will see her do her first nude scene. Not bad for the Winchester lass who, in 1996, became Mrs Les Dennis... ▷

STYLING: EMMA CARLSEN. MAKE-UP: CAROLINE BARNES AT JOY GOODMAN USING CLINIQUE. HAIR: PAUL BROWN USING MICHAELJOHN PRODUCTS. BURGUNDY BRA AND BRIEFS BY JANET REGER (0171-235 2902). BOOTS AMANDA'S OWN

Amanda Holden,
London, January 2000

'I STILL THINK GEORGE LUCAS WILL SPOT ME ONE DAY AND SAY, 'MY GOD! WHO'S THAT GIRL?''

As wife of the *Family Fortunes* host, are you condemned to a life of people mimicking the quiz's raspberry-like buzzer at you in Sainsbury's?
That noise follows us around everywhere – and it's such a negative sound! I'd rather people went ping! like for a correct answer. There's now a *Family Fortunes* board game with a ner-ner sound maker. Les has taken to carrying it around with him in his pocket.

Actually, we've polled 100 people to find the word they most associate with Les. Can you guess the top answer? It starts with a "W".
Cheek! That he's top – that's the top answer. I'm not of the opinion that he's sad. He's a student icon now, you know.

Does Les ever come home in utter disbelief at the answers people on the show come out with?
He can't believe some of the answers, but he knows that's what makes a good show. Our personal favourite? He asked a bloke to name a bird with a long neck. The reply was, "Naomi Campbell." Genius.

We heard when you were little, you would kiss the TV when Showaddywaddy came on *Top Of The Pops*. Who would you kiss now?
Jack Nicholson – like a shot. He may be a very old man, but he's naughty. There's a twinkle in his eye – you can see he's been there, seen it, done it. I love Noddy Holder (co-star in *The Grimleys* and Slade frontman) for much the same reasons. He's so cool about every aspect of life. He might not be

WHITE AND RED DRESS BY AMANDA WAKELEY (0171-471 8807)

quite so good in *The Shining*, mind: (in thick Brummie accent) "Noddy's coming! Noddy's here!"

You also did the wannabe actresses thing and appeared as a contestant on *Blind Date*.

I still think George Lucas will spot me one day and say, "My God! Who's that girl?" But it didn't happen after *Blind Date*. I was 19, and went on as contestant number two wearing a velvet skin-tight catsuit. But you know there's always one stupid bugger? That was me. The bloke picking said he was a bit tubby, so I said I'd shake his love handles until they fell off. Embarrassingly, I did all the shaking actions too – it was bizarre. I think it put him off.

So answer this *Blind Date*-style question: "I'm a carpenter, and enjoy working with cedar, birch and oak. What kind of wood would you give me?"

Christ, that's terrible. Probably, "I'd pine for you, you plank." That's the kind of shit you get on that programme.

In your role in *Kiss Me Kate*, there was an entire storyline that revolved around your erect nipples.

Ha ha! They're a bit of a running joke, my nips: they pop out for no reason at all. They've got their own agent, you know and upstage me in every production I'm in. But that day on *Kiss Me Kate*, it was so warm that they completely went to sleep. The producer brought round a cup of olives to put down my top, but not knowing this, I ate them. As a consequence, my nipples had to be computer-generated. But even then they were wrong. One was higher than the other. ▷

BLACK BASQUE AND BRIEFS BY BRADLEYS (0171-235 2902)

We heard you didn't have that problem as a 17-year-old growing up in Bournemouth...
If you're referring to me riding through the town nude on the back of a motorbike, you're absolutely right. I did it with my boyfriend, for a bet – I was like a modern day Lady Godiva. And it was a mild summer's day, but my nips certainly didn't need any encouragement, I can tell you. Would I do it again? Of course – but I'd want paying this time.

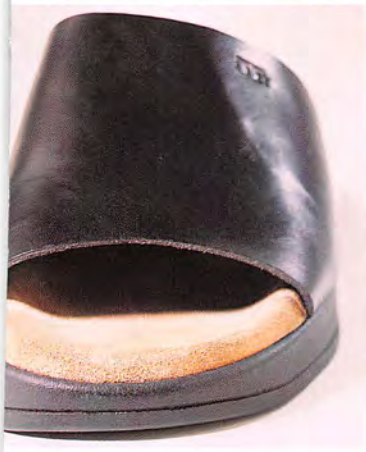
Finally, in this issue we have a feature on obsessive girlfriends. Have you ever religiously pursued someone yourself?
I'm proud to say I've never been the *Single White Female* type. Nor has anyone ever stalked me. I do, however, believe in revenge. Perhaps I shouldn't be telling you this, but my childhood sweetheart – who I was madly in love with for five years – had an affair with my best friend. I was absolutely devastated, but in that girlie way I stayed with him and he dumped her. But I knew she was claiming housing benefit and working at the same time. So I dobbed her in.

Sneaky...
Oh no – I didn't stop there. I found out she was having an affair with someone else's boyfriend, so I wrote to this other girl, who worked in a local hat shop. I told her all about it. There's a lesson to be learned here – don't mess with me. **FHM**

The Grimleys is on Sundays at 10pm on ITV.

'ON *BLIND DATE* THERE'S ALWAYS ONE STUPID BUGGER. THAT WAS ME'

SILVER GREY HOTPANTS AND BRA BY HUTT (0171-631 3157)



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MORONS AT WAR!

Cowards, doofuses and monumental cock-ups – *FHM* learns the true meaning of war

The question, "What did you do in the war, grandad?" is usually an invitation for the gummy pensioner in your family to get his medals out, or to demonstrate his "brilliant tactics at Tobruk" by pushing pepper-pots around the dinner table. An hour later, if you're still awake, he'll be banging on about how "young people today" could do with a stint of National Service, and how the forces "build character" or "turn men into heroes".

Luckily, of course, this is utter bullshit. The *real* reason why people become squaddies is because they failed all their exams and couldn't get a proper, cushy, high-paid job in an office. As a result, the wars they fight are shoddy and disorganised affairs. From friendly fire to faulty maps, from cowardice to bad planning, our so-called military geniuses blunder their way from one combat zone to another. And we're not just talking about the Charge of the Light Brigade – oh no, you only have to look at the recent news reports from Bosnia, which showed that our brave boys had barely a working spud gun between them, to realise that they will *never* learn.

Accordingly, *FHM* has decided to honour the armed forces of the world for their one genuine talent – the ability to behave with the mental alertness of a watermelon. Our gongs are only getting pinned on the soldiers who, from privates to Field Marshals, showed a total disregard for common sense.

Oh, and the Italians, of course...

WORDS: GRUB SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHY: PATRICK LLEWELYN-DAVIES

ICON: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

The angry widowers spied Shipman at the village fête

Radar man 'too casual'

Half an hour before the devastating attack on Pearl Harbour in December 1941, the American radar station on Oahu Island reported a large amount of blips on its screen. However, the duty officer at the time, Lt Kermit Tyler, decided that no action was necessary. His exact words were: "Well, I wouldn't worry about it."

Africans fight off biscuits

In 1824, British troops were under attack near the West African village of Bonsaso, facing 10,000 Asante warriors. Not unduly worried, as they had all the rifles, they formed a square and began to slaughter the spear-wielding natives. However, things went badly wrong when they broke open the reserve ammunition boxes to reload. Due to a clerical error, they found the boxes filled with biscuits. The men were massacred and their leader, General Charles McCarthy, ended up with his skull being used as a drinking cup by the Asante chief.

When bats attack

The Yanks had some schemes that were just as lame-brained, and none more so than the "incendiary bats" during World War II. Squads were sent to collect thousands of the small, furry animals. The idea was that they'd be kept cold and made to hibernate. Then they would have tiny firebombs attached to their legs and be dropped over Japan. As they fell, they would warm up and fly off into the eaves of buildings, setting them ablaze more accurately than any bomb. Sadly for the boffins, the bats proved impossible to train, and before the operation was abandoned they had succeeded in burning down a $2million US army aircraft hangar and a general's car.

When troops opened the ammo boxes they found biscuits inside

Redskins make double error

The lads at the Alamo may have taken a famous beating in 1836, but by far the most unfortunate victims of the Texan-Mexican conflict were the Karankawa Indians. When this small tribe were met by soldiers near the Lavaca River, they greeted them by saying, "Long live America!" Sadly, the soldiers were Mexicans, who butchered half of them before they could escape. The stragglers fled downriver where they met another heavily armed regiment. Playing safe, they cried, "Viva Mexico!" and were promptly massacred by what turned out to be a relief column of American infantry.

The slimmers made do with phantom marshmallows

Lock-out bloomer by French

During the early part of World War II, France set great store in the Maginot Line, a series of "impregnable" concrete bunkers on the border with Germany. Unfortunately, when the garlic-munchers were driven back to these defences by the advancing Krauts, their leader, General Martin, discovered that he'd lost the key (only one of which had been made, for reasons of "secrecy and security"). Engineers were forced to dynamite the doors, just in time for everyone to surrender to the approaching Panzers.

Balloons fail to avenge Hiroshima

Although they're famous for making gadgets these days, the Japs of World War II weren't quite so brilliant. Operation Fu-Go, their attempt to bomb mainland USA, centred around 9,000 explosive rice-paper balloons. Filled with hydrogen, they were floated out over the Pacific to wreak havoc, but only one actually caused any damage. Even then, it did little to stop the US war effort – its victims were a vicar's wife and five kids on a Sunday School picnic in Oregon.

Old duffers scorn aircraft

The top brass at the War Office lived up to their reputation for senility at the outbreak of World War I, when they declared that planes were

"entirely without military value". Their main objections were that "no pilot would be able to see anything at 30mph because the windspeed would blind him", and that long missions "would be impossible because an aeroplane would need too heavy a supply of coal" to power it.

Top brass too polite for war

One of the main problems with generals is that they tend to be toffs, more interested in concepts like "fair play" and "tiffin" than the serious business of war. A neat example is Sir Kingsley Wood who was Secretary For The RAF at the start of World War II. When asked to organise a bombing raid on the Black Forest in Bavaria, he objected with the words, "Are you aware it is private property?"

Drunken wire confusion

During the Jameson raid, a precursor to the turn of the 20th Century Boer War, secrecy was dependent on cutting the enemy's lines of communication. Regrettably, the soldiers in charge of this vital operation got drunk on looted wine and, instead of snipping the telegraph cable, cut a fence wire by mistake. As a result, the raid was an unmitigated disaster.

Map blunder leads to defeat

The greatest commander of the 18th Century is generally considered to be Frederick The Great, ruler of the Prussians. However, not all his subordinates were so intellectually gifted. One general, scouting for a possible battleground, ordered a map to be made. When asked whether he required a detailed map or just a general one, he replied, "What a question to ask! I'm a general, I must have a general map." He lost the battle.

The 45th lead the troops into battle with a bass solo

The Zulus believed the wardrobe was 'a kind of tree' and left it alone

Trees deter Prussians

Another of Frederick's commanders, Field Marshall Seydlitz, was hampered by poor eyesight as well as stupidity. Having trapped a French cavalry force at Rossbach, he refused to pursue them as he mistook a nearby crop of young fir trees for a battalion of French infantry marching to the rescue. No-one on his staff was brave enough to point out the error.

Zulus baffled by furniture

The bloody struggle at Rourke's Drift in 1879 is familiar to anyone who has watched *Zulu*. But the movie ignores one prime example of British ingenuity. As the soldiers fled a hospital, one Private Waters decided to take his chances by hiding in a wardrobe. Although surrounded by assegai-wielding natives for the next few hours, he remained undetected because the Zulus, having never seen a wardrobe before, assumed it was "some kind of tree" and left it alone.

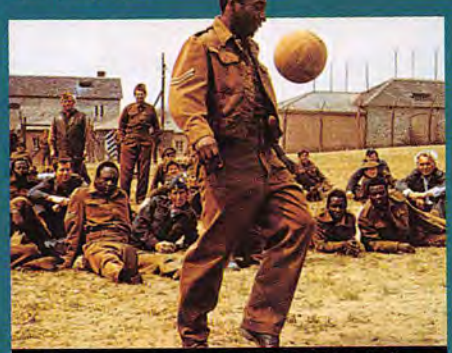
Lunatic takes command

Sir William Erskine was one of the British commanders in the Peninsular War of 1808-14, much to the annoyance of the Duke of Wellington, who complained to the military secretary in London that Erskine was insane. The secretary agreed: "I must say he looked a little mad as he embarked." Erskine had been sent to a lunatic asylum twice, and was so short-sighted that he had to be pointed in the direction of the enemy. When instructed by Wellington to guard the bridge of Barba de Puerca, Erskine put the order in his pocket and forgot about it, allowing the French to escape. He later died by jumping out of a fourth floor window in Lisbon. As he lay dying, he asked, "Why on earth did I do that?" Other lunatics who have reached high rank include Wellington's Prussian ally, Blucher, who believed he was pregnant with an elephant, and the Confederate General Richard S Ewell, who occasionally believed himself to be a bird pecking at his food using his nose. ▷

The league table of war

Your handy ready-reckoner for the next time Johnny Foreigner makes warlike advances...

Whatever the fat cats in Brussels may say about brotherly love, we all know that Europeans hate each other and it's only a matter of time until another major war kicks off. When this does occur, simply consult our "form guide" to work out who Britain should be making pals with and who we should be sizing up for a severe thrashing. (Points have been awarded for all European conflicts since 1768, with any stalemates counting as a draw). Well it looks like the Spanish are on their own again, anyway...

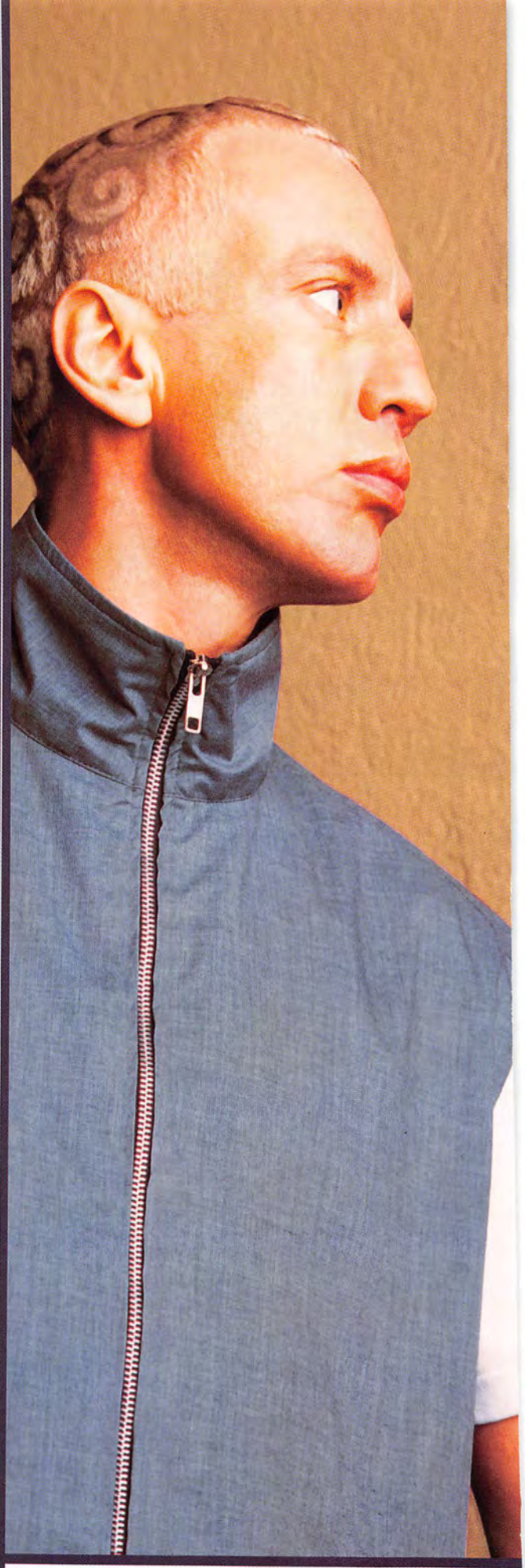


POWs always welcomed the daily Red Cross Malteser

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Victory %
Great Britain	6	6	0	0	100%
Holland	5	4	0	1	80%
France	17	12	0	5	71%
Russia	17	11	2	4	65%
Germany	13	8	0	5	62%
Greece	6	3	2	1	50%
Poland	6	3	0	3	50%
Denmark	2	1	0	1	50%
Austria/Hungary	15	6	0	9	40%
Italy	6	2	1	3	33%
Turkey	14	4	5	5	29%
Spain	4	0	0	4	0%

RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE, HULTON DEUTSCH/CORBIS, MOVIESTORE

N D U K
NICHOLAS DEAKINS



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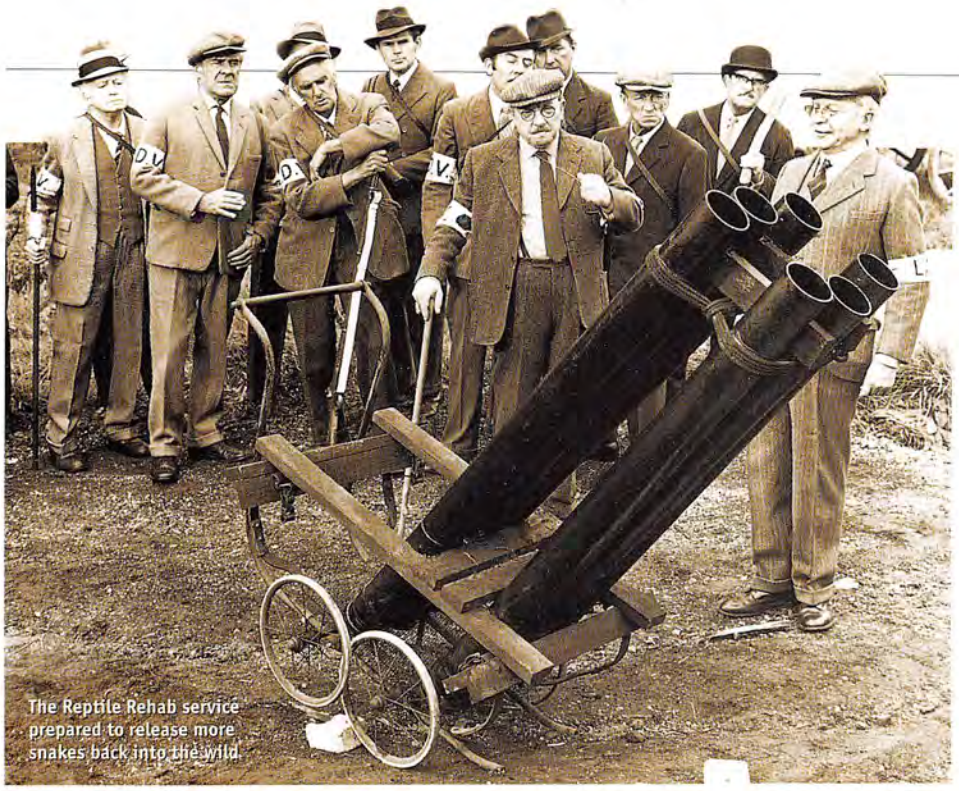


The Reptile Rehab service prepared to release more snakes back into the wild

The squaddie decided to do pull-ups on the radar of the £20m Harrier jet

Jester brings bad tidings

Just before the battle of Crecy in 1346, an English fleet sank 166 French ships in the Flemish harbour of Sluys. The disaster was so terrible that no-one dared tell the French King, Philip VI. This reticence even delayed the building of a new navy. Eventually the King's jester was made to deliver the message. Typically, he tried to do it with a "joke", asking his master, "Why are the English so cowardly?" When the baffled monarch said he didn't know, the capering fool replied, "Because they didn't jump overboard like our brave Frenchmen."

Serfs dazzled by flight

Mother Russia always had one great advantage in wartime – a limitless supply of peasants to serve on the front line. Sadly, this sometimes backfired, mainly because said yokels were slightly thicker than pigshit. In World War I, for example, they got into the habit of chopping down telegraph poles (vital for communication) to use as firewood, and shot down whole squadrons of their own planes, because they believed "such clever things as planes must have been made by the Germans".

Lions led by donkeys

"You will be able to wander across no-man's land with a walking stick. You will not even need rifles." These inspiring words from a brigadier general are typical of the over-confidence shown at the start of the Battle Of The Somme in the summer of 1916. In fact, the battle was a disaster from start to finish. To begin with, our three-day artillery bombardment failed to kill any Germans, who were deep in their underground bunkers. Also, it stopped 10 minutes before the advance, giving them ample time to set up their machine guns – as well as a "hint" that something was up. Sure enough, 120,000 British soldiers walked towards them (they were not allowed to run), providing an unmissable target. Within a few hours, there were 57,470 casualties, with the 10th West Yorks being annihilated in less than a minute and the 1st Hampshires so thoroughly shot up that there was no-one left at the end of the day to describe what had happened. But never mind: General "Butcher" Haig, the supreme commander, was around to inform pressmen that it had been, "A marvellous advance... and the men are in splendid spirits".

Greek ruins radar

In the mid-Eighties, when it was still fashionable to sell weapons to the war-torn Middle East, Britain shipped six Harrier jump jets to Syria. During delivery, these were landed in an airfield in Cyprus for the night, where they were to be guarded by a crack squad of local Greek soldiers. Sadly, this turned out to mean a couple of bored Cypriot squaddies, one of whom decided to impress his mate by doing "pull-ups" on the nose-cone radar of one the £20 million planes. However, the radar spike proved to be less sturdy than he'd imagined, and it immediately bent down at 90 degrees, resisting all attempts to straighten it again. Panicking at the damage he'd caused, the unnamed private then adopted a course of action worthy of the Victoria Cross for idiocy. He walked down the line of six jets, bending the radar on each one. He claimed, at his subsequent court martial, that he had "hoped nobody would notice the difference if they all looked like that". ▷

Even Dobbin teased "No Hat" Johnson

KOBAL, CORBIS, HULTON GETTY

Ciao, babies!

Few nations are worse at war than Italy...

Although they made a promising start with the Roman Empire, the Italians have since earned themselves a reputation for being the most cowardly and inept soldiers on earth. Here are just a few reasons why...

Caporetto 1917

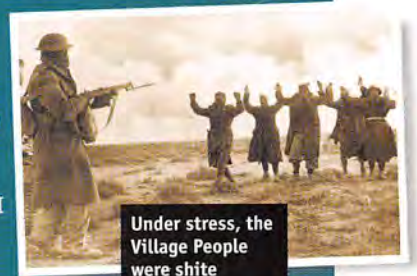
In WWI, when Erwin Rommel was just a captain, he took part in the Austrian invasion of Italy. By the end of the two-week campaign, his platoon alone had captured 150 officers, 9,000 men and 150 guns. "Wherever I went, the Italians gave in at once," he recalled. "Waving white flags, embracing me and shouting, 'Eviva Germania!' even though they outnumbered us. One officer who hesitated to surrender was shot down by his own men."

Spain, 1937

A fascist brigade sent to assist Franco win his civil war was largely made up of Sicilian labourers. They had signed up believing they were going to Tunisia to take part as extras in a film called *Scipio in Africa*. When they discovered that they were actually supposed to fight, they immediately surrendered.

Libya 1941

Under General "Electric Whiskers" Berganzoli, an Italian force of 45,000 men soon proved their worth against the Allies. After just four hours of a battle against 8,000 Australians, they ran up the white flag and cried for "mama". As foreign secretary, Anthony Eden, commented afterwards, "Never has so much been surrendered by so many to so few."



Under stress, the Village People were shite

Stalingrad 1942

While the Germans dug themselves in for a long fight against the Ruskies, their Italian allies were not quite so motivated. During the first stage of Stalin's counter-attack, a whole Division of them – complete with tanks and artillery – surrendered to a force numbering no more than 200 men. When questioned by the baffled enemy as to why they hadn't fired off at least a few rounds in their defence, the Italian commander replied, "Well, we thought that it would be a bad idea."

To the amusement of Perkins, the Sergeant teased an eel from his Thermos

Adolf survives carpet

Our secret services have a fine reputation for intrigue, thanks mainly to the fictional exploits of James Bond. However, in reality, some of them were less inspired than 007, most notably Sir Mason McFarlane. Hearing from spies that Hitler's nickname among his staff was "the carpet chewer", and failing to understand that this was merely a nickname due to his bad temper, McFarlane had a special "poisoned carpet" made, and smuggled at great risk into the Führer's headquarters in Berlin. Needless to say, the cyanide-soaked rug never caused any damage.

Spaniards turn yellow

One of the worst performances by a modern army occurred in Morocco in the early Twenties, when a force of 14,000 Spaniards took on an ill-armed band of Rif tribesmen, who were without artillery and had a fraction of the Spaniards' strength. Despite the advantages, the Spanish folded like a pack of cards after a few shots had been fired, no doubt encouraged to rout by their general, Manuel Silvestre, who fled in panic shouting, "Run, run, the bogeyman is coming!"

Austrians kill each other

In their 1788 campaign against the Turks, the Austrian army scored one the most remarkable "own goals" in military history. Crossing the bridge at Karansebes, an advance guard of cavalrymen stopped to buy liquor from local peasants. Despite pleas from the infantry behind them, they haughtily refused to allow any of them to share it. The footsoldiers, furious at this arrogance after a hard day's march, fired some shots in the air and tried to frighten them by shouting "Turci! Turci!", pretending they were about to be attacked. Unfortunately, these hi-jinks were misunderstood by the rest of the army, who began to panic, firing at each other in the darkness. Officers rushed along shouting "Halt!", but this too was misinterpreted in the confusion as "Allah!" Seized with terror, the wagon drivers at the rear stampeded and tried to escape, abandoning cannons and forcing thousands of soldiers to leap into the icy river. The fighting raged for hours, and by morning it was apparent that over 10,000 men had been killed or wounded by their own chums.

A cyanide-soaked rug was smuggled at great risk into Hitler's Berlin HQ

Movie hero was a dud

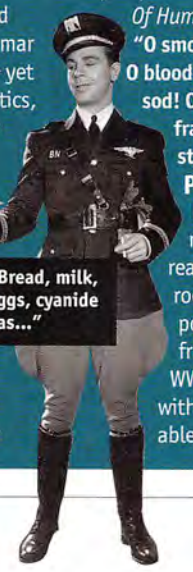
Few commanders have wiped out all their troops. Probably the most famous is Colonel George Armstrong Custer. Portrayed as a dashing hero, he was in reality an appalling sadistic bungler. Finishing 34th out of 34 in his officer-training class, his first action against the Indians was to massacre 103 women, children and old men of the Cheyenne tribe, a feat which earned him the nickname "Squaw Killer". In pursuit of further "glory", he led his 7th Cavalry to the Little Big Horn in 1876, ignoring the scouts who told him that 6,000 Sioux warriors were waiting. It took about 15 minutes for all 211 of his men to be duly scalped and butchered. One horse was left alive.

'Shall I compare thee to a bombardment...'

War guarantees two evils: the wholesale slaughter of thousands and a glut of criminally bad poetic musings...

General George S Patton (1885-1945)
When not leading the victorious US Third Army in the Battle Of The Bulge, "Ol' Blood And Guts" was known to "spin out a satirical poem or song in minutes." Patton's severe dyslexia didn't stem a tremendous output, including his Rambo-esque *O Little Town Of Houffalize*: **"Yet in thy dark streets shineth/ Not any goddamned light/The hopes and fears of all their years/Were blown to hell last night."**

Alfred Austin (1835-1913)
Despite being poet laureate, Austin's blustering ignorance of aesthetics and even basic grammar was legendary – yet he would tell critics, "I dare not alter these things. They come to me from above." After foolishly praising the ill-conceived Jameson Raid of the Boer War, he even managed to debase the anguish of conflict, with this kind of overblown pomp in *The Door Of Humility*: **"O smoke of War! O blood-steeped sod! O groans of fratricidal strife!"**



Peter Baker
Baker represents the real grass-roots of war poetry: a frontline WWI grunt with a debatable grasp of English. Here, in 1942's *Poems Of The War*, he recounts his days in the Royal Ballet Gurkhas, using only the most hackneyed poetic clichés: **"Come! Let us Dance/The dance of Death!/Dissemble doom/With love's sweet breath!"**

Susan Stein
Part of a Middle East TV news crew during the Gulf War, Stein was hardened by the sight of dead Iraqis: her compendium *Breakfast In Baghdad* even featured a dismembered corpse on the cover. This clearly affected her ability to complete full sentences, as evidenced in her opus, *Just*: **"It was almost not/Nearly not at all/But just/It was just something."** Meanwhile, in *Dark Noon, Kuwait*, she gets so upset she starts inventing her own vocabulary to convey the woe of war: **"To light the night/ In too bright daylight/People make a fireier flame/Than any number of oil wells."**

Lorna May Noah
Vanity publishing offers the chance for the amateur to inflict their unpublishable drivel onto a wider audience. Here, in the 1994 compendium, *A World At War*, Noah offers her staggeringly trite view of the Balkan conflict: **"Croats are suffering, there is no impunity/ A war-torn zone is stripped of community/Fifty-three Croats have died over Christmas/Dubravich is shattered, it's all so senseless."** FHM

BOMBARDMENT WORDS: CHRIS BELL. RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE, KOBAL, CORBIS/BETTMAN

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Chief Musical Officers' Warning

CARL FOGARTY

The world number one superbike racer on being crap at wheelies, upsetting ramblers and minging leathers...

33-YEAR-OLD CARL FOGARTY HAS WON THE World Superbike Championship – for machines over 500CC – an unprecedented four times, including the last two Championships. Britain's most successful individual sportsman of recent years, he was awarded the OBE in 1998, and draws crowds well in excess of 100,000 when he races in the UK. He lives a couple of miles outside Blackburn, with his wife Michaela and their two daughters. He rides a 750CC Ducati.

For the greatest racer ever, your nickname – Foggie – doesn't exactly sound very heroic?

I get called cunt, too. And bastard.

Are you unpopular on the circuit?

I've said a lot of bad things in the past about other riders. I said they were crap, that I was better than them, that their bikes were great but that they were crap riders. The thing is, by saying those things, it meant I put pressure on myself to win. I had to prove that what I said was true by going out and beating them. The other riders hated me – they said I was talking out of my backside. But it was around 1994-5 when I was saying really bad stuff, and I won the world title both years. So it worked.

Will you still be as competitive when you're riding a Thundersley Invacar in your dotage?

Yeah, absolutely. I have to win at whatever I'm doing – it's fear of losing that drives me on. Like at Christmas when you play table football and you have to team up with someone – if I'm on the losing team it's always because the other person's fuckin' useless. It's never my fault! But with biking, at the age I am, I know that the time when I will lose is getting closer and closer every year. I could afford to retire, but that's not the point. There'll be such a big hole to fill, because bikes have always been my life.

Does it piss you off that, no matter how well you perform, accolades like the BBC Sports Personality Of The Year award always end up going to some pasty tennis player or golfer?

Basically, to win BBC Sports Personality Of The Year, you have to lose and be a nice guy. I've got no chance, because I win and I'm not a nice guy. Like in 1998, Michael Owen won it. Now I've got great respect for Michael Owen, he's a brilliant footballer, but I think even he was embarrassed. He won for scoring a goal in a game that wasn't even a semi-final. I'm not bothered, though.

As a nipper, did you stick plastic rulers in the spokes of your pushbike to make it sound like it had an engine?

I think I probably did, yeah! I had a Chopper when I was young, but my dad raced bikes, so I was on one from the age of seven. I used to jump over my mates, who'd be lying down on the pavement – like Evel Knievel with the buses.

Were you also a fan of the BBC's *Junior Kickstart*, presented by Peter Purves?

I remember it, but trials riding was never my thing. I did motocross for a couple of years when I was about 14, and I did all right at a local level, but as soon as I went road-racing, I knew that was what I wanted to do. Having said that, I don't normally ride my bike on the roads when I'm not racing – it'd be like taking my work home with me. I go off-road in the Lake District.

Doesn't that upset the hordes of ramblers on their walks?

Oh yeah, all the time. They're a nightmare, even though we do it totally by the rules – slowing down when we see them and all that. Why they don't just go for a walk round the shopping centre or something like that, I don't know. People who walk are sad, aren't they? They've got to be to go walking in the first place – they've obviously got nothing else in their lives.

Q Do you ever get wood when you're racing? A No. You're shitting yourself scared. There's nothing down there at all

Are you the type of grease monkey who's always got filthy, dismantled bikes in your bathroom?

No. I can't stand messing with bikes. I can't even stand touching them. I just want to ride. When they're out doing motorcross, most of the riders love taking their machines to bits and messing with them, but I just want to ride them round corners fucking fast. I don't even like cleaning them. But then I've never been a traditional kind of biker.

Who'd win in a race, you on your bike or Michael Schumacher in his Formula One car?

He would, fairly easily. We've got the same top speed, but the difference is in the cornering. They corner like a go-kart, we don't. With four wheels, you brake so much later. But one big difference between bikes and cars is that if you've got the fastest car, and you qualify in pole position, no-one can get past you during the race. If you do get close, apparently the shit that comes off the car in front fucks up your car. So it's down to who's got the best car – whereas with bikes it's much more down to the rider.

How far can you do a wheelie?

I'm not that good at wheelies, to be honest. I can do them quite well on a race bike, because there's so much power. I know some mechanics who can wheelie forever, but then again, on a race track they don't know which way to go.

When you phone for car insurance, do they slap on extra charges because of what you do?

My premium's certainly a lot higher than average! It's huge. But that's probably more because I've been banned twice, both times for speeding. I've been a good boy these past two years, so I'm down to zero points, I think. I love driving round with the roof down, playing music. The only problem with being on a bike is that, no matter how hot it is, you still have to wear the leathers. If you just wear a T-shirt and you come off, you're fucked.

Do you make sure you change your biking leathers for each race so you don't stink like a Hell's Angel?

No. Last season I wore the same set all the way through, for the first time. They were a good set – slightly baggy rather than the really tight, made-to-measure ones. They were alright after I'd left them to dry.

Motorcycle couriers often claim they could beat a professional rider in a race through city traffic. Do you reckon you could hack it delivering packages round town?

Given the right bike, I reckon I'd be pretty good, nipping in and out of cars. In fact after I retire, that's what I might do, to fill that huge hole in my life.

When we see you taking a corner on TV, it looks like your leg's so low your kneecap could get whipped off. How close to the ground do you actually get?

The knee is actually touching the floor. That's the way I judge my riding limits. There's a bit of a scraping noise, and when it rains I have problems, because I can't get my knee right down or I'd skid off.

There's a massive amount of money in motorsport. So how come the crash barriers consist of just a few bales of hay and some tyres. Can't they invent something better?

The barriers are a lot better than they were ten years ago. You still get a couple of dangerous circuits, but most of them now have these big air fences which are pumped up a couple of days before the race, so if you're going to hit anything, it'll be a huge bag of air. But if I was in charge, there'd be no barriers at all – the best thing if you crash is to slide onto the open grass and keep sliding until you come to a stop. The last thing you want to do when skidding along on your arse is to career into something!

At what age did you last make motorbike noises while running around the house?

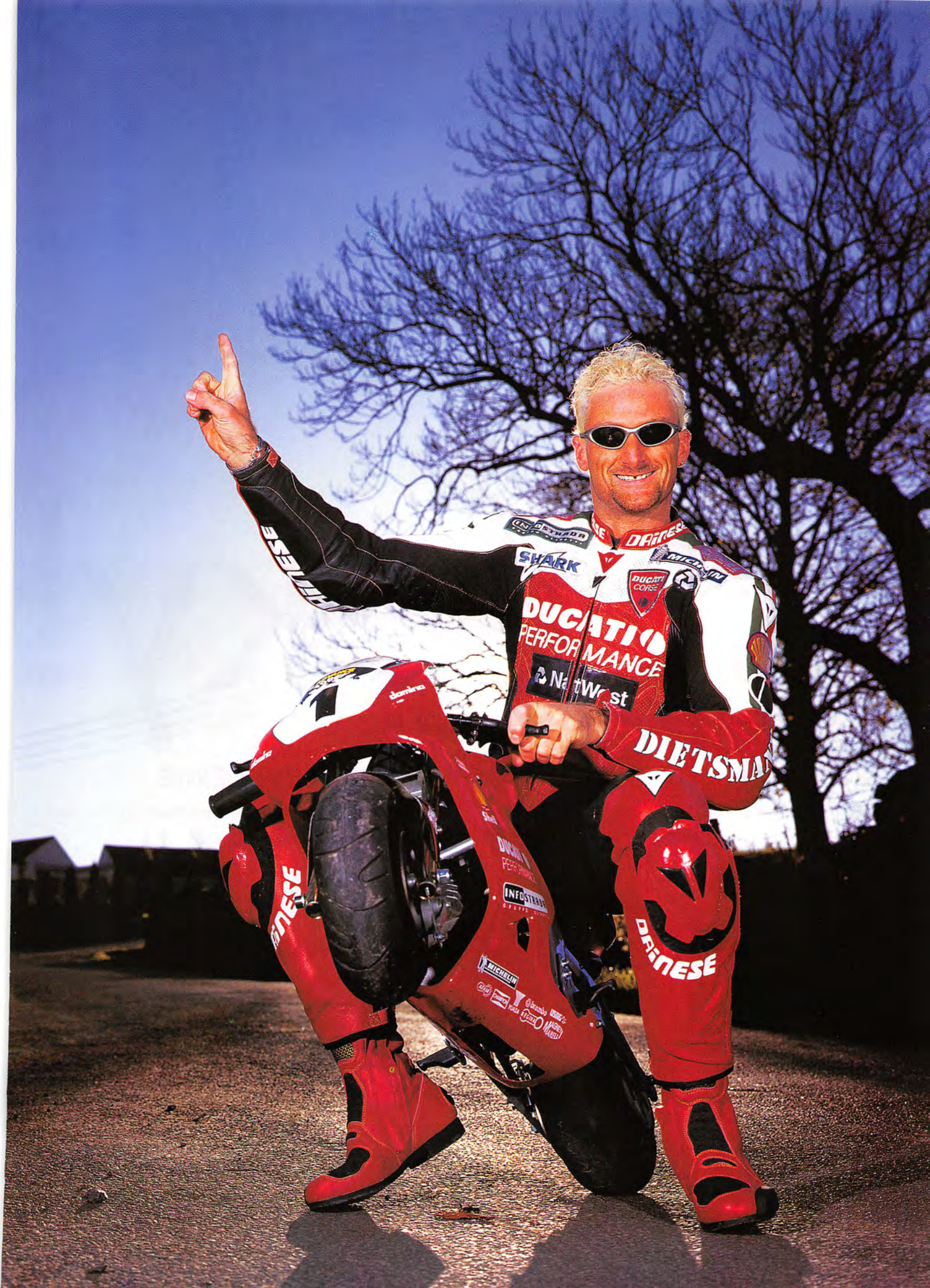
I still do – but I haven't quite mastered the Ducati noise yet. The current one's more of a cross between a Norton and a Triumph.

Finally, if you were in a terrible accident, would you like to be rebuilt bionically so you can be part man, part bike?

I wouldn't mind if I had a few titanium rods and that sort of stuff keeping me together, but a motor and wheels? Then I'd be freak of nature! So no, thanks. **FHM**

Interview by Andy Darling.

MICK HUTSON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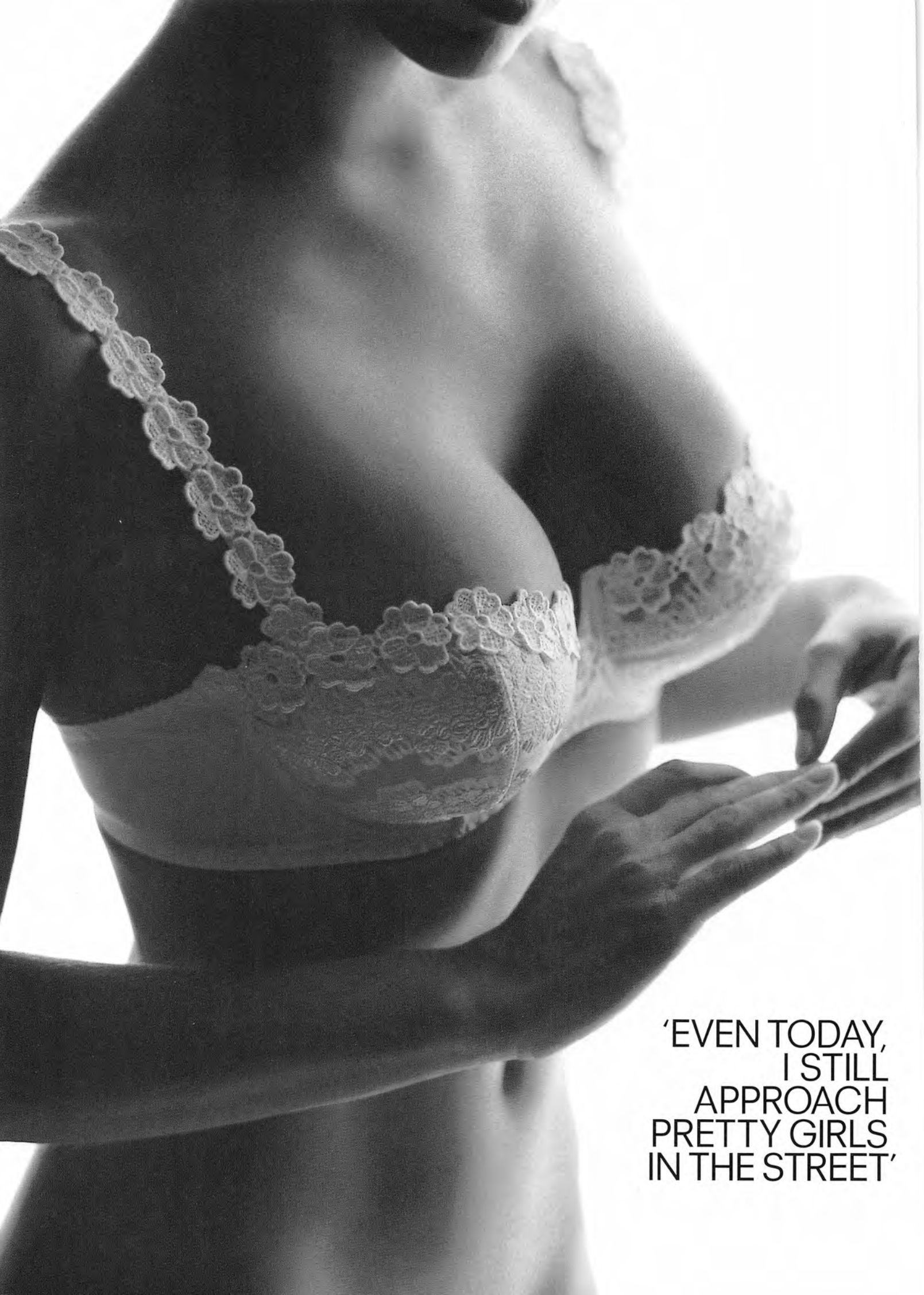
FEW PEOPLE TAKE SEXIER PICTURES OF PEACHY FRENCH BEHINDS THAN LINGERIE PHOTOGRAPHER HERVÉ LEWIS

INTERVIEW: LOMIG GUILLO PHOTOGRAPHY: HERVÉ LEWIS



'EVEN TODAY, I STILL APPROACH PRETTY GIRLS IN THE STREET'

'WHAT I LIKE IN WOMEN ARE THEIR CURVES AND ROUNDNESS'

The French, let's face it, are a pretty disappointing nation. As well as soiling their undergarments every time a whiff of sauerkraut wafts over the border, their main characteristics are wearing tight trousers, eating snails and saying "frou-frou" a lot. But for all their faults, we have to admit there are some things they do better than us, and one of these is undoubtedly taking pictures of women's bottoms. Step forward Hervé Lewis, who, incredibly – despite having no formal photographic training – makes his living by approaching beautiful strangers and persuading them to pose naked; something a British snapper could expect to get his collar felt for by the rozzers here in Blightly. And so successful is this tactic, he's now the official snapper for the celebrated Aubade company's lingerie ads. To help launch his first book of photos, *Leçons De Séductions*, he spoke to *FHM* about his most beautiful pictures...

How did you start off in photography?
I woke up one morning with a burning desire to be a photographer... I approached the first pretty girl that I found in the street and I was so sincere and so convincing that she agreed to pose for me.

Which of these photos are you happiest with?
I really like the first picture you have chosen. That girl lying down in a state of abandon. I also like the photo taken in the window of a lingerie shop in the Place De L'Opera. The girl took off her dressing gown and stood in the window, naked. To take the photo, I was in the dark. I took it quickly but a crowd managed to form. Passers-by were asking if she was real or if they were dreaming?

Where do you find your models?
Even today, I still approach them in the street. One of the models was a student I just walked past in front of the Sorbonne. She would never have thought of posing for lingerie pictures...

You often photograph women's bodies in close-up. Do you have any preferences?
I prefer women who have a nice curves and a thin waist. And also beautiful buttocks and a flat stomach. But nice skin especially: very delicate and silky so that it catches the light better.

And the bust? Don't you like breasts?
Their size isn't important if the curve is beautiful. They only need to be slightly full.

Do you like thin women?
Not particularly. What I like in women are their curves and roundness. Roundness is life: pregnant women are round, all that is sacred is round.

Who is the prettiest woman in the world?
A girl that you could come across in a street. A stranger that doesn't know she is beautiful. **FHM**

Leçons De Séductions (149FF) by Hervé Lewis is published by la Martiniere. Tel: 00 331 43 25 55 26.

POWER PLAY!

Screaming tyres, pneumatic women and daredevil drivers. Get set for *FHM*'s massive Formula 1 preview...

WORDS: ADAM COOPER AND TIM HERBERT
PHOTOGRAPHY: ALBERTO BADALAMENTI

Gina attached Beverley's lovely murkin

DANIELLA WEARS FITTED BLACK DRESS BY TRIUMPH FROM SELFRIDGES (0171-629 1234), FITTED KNEE LENGTH BOOTS BY GINA (0171-235 6007). SONIA (RIGHT) WEARS CORSET KNICKERS BY AGENT PROVOCATEUR (0171-235 0029), STOCKINGS BY WOLFORD TIGHTS (0171-935 9202)

STYLING: SHARON HILTON AT CAROL HAYES; HAIR BY MATTHEW WADE AT JOY GOODMAN USING LC2 HAIRCARE BY GOLDWELL; MAKE-UP BY GLEN WOODS AT TIME USING CLINIQUE

True to his motto, 'sex, the breakfast of champions', James Hunt went on to win the World Championship

OPPOSITE PAGE: BOTH WEAR SHEER BRIEFS BY SEXY AS... (0171-435 6550), SONIA WEARS BLACK ANKLE BOOTS BY GINA (0171-235 6007); THIS PAGE: DANIELLA WEARS PONYSKIN BIKINI BY SEXY AS... BOOTS AS BEFORE

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DANIELLA WEARS DRESS AND BOOTS AS BEFORE

As if driving in circles really quickly wasn't hard enough, our plucky F1 heroes have to put up with the pressures of dating gorgeous women

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DANIELLA WEARS CLEAR AND WHITE BIKINI BY LA PERLA (0171-436 5864)

'Take a left at the bales'

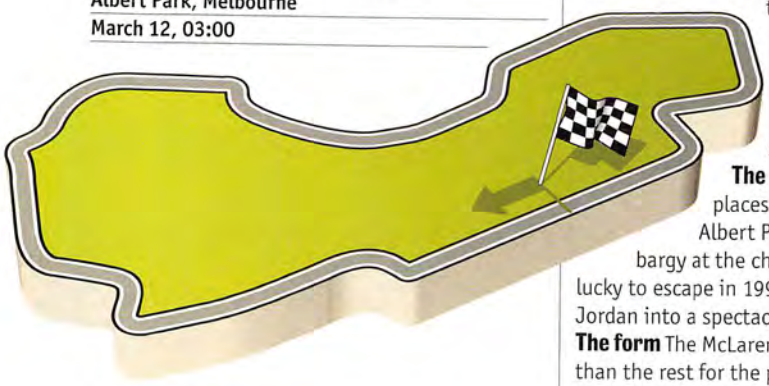
Confused by chicanes and puzzled by pits? Help is at hand for the Grand Prix rookie with *FHM*'s exhaustive track-by-track guide to the forthcoming season...

After the long sleeve, it was through the collar chicane

Pit Crew Bob kept the sun off Mike's beached dolphin

AUSTRALIAN GP

Albert Park, Melbourne
March 12, 03:00



The basics With the teams yet to chase reliability gremlins out of their new cars, the Melbourne race promises the kind of drama not seen in Australia since Michael Hutchence thought a cocktail of drugs and a noose would provide him with a good night's entertainment. This laid-back but well-run GP is a favourite with both the drivers and the 100,000-odd punters who flock to Albert Park.

The history It wasn't until 1985 that the country hosted its first Grand Prix, when Adelaide had the inspired idea to use F1 as a promotional tool. The city street event was too successful – envious Melbourne fancied some worldwide attention, and outbid the original hosts. The Victoria state capital has staged the event since 1996.

The track The roads through Albert Park, just outside downtown Melbourne, are used for normal traffic throughout the year – but the pits and other track facilities are built for the race each March. The 3.28-mile layout combines fast straights with slow chicanes.

The danger The walls are close in places, but no-one's been hurt at Albert Park to date. Watch for argy-bargy at the chicanes – Martin Brundle was lucky to escape in 1996 when someone nudged his Jordan into a spectacular somersault.

The form The McLarens have been miles quicker than the rest for the past two years, but last year they blew it and Eddie Irvine stole his maiden win. His debut with Jaguar is eagerly awaited.

The walls are close in places. Watch out for argy-bargy at the chicanes

BRAZILIAN GP

Interlagos, Sao Paulo
March 26, 18:00

At the Essex border the M25 refused to go any further

The basics Racing-mad Latin Americans have supported World Champions Emerson Fittipaldi, Nelson Piquet and Ayrton Senna in the past, and today Ferrari's Rubens Barrichello is their hero. Only football comes close in terms of making manic Brazilians gather together in huge numbers, scream hysterically and take their tops off.

The history The first World Championship Brazilian Grand Prix was held at Interlagos in 1973. After a spell at a rival track in Rio, the race returned to a new and improved Interlagos in 1990.

The track The revamp saw the track shortened from five to 2.66-miles and generally modernised, but pit facilities are still the most primitive of the season. Running round a lake in the suburbs of Sao Paulo, Interlagos has some fast corners but is best known for its bumpy surface. The 80,000 punters get a great view as most of the track is in a natural bowl.

SAN MARINO GP

Imola, San Marino
April 9, 13:00

The basics Even though it's about 70 miles away from San Marino, the Imola event still takes its name from the tiny town best known for bringing Graham Taylor's blundering stint as England manager to an ungraceful end. It's still called the San Marino race so Bernie Ecclestone can have two marketable races in Italy.

History The track opened in 1952, but Imola first held the Italian GP as a one-off in 1980, and when the race returned to Monza the following year the San Marino ruse was adopted. Dauntingly fast corners made big accidents a regular occurrence, but nobody was hurt until Ayrton Senna and Roland Ratzenberger forever linked the place with tragedy.

The track Just down the road from Bologna, Imola has an attractive parkland setting. It has long straights but the many chicanes in the 3.06-mile layout put a premium on brakes and acceleration.

The danger Imola is sadly tainted by the deaths of Ayrton Senna and Roland Ratzenberger in 1994, but since then its fastest corners have been slowed by the chicanes, and huge gravel traps make it a much safer place than it used to be. The famous Tamburello corner, scene of Senna's death and of previous stacks by Nelson Piquet and Gerhard Berger, has since been modified.

The form Ferrari always pulls out all the stops for the first of its two home races, and there's no doubt as to who the fans want to see win. Last year Mika Hakkinen crashed out of the lead, handing Michael Schumacher a popular victory.

The danger The fast corners were by-passed during the track's re-jig, and now wide run-off areas make it relatively safe – except for the last turn before the pits. Last year, however, Brazilian Ricardo Zonta crashed in practice at the Ferra Dura corner, breaking his foot.

The form The bumps make this an awkward place for teams, and some cars are often mysteriously off the pace. Ferrari has been unable to get near McLaren in recent years, but Barrichello, who always finds a little extra at home, will want to remedy that.

'How much...?'

You might win the lottery, but you'll need a cool £60m to start your own Formula One team. Just study our shopping list...

Cars

A year's supply of cars and engines, plus servicing, will cost you between £6m and £10m. This includes:

Engine – £100,000 per engine, rebuilt every 280 miles. **The "brain"** (electronic management system) – £65,000. **Chassis** – £75,000 for bare chassis, plus wiring. Teams get through at least six per season. **Brake discs** – £6,250 for four, but these are chucked away after each race. **Wheels** – £2,000 per set. Most teams get through about 75 sets per season. **Tyres** – £1.25m for a year's supply for two cars. **Steering wheel** – £10,000. Each is fitted with a hand clutch, gear paddles, warning lights etc. **Paintwork** – £7,000. Each car is stripped and repainted after every race. **Fuel** – £650,000 per year. The cars do five miles to the gallon.

Buzz paddled lazy wasps

Drivers

Driver's wages vary, but you'll have to set aside about £5m per man. The best-paid sportsman in the world, Michael Schumacher, is rumoured to be on a princely £24m per season. **Overalls** – £1,000 each. Drivers get through about a dozen sets per year. **Helmet** – £1,000, though drivers can get sponsored to wear branded helmets.

Preparation, support crew and kit

Pit equipment – £700,000 to buy the gear, plus a yearly £150,000 for items which need replacing or updating. Pit equipment includes overhead pit gantries (£25,000 to £30,000 each), toolboxes (£10,000 each), ten wheel guns (£5,000 each) and 20 sets of tyre-heating blankets (£2,500 for four).

Wages – Between £6m and £10m.

Test circuit hire – £7,000 per day, divided among the teams who use it.

Travel

Team travel, including accommodation and car hire – at least £1m per season.

Long-haul freight – £5.5m total for the season (Australia, Japan, Malaysia, Brazil, USA and Canada) inclusive of jumbo hire.

Short-haul freight – Everything is shipped by the teams themselves. Jordan has four articulated lorries worth £400,000 each, plus a "rigid truck" worth £140,000. Each ferry trip costs £500, with around 25 trips a year.

Catering

Food, including guests – £500,000 per year.

▷ HOW MUCH WORDS: TIM HERBERT. TRACK ILLUSTRATIONS: ALAN ELDRIDGE. ALLSPORT: MARK THOMPSON/ALLSPORT

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BRITISH GP

Silverstone, Northants
April 23, 13:00

The basics Bernie Ecclestone has thrown decades of tradition away by switching the British GP from July to April. More by luck than judgement, the race falls on Easter weekend, so at least the camping hordes can make a weekend of it. The atmosphere won't be the same, however. Silverstone can be cold and bleak even in the summer, so prepare for arctic conditions if you're going.

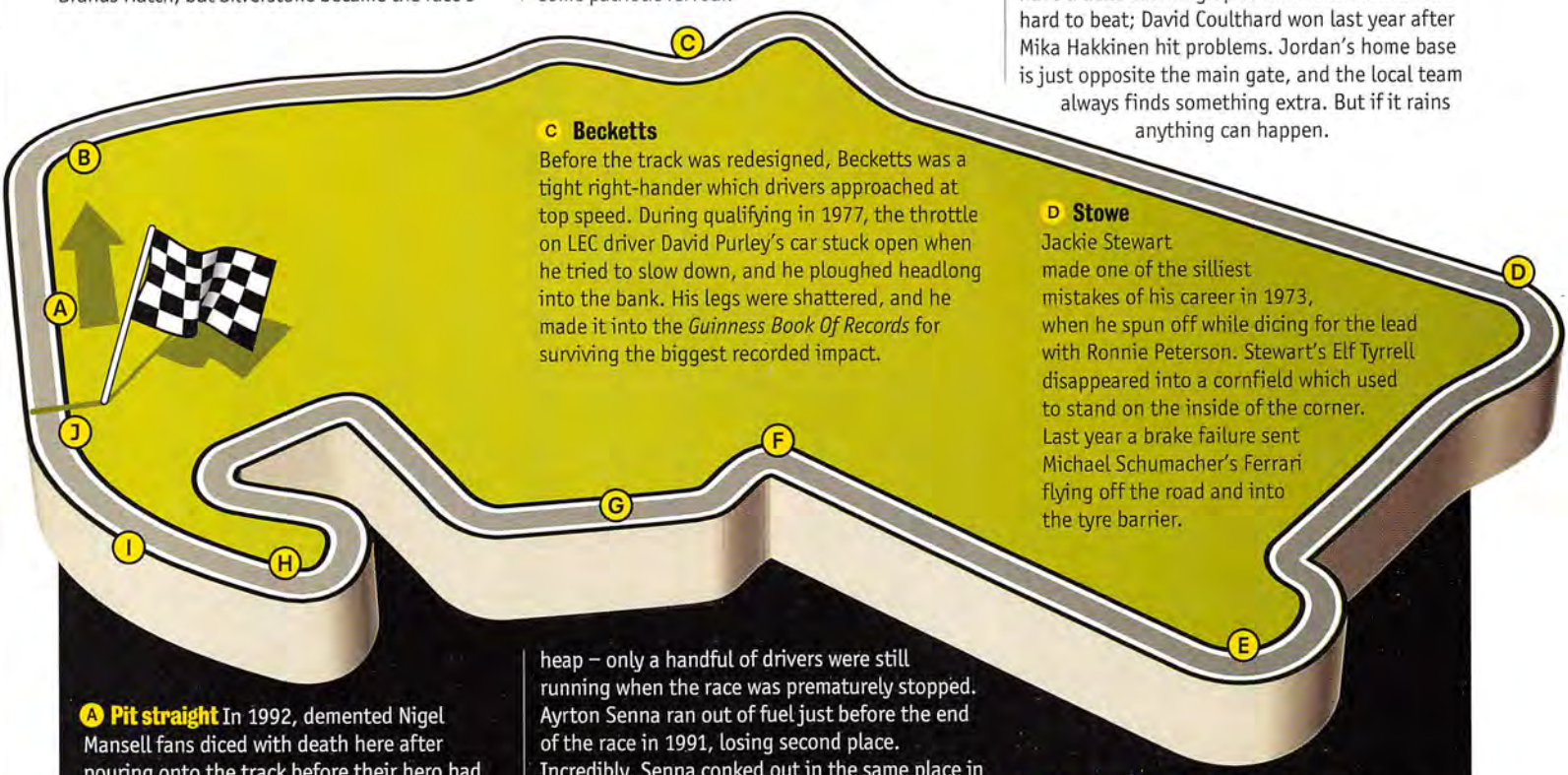
The history A former WWII bomber base, Silverstone hosted the first ever World Championship race in May 1950, so this is as close as you can get to the 50th anniversary of Formula 1. In later years it shared the British GP with Aintree and Brands Hatch, but Silverstone became the race's permanent home in 1987. Silverstone has produced some great races over the years, but in the Nigel Mansell era they took on an extra dimension as the charisma-free Brummie excelled in front of thousands of devoted fans. Damon Hill carried on where Mansell left off, and now David Coulthard, Eddie Irvine, Johnny Herbert and wonder kid Jenson Button will be vying for attention. The first home race for the new Jaguar team should stir up some patriotic fervour.

The boot sale delayed the Grand National

The track The circuit used to be one of the fastest on the tour, and even before the days of wide tyres and big wings drivers barely had to brake over an entire lap. It has been substantially redesigned over the years, and the current 3.19-mile version is a lot slower than it used to be.

The dangers Silverstone saw the biggest F1 pile-up of all time when half of the field was wiped out by Jody Scheckter on the second lap of the 1973 race, and two years later rain sent just about everyone off the road before the race was abandoned. The current version of the track is slower and run-offs are wide, but Schumacher's shunt last year proved that it's still possible to clear the gravel and hit something solid.

The form The British teams know Silverstone especially well as they test there regularly, so sometimes Ferrari and the other continentals have a little catching up to do. McLaren could be hard to beat; David Coulthard won last year after Mika Hakkinen hit problems. Jordan's home base is just opposite the main gate, and the local team always finds something extra. But if it rains anything can happen.



C Becketts
Before the track was redesigned, Becketts was a tight right-hander which drivers approached at top speed. During qualifying in 1977, the throttle on LEC driver David Purley's car stuck open when he tried to slow down, and he ploughed headlong into the bank. His legs were shattered, and he made it into the *Guinness Book Of Records* for surviving the biggest recorded impact.

D Stowe
Jackie Stewart made one of the silliest mistakes of his career in 1973, when he spun off while dicing for the lead with Ronnie Peterson. Stewart's Elf Tyrrell disappeared into a cornfield which used to stand on the inside of the corner. Last year a brake failure sent Michael Schumacher's Ferrari flying off the road and into the tyre barrier.

A Pit straight In 1992, demented Nigel Mansell fans diced with death here after pouring onto the track before their hero had even crossed the chequered flag.

B Copse Nigel Mansell retired on the inside of Copse in 1990. Furious with the Italian team, he threw his gloves and balaclava into the crowd, stormed back to the pits, and announced his retirement in a hastily-convened press conference. An offer from Williams for 1991 soon changed his mind, however.

E Club Club caught out half a dozen cars when a thunderstorm drenched Silverstone on lap 56 of the 1975 British GP. Future World Champions James Hunt and Jody Scheckter were among those to end up in the expensive junk heap – only a handful of drivers were still running when the race was prematurely stopped. Ayrton Senna ran out of fuel just before the end of the race in 1991, losing second place. Incredibly, Senna conked out in the same place in 1992 and 1993.

F Abbey In 1956, during the pre-chicane days when Abbey was still a flat out left-hand kink, Tony Brooks rolled his Vanwall out of the race.

G After Abbey The pits and start/finish line were located here for the first British GP in 1950. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth watched from a hastily-constructed royal box. Just weeks after the deaths of Ayrton Senna and Roland Ratzenberger at Imola, Lotus's Pedro Lamy crashed when his rear wing failed at top speed. His car flew over the spectator fence and landed in the approach to a pedestrian tunnel. Fortunately, it was a private test day with no punters watching, but the Portuguese driver broke both his legs.

H Approach to Woodcote In his first season driving for Williams, Damon Hill looked set for his first Grand Prix victory until the engine blew as he accelerated up to Woodcote. Hill climbed out and waved to the crowd, before heading off to have a beer at the nearby British Racing Drivers' Club building.

I Woodcote Before the track was modernised, Woodcote used to be a flat-out corner, preceded by a long straight. In 1973, rookie Jody Scheckter misjudged it on the second lap and spun heavily into the pit wall. Rebounding into traffic, he triggered the biggest multiple pile-up F1 had ever seen – it was the first time a GP had ever been stopped due to an accident.

J Start/finish line In 1985 the chequered flag was waved one lap early. Fortunately for the dizzy official, it didn't affect the placings.

GARY M PRIOR/ALLSPORT, MICHAEL COOPER/ALLSPORT

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Victorious Mika was hugged by the crab

SPANISH GP

Circuit De Catalunya, Barcelona
May 7, 13:00

The basics Anyone who's shared a road with mental Spanish drivers won't be surprised that the country doesn't have a great record of producing racers. But all of a sudden two – Marc Gene and Pedro de la Rosa – emerged last year. They've stirred up interest in a country where two-wheeled racing usually takes precedence.
The history The current Catalunya track was first used in 1991, although a challenging parkland circuit in the city hosted the race until 1975 when a flying car killed four unlucky onlookers. The race was later held at Jarama, just outside Madrid, until Olympic fervour saw Barcelona create a new Formula 1 venue.
The track Barcelona is one of the season's more interesting modern tracks, with great potential for overtaking on the first corner. Teams and drivers know every inch of its 2.93-miles because it's used for testing all through the winter.
The danger The last corner's unusually fast for a track built in the last decade, but careering cars have to clear the sea of gravel before hitting anything hard. Passing is not easy, so drivers often try risky moves at the first turn; two years ago Giancarlo Fisichella was fined for knocking Eddie Irvine off the track.
Form A lot of the F1 teams test out their new cars at Barcelona, so they know what to expect. It can all get confusing with a simple change of wind direction, however. Last year nobody could get near McLaren, who got their tactics spot-on.

EUROPEAN GP

Nürburgring, Eifel
May 21, 13:00

The basics As with San Marino, a flag of convenience allows Krauts to have two Grand Prix each year; an understandable move, bearing in mind the interest generated by Schumacher. Fans flock to the Nürburgring, even though it's miles from a major city.
The history The original track was used until Niki Lauda's fiery crash in 1976. It ran for 14 miles through forest-lined hillsides, and featured an incredible 170 corners. A brand new, shorter track was opened in 1984, and since then it has jumped around the schedule and hosted the German, European and Luxembourg GPs.
The track A tight chicane on the first corner is the landmark feature of a relatively bland 2.83-mile layout, which consists mostly of slowish corners and few real challenges for the drivers. Big balls aren't really needed at the Nürburgring.
The danger When it opened, the new Ring was considered the safest track ever built, and even today the acres of grass make it hard for anyone to spin as far as the barriers. But a first lap crash is almost guaranteed with some drivers taking extra risks. Last year, Pedro Diniz was lucky not to break his neck when the roll-bar of his Sauber snapped after he landed upside down.
The form The least predictable race of the season. Even in May, rain is a distinct possibility, and when it's wet it's anyone's race. Last year Johnny Herbert won for Stewart.

The Dome's Drive Thru was uncluttered

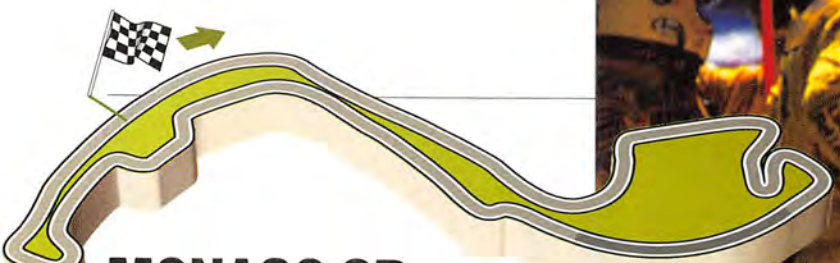
Grand Prix experience at home

Let's face it, unless you're rich enough to buy a ticket, you're unlikely to attend this year's British Grand Prix. But if you want to recreate the atmosphere in the comfort and luxury of you own home, try our authentic "Formula One Day-In Experience".

4.30am In an effort to beat the crowds, drag yourself out of bed before even the brightest lark has warmed up a Pop Tart in the toaster. Dress in thermal underwear and an extra jumper and prepare a soup-filled thermos and take it to your car...
4.50am Drive to the nearest car park, and wedge your motor tightly between two vehicles. Sit there for five hours, with the engine idling, occasionally moving forwards a whole inch.
11.30am Leaving the car park on foot, trek back to your house, ensuring that you only walk across muddy fields or gardens. If possible, get jostled on the way by a large crowd of foreign tourists.
12.00pm During your absence, your girlfriend should have prepared a superb feast, with champagne and caviar, and invited her best-looking female friends round. Attempt to join them, only to be refused entry because "you haven't got a pass".
12.20pm Rejected, head for the garden instead. After dampening the lawn with your sprinkler, sit down and allow the cold water to seep gently through your trouser bottoms.
12.50pm Having got the barbecue going, cook yourself a grey, soggy beefburger. Douse this with extra cooking fat and slap it – with a dollop of watered down ketchup – between two stale slices of bread. Charge yourself £5. Eat it.
1.30pm Your missus wheels out the TV set on casters. She turns it on, but with the sound down so there's no commentary, and you don't know which car is which.
2pm The race starts. Your girlfriend pulls the extension lead so that the TV set hurtles rapidly back into the house. There is the sound of an exciting crash, but you can't see it.
2.03pm Having wheeled the telly back out into garden, unfurl a large, homemade banner with "Go Mika!" written on it, then erect it in front of your face so you can't see anything any more.
3.30 pm Your missus reports that the race is over, and that you missed a really exciting finish. Pour a small bottle of champagne on your head, adding to the cold, wet, miserable feeling that is making your bone marrow throb.
3.55pm Trudge back to the car park and sit in your car for another five hours, rarely moving. Discover your soup has turned to cold sludge.

Young Thatcher was a beauty

AT HOME WORDS: GRUB SMITH; ACTION IMAGES; SUPERSTOCK



MONACO GP

The Street Circuit, Monte Carlo
June 4, 13:00

The basics The race everyone wants to win, Monaco is undoubtedly the most prestigious event on the GP calendar. The unique, glitzy, Hollywood atmosphere makes it a highlight of the year for fans, while the track's a huge challenge for drivers. The principality also braces itself for the annual influx of celebrities who spend most of the weekend swilling champers on their yachts, rather than watching the action.

The history First used in 1929, the circuit's laid out over a section of the city's streets. It's changed little over the decades, although some corners have been modified and reprofiled. All the greats have won here, but no Brit has succeeded since Jackie Stewart in 1973.

The track The shortest venue, at 2.09-miles in length, Monaco's also the slowest track in use, with an average speed of around 80mph. Nevertheless, it's very tough on the cars, especially their gearboxes. Swerve only slightly out of line and the merest brush with the metal barriers can lead to suspension failure and an early bath. Or the grave.

The danger For obvious reasons, speeds aren't very high at Monaco (a mere 30mph round the hairpin), but the barriers are just inches away and the tiniest mistake can become a huge accident. Ferrari ace Lorenzo Bandini died in an inferno in 1967, and Karl Wendlinger suffered head injuries in 1994, but otherwise the track has led a charmed life.

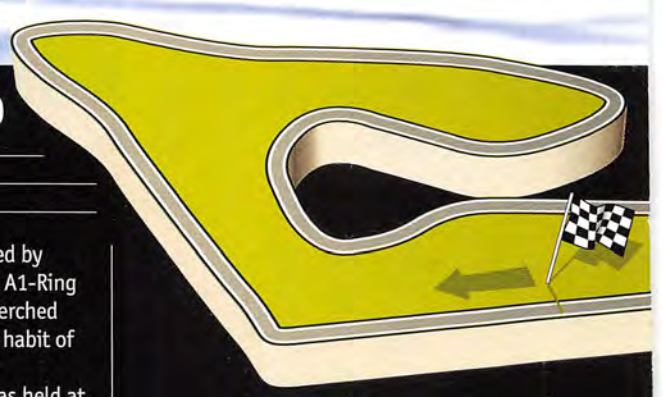
The form Michael Schumacher is the King of Monaco, and always seems to get it right when it matters. However, local resident Mika Hakkinen's win in 1998 and qualification in pole position last year showed that he knows a few secrets.

The Bull Ring centre was one of the lesser know tracks

Landmines for the blind were helpfully large

AUSTRIAN GP

A1-Ring, Knittelfeld
July 16, 13:00



The basics Set in a valley, surrounded by stunning mountain countryside, the A1-Ring provides great viewing for punters perched high above the track. The race has a habit of producing some surprises.

The history A one-off Austrian GP was held at the Zeltweg airfield in 1964, but the bumpy runways shook most of the cars to bits. The fast and dramatic Osterreichring track was then built in the nearby hills, and it hosted the race from 1970 to 1987, before disappearing off the schedule. In 1997 a totally different and much shorter and slower circuit was re-opened on the same site.

The track There are a lot of slow corners in the first half of the 2.68-mile lap, but then it speeds up with a series of faster bends. The final sweep into the pit straight is quite tricky.

The danger The first corner is tight but most of the action happens at the very slow second turn, where desperate kamikaze overtaking moves usually end in tears and flames. David Coulthard

CANADIAN GP

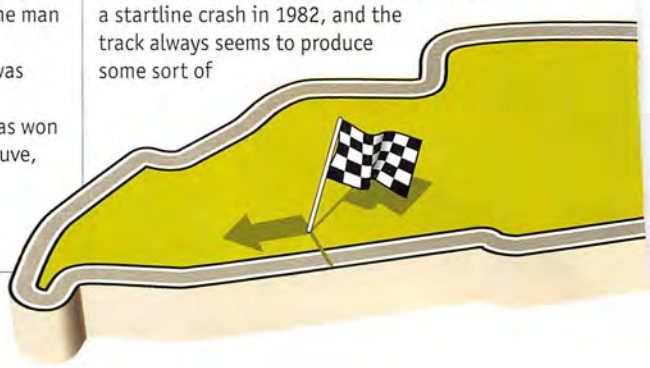
Circuit Gilles Villeneuve, Montreal
June 18, 18:00

The basics It's about the only time you can say this about an event in Canada, but action is pretty much guaranteed on this superb track. For some reason, the nation is packed with Ferrari fans, although obviously Jacques Villeneuve is the man they really want to win.

The history The first Canadian Grand Prix was held at the Mosport Circuit back in 1967, switching to Montreal in 1978. That race was won by Jacques' legendary father, Gilles Villeneuve, and after his death in 1982 the track was renamed in his honour. Perhaps the most unusual circuit in use, it's situated on an island in the St Lawrence river, and is surrounded by buildings erected for Expo '67 and the 1976 Canadian Olympics.

The track Similar in many ways to Melbourne, Montreal is laid out on roads through a park, and like the Australian venue, the 2.74-mile circuit consists of fast straights linked by slow chicanes – really tough on the brakes.

The danger Italian rookie Riccardo Paletti died in a startline crash in 1982, and the track always seems to produce some sort of



punted team-mate Mika Hakkinen off on the first lap last year.

The form The A1-Ring's unusually high retirement rate (it's not uncommon for only eight or nine of the 22 drivers to finish) can make for some very strange results, so expect plenty of exciting spins, bumps and breakdowns. Rookie Jarno Trulli led for Prost in 1997; last year Eddie Irvine held off Coulthard in a thrilling finish.

This track has some strange results. Expect spins, bumps and breakdowns

carnage, especially at the start. At some corners there's very little margin for error – the wall on the last is only inches away from the track and acts like a magnet; World Champions Schumacher, Hill and Villeneuve all went off at the tight final bend in 1999.

The form Mika Hakkinen took the chequered flag last year, but Montreal doesn't always go to plan for the big names, so there's a good chance that somebody else can sneak in and pip McLaren and Ferrari.

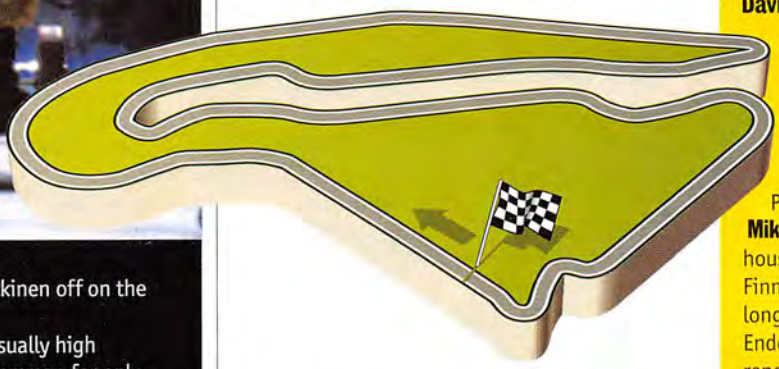
FRENCH GP

Magny-Cours
July 2, 13:00

The basics Moaning French F1 fans haven't had a lot to cheer about recently, but the sight of veteran Jean Alesi in a blue Prost-Peugeot should remind the garlic-chompers of their racing heydays, when Prost himself was Lord of the sport.

The history First held in 1906, the French GP is where motor racing first started. The race has had many homes over the years, notably Paul Ricard near Marseilles, but it settled in 1991 at Magny-Cours in central France, mainly because President Mitterand had close links with the region.

The track The circuit is squeezed into a tiny area,



resulting in lots of hairpins, as the 2.61-mile course winds back on itself. However the first and second corners are fast and challenging, and a smooth surface means the drivers generally like racing there.

The danger Although it's thought of as one of the safest tracks, Magny-Cours can become a skating rink when it rains, as happened last year when most of the cars spun off. Much of the action happens at the slow "Lycee" corner.

The form Rain and good tactics allowed Heinz-Harald Frentzen and the Jordan team to steal a dramatic victory in 1999. On a normal day, you'd expect to see Michael Schumacher and Ferrari right up with the McLarens.

In the Serengeti, the flock of angry cars saw off the Merc

Lucky in love...

As if driving around in circles really quickly wasn't hard enough, our plucky F1 heroes also have to put up with the pressures of dating gorgeous women. *FHM* examines the form of the top pit-lane Romeos:

Eddie Irvine The King of the racetrack playboys, Irvine has been linked with, among countless others, models Karen Mulder and Yvonne Connolly who went on to become Ronan Keating's wife. Once spent £30,000 to travel 1,800 miles for just one hour's passion with current squeeze, model Anouk Voorveld.

David Coulthard Proving that the world's largest chin is no pulling impediment, Coulthard recently swapped blonde model girlfriend Andrea Murray for another: Yank Heidi Wichlinski. Admitted to shagging in a Transit van, and was also linked to Royal Zara Philips, of all people.

Mr Tickle: racy

Mika Salo No conservative housewife for the reclusive Finn – last year he married long term girlfriend Noriko Endo, a former porn star renowned throughout Japan for flashing her especially hairy minge to all and sundry. Massive knockers, though.

Jacques Villeneuve Despite increasing baldness and – worse – being French-Canadian, Jacques is set to marry Dannii Minogue later this year, after she waged a minor stalking campaign last May. With this kind of distraction, is it any wonder he's turned rubbish on the track?

Pedro Diniz A nasty pit-lane fuel fire – inspiring the *Sun* headline *Diniz In The Oven* – hasn't burnt out the Romeo's luck with ladies. Renowned throughout South America for his playboy lifestyle, he's recently been boning top Brazilian model Cassia.

Michael Schumacher Blaggard tactics are not restricted to the track for the ice-veined Hun. He married rival driver Frentzen's former girlfriend Corinna. Interestingly, there's an internet campaign to find pictures of this buxom Teuton in the buff.

Heinz-Harald Frentzen No licking of wounds after the sneaky move by Schumacher: Frentzen got hitched to longtime partner Tanja Nigge last year in Thailand.

Jenson Button Groupie action looks unlikely for the new boy. Longtime girlfriend and barmaid Kimberley Keay swears he'll stay faithful. But with cock-hungry blondes waiting to stalk him, he'll need an iron will to prove himself worthy of her trust...

▽ LUCKY IN LOVE WORDS: CHRIS BELL. SUTTON MOTORSPORT IMAGES, ACTION IMAGES

F1 Special 2000

'Off with his lid!'

Need to know more about who's lapping who? Then follow our team-by-team guide to the drivers...

ARROWS

Pedro de la Rosa
Age: 29
Born: Barcelona, Spain

Background: Made his F1 debut at the late age of 28 after a spell in Japan. Spent 1998 as Jordan test driver before joining Arrows last season.
Highlights: Won the British Formula Renault title in 1992, the Japanese F3 in 1995 and the Formula Nippon title in 1997.
Interesting fact: He's only the third Spanish driver ever to finish in the top six of a GP.

Jos Verstappen
Age: 28
Born: Montfort, Holland

Background: Joined Benetton in 1994. Went to Simtek, Arrows and Tyrrel, but never found a competitive seat. After joining Stewart mid-way through 1998, he became test driver for Honda last year.
Highlights: Had a couple of third place finishes in 1994.
Interesting fact: Accused last year of road rage on a Dutch motorway. But the case never came to court.

BRITISH AMERICAN RACING

Jacques Villeneuve
Age: 28
Born: Quebec, Canada

Background: Son of Ferrari star Gilles, who was killed in 1982. Joined Williams in 1996, where aggressive driving got him noticed. Joined BAR in 1999, but had a disappointing season.
Highlights: Won the Drivers' Championship for Williams in 1997.
Interesting fact: Never stays in a hotel at races, but prefers the comfort of his luxury motor home.

Ricardo Zonta
Age: 23
Born: Curitiba, Brazil

Background: Made his F1 debut last year. Zonta first came to prominence in 1996 racing F3000, before taking to Mercedes sports cars in 1998.
Highlights: Won F3000 in 1997 and the FIA GT Sportscar crown for Mercedes in 1998.
Interesting fact: One of the dullest F1 drivers, Zonta's only quirk is his superstition of getting in and out of his car, right leg first.

MINARDI

Marc Gene
Age: 26
Born: Sabadell, Spain

Background: A surprise choice for the Minardi team in 1999. And is yet to prove himself worthy of a place in the top flight.
Highlights: Won the 1998 Spanish Open Fortuna championship for F3000-type cars.
Interesting fact: Gene's the only F1 driver with a degree – in economics. He was destined for a career in accountancy before Minardi saved his soul.

JORDAN

Heinz-Harald Frentzen
Age: 32
Born: Mönchengladbach, Germany

Background: In 1994, after spending two years in Japan, he made his F1 debut with Sauber. Snapped up by Williams in 1996, Frentzen never felt comfortable and moved to Jordan in 1999.
Highlights: Came third in the Championship last season, won the French and Italian GPs.
Interesting fact: Frentzen's dad is an undertaker.

Jarno Trulli
Age: 25
Born: Pescara, Italy

Background: Made his F1 debut in 1997 for Minardi after massive success in go-karts and F3. Switched to Prost in the same year. Highly regarded by new team Jordan and could still make it to the top.
Highlights: Runner-up in 1999's European GP.
Interesting fact: He's named after the Finnish motorbike champion Jarno Saarinen, who was killed at Monza in May 1973.

McLAREN

Mika Hakkinen
Age: 31
Born: Helsinki, Finland

Background: Having starred in Scandinavian karts and FF1600, he jumped straight into F1 with Lotus, before joining McLaren in 1993, as test driver. Looking for a hat-trick of wins this season.
Highlights: Won the title two years on the trot in 1998 and 1999.
Interesting fact: Hakkinen was left in a coma following his crash during practice for the Australian GP in 1995.

David Coulthard
Age: 29
Born: Twynholm, Scotland

Background: Signed to Williams as test driver in 1994, but got his seat after Senna was killed in May of that year. Won his first GP in 1995. Joined McLaren in 1996 alongside Hakkinen.
Highlights: Beat Irvine to win at Silverstone last year, and got one over Hakkinen in Belgium.
Interesting fact: His early career was sponsored by his family's haulage business.

BENETTON

Giancarlo Fisichella
Age: 27
Born: Rome, Italy

Background: Joined Minardi in 1996, after winging it through the F3 and touring car circuit. Switched to Jordan in 1997 and moved to Benetton in 1998.
Highlights: Took second at Spa for Jordan in 1997 and made pole position in Austria the following year.
Interesting fact: A model in his spare time, he was recently voted Formula 1's best-looking driver.

Alexander Wurz
Age: 26
Born: Waidhofen, Austria

Background: The son of a top rally cross driver, Wurz joined Benetton as test driver in 1997 and impressed the team. Earned a full-time spot for the 1998 season. Struggled to keep up with Fisichella last year.
Highlights: Won Le Mans in 1996 and came third at Silverstone in his first year in F1.
Interesting fact: Wurz was a BMX World Champion in his youth.

FERRARI

Michael Schumacher
Age: 31
Born: Hurth-Hurmuhlheim, Germany

Background: Probably the best driver in the world, he joined Benetton in 1991 and moved to Ferrari in 1996.
Highlights: Won the World Championship with Benetton in both 1994 and 1995.
Interesting fact: Got his big break in 1991 when he replaced Jordan's Bertrand Gachot, who was jailed for spraying CS gas into a London cabbie's face.

Rubens Barrichello
Age: 27
Born: Sao Paulo, Brazil

Background: Joined Jordan in 1993 after the British F3 and FIA F3000 championships. Moved to Stewart in 1996 and switched to Ferrari this season.
Highlights: Survived a wet Monaco GP in 1996 to finish second. Came third at the French, European and San Marino GPs last year.
Interesting fact: Swallowed his tongue after crashing in practice at Imola in 1994.

JAGUAR RACING

Eddie Irvine
Age: 34
Born: Newtownards, Northern Ireland

Background: Had a spell in Japanese F3000. Spent three years at Jordan, before partnering Michael Schumacher at Ferrari in 1996. Has joined Jaguar for this season.
Highlights: Just missed out on the title last year, after four wins in Australia, Austria, Germany and Malaysia.
Interesting fact: When he was younger, Irvine sold second-hand cars.

Johnny Herbert
Age: 35
Born: Romford, England

Background: Broke both his legs in a F3000 shunt in 1988. Made his F1 debut for Benetton in 1989. Drove for Tyrrel and Lotus before rejoining Benetton in 1994. Spent three years at Sauber before switching to Jaguar.
Highlights: Won last year's European GP to add to the two wins he picked up in 1995.
Interesting fact: Still walks with a limp following the 1988 crash.

PROST

Jean Alesi
Age: 35
Born: Avignon, France

Background: Jumped into F1 with Tyrrell in 1989. Switched to Ferrari for 1991 but won only one GP. Spent two years at Benetton before moving to Sauber in 1998. Now joins the team of old pal Alain Prost.
Highlights: Has only one GP victory to his name: Canada in 1995.
Interesting fact: His passport is French, but Alesi has an Italian-Sicilian background.

Nick Heidfeld
Age: 22
Born: Mönchengladbach, Germany

Background: A kart racer, he was spotted by Mercedes and signed up as the next Michael Schumacher. He starred in F3 before Mercedes and McLaren created an F3000 team around him for 1998. Currently on loan to Alain Prost.
Highlights: Won the FIA title last year.
Interesting fact: Started racing go-karts at the age of eight.

SAUBER

Pedro Diniz
Age: 27
Born: Sao Paulo, Brazil

Background: After a terrible rookie F1 season with Forti in 1995, got a seat at Ligier for 1996. Made further progress in two years with Arrows. Moved to Sauber for the 1999 season, but crashed nearly every race.
Highlights: Yet to win anything. At all.
Interesting fact: Diniz comes from a wealthy Brazilian family, the owners of a supermarket empire.

Mika Salo
Age: 33
Born: Helsinki, Finland

Background: Made a surprise F1 debut with Lotus in 1994. Earned a full-time drive with Tyrrell in 1995. Moved to Arrows in 1998, and made a good impression when he subbed for the injured Schumacher at Ferrari last year.
Highlights: Came second to Hakkinen in the 1990 F3 championship.
Interesting fact: Suffered facial burns when a car he was working on burst into flames.

WILLIAMS

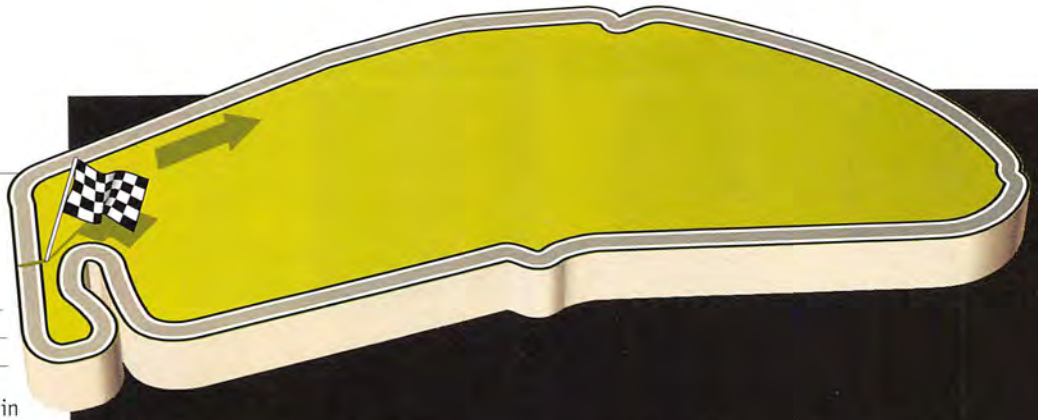
Ralf Schumacher
Age: 24
Born: Hurth-Hurmuhlheim, Germany

Background: The younger brother of Michael, he earned an F1 place with Jordan in 1997. Impressive drives in second half of 1997 earned him an invitation to join Williams.
Highlights: Won the Macau F3 in 1995 and the All Nippon Formula 3000 in 1996.
Interesting fact: Rumoured to have had a fling with glamour girl Jordan.

Jens ... ton
Age: ...
Born: ... England

Back... **l:** Renowned as a ... kartist, his ... ropped up as a ... ial F1 driver follow... year in Form... rd and a seas... British F3. A tes... rost led to a tria... Williams, befor... was subsequen... ered a full-time ... or 2000. **High...** : Came third in Br... 3 last year. **Inter...** **fact:** Failed his d... test first time ... d.

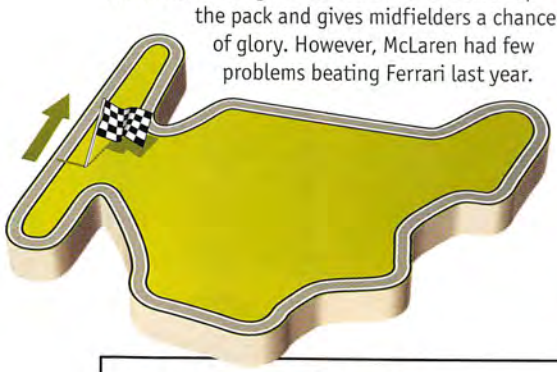
DRIVERS WORDS ADAM COOPER. ACTION IMAGES



HUNGARIAN GP

Hungaroring, Budapest
August 13, 13:00

The basics The first and only GP to take place in the former Communist bloc, Hungary is a favourite haunt for fans from all over Europe. In particular, hordes of Finns fly in on chartered jets, hoping to will on a Hakkinen triumph.
The history The Iron Curtain was still up when the race was introduced in 1986. Nigel Mansell clinched his world title here in 1992. Damon Hill, likewise, loved the place, and nearly won in the otherwise hopeless Arrows in 1997.
The track The track is located 20 minutes up the M3 motorway from Budapest. The designer forgot to include any fast corners in the 2.46-mile course, and teams and drivers regard it as a Monaco "without the walls" – or the glamour. With the cars barely getting up to full speed, overtaking chances are few, apart from the occasional first corner lunge.
The danger Some drivers get frustrated by the "follow-my-leader" nature of the track and try to force their way through, so slow-speed collisions are common, but it's usually regarded as one of the safest tracks of the season.
The form A strange one, as it tends to bunch up the pack and gives midfielders a chance of glory. However, McLaren had few problems beating Ferrari last year.



GERMAN GP

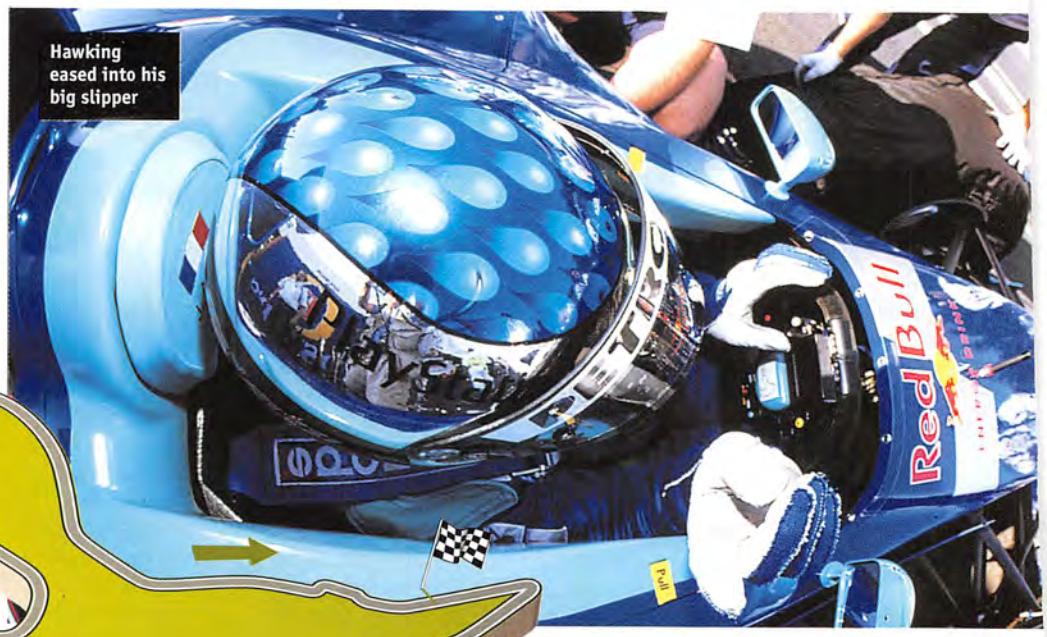
Hockenheim, Heidelberg
July 30, 13:00

The basics It's all about engines and aerodynamics at the unusual Hockenheim "speedbowl", with the cars going flat out for much of the time. The track provides more of a challenge for the cars than drivers, but lunatic Schumacher acolytes give the place a real buzz.
The history The wonderful Nürburgring was the race's spiritual home until F1 outgrew the old track after 1976. Built by Mercedes, Hockenheim has hosted the race ever since.
The track Along with Monza, Hockenheim is one of the two fastest tracks on the schedule, with cars clocking at least 220mph on the straights. Its unique 4.24-mile layout includes a twisty section through a grandstand-lined "stadium", which is packed with 150,000 Schumacher supporters. The rest of the track is basically two ultra-fast long straights, linked by a series of slow chicanes.
The dangers The great Jim Clark died here when he hit a tree in 1968; barriers now line the straights, but a mechanical or tyre failure at

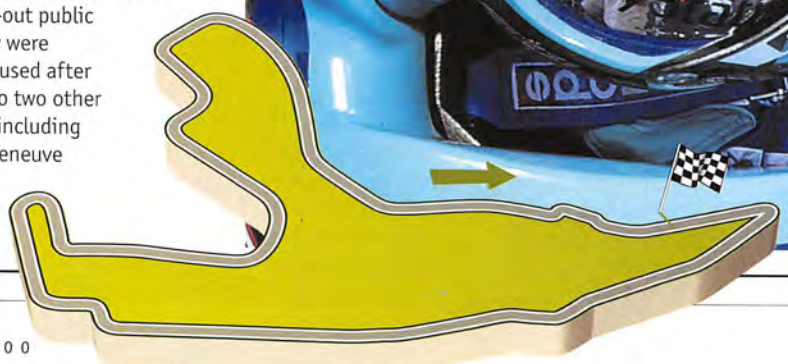
BELGIAN GP

Spa-Francorchamps
August 27, 13:00

The basics If there were a World Championship of dullness, the Belgians would walk away with the trophy every time. However, when it comes to more exciting events like F1, the chocolate-makers have to content themselves with the pride of having the Spa-Francorchamps track – a favourite with most of the drivers.
The history The original Spa ran for some eight miles around flat-out public roads. Death and injury were common, and it wasn't used after 1970. Following visits to two other less inspiring tracks — including Zolder, where Gilles Villeneuve died during qualifying in 1982 — the race returned to a new and



Hawking eased into his big slipper



Straightline speed is everything, but the track is very tough on cars, and engine failures are common

220mph could still have catastrophic consequences. The chicanes usually produce a few collisions.

The form McLaren performed the perfect race on Mercedes' home ground in 1998, driving off into the distance, but last year the team blew it and Eddie Irvine led a Ferrari one-two. Strangely, Michael Schumacher has won his home race just once. Straightline speed is everything, but the track is very tough on cars, and engine failures are common.

Hakkinen took out Schumacher with his car-to-car missile

ITALIAN GP

Monza, Milan
September 10, 13:00

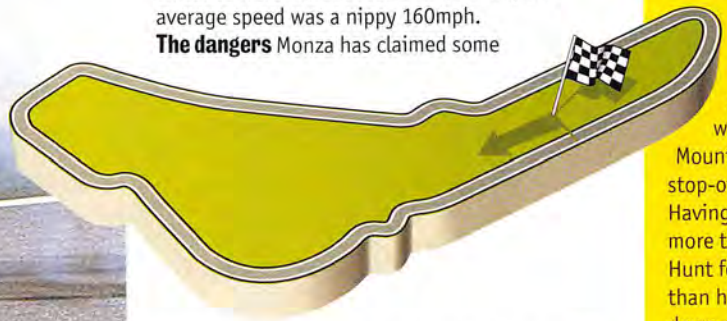
The basics One of the greatest events in motor sport, the Italian GP's charged atmosphere is propelled by Ferrari's devoted fans, the "Tifosi", whose mad fervour for the red cars borders on the frightening.

The history Since 1950 the Italian GP has left Monza just once – in 1980, when it went to Imola. Not far from bustling Milan, Monza is one of the most charismatic venues on the calendar. Rich in history, it opened in 1922 and has seen a host of legendary races – and a lot of tragedy. Part of the track used to be banked, but these days it's all fast straights and tight chicanes.

The track The many long straights and unusually fast corners ensure that the 3.58-mile track is all about bhp (brake horse power) and slippery aerodynamics. However, cars also have to be able to bounce through the three chicanes effectively, because that's where time can be lost. Speeds will never be as fast as 30 years ago, before the chicanes were introduced. Back in 1971, the average speed was a nippy 160mph.

The dangers Monza has claimed some great drivers, including Jochen Rindt (1970) and Ronnie Peterson (1978). It's a much safer place now, but there are still a few turns where a mistake or car failure can lead to serious trouble. The open first chicane usually sees a lot of low-speed tomfoolery as drivers try to squeeze down the inside of the track.

The form Ferrari always manages to find something special for the team's biggest race of the year, but in 1999 McLaren's Mika Hakkinen looked well set until he chucked it off the road, allowing Jordan's Heinz-Harald Frentzen to score a surprise win. The track is hard on machinery, so a heavy casualty rate can allow the lesser lights to grab some glory.



much shorter Spa in 1983. The track retains much of the spirit of the original, Ayrton Senna winning five times there in the past.

The track Around half of the circuit's 4.33 miles are borrowed from the pre-war track – then it sets off into the modern short cut, which twists and turns through the hillsides.

The danger Eau Rouge is without doubt the most dangerous and most challenging corner of the year. Any crash here will be huge, and last year Jacques Villeneuve *and* BAR team-mate Ricardo Zonta totalled their cars within minutes of each other in qualifying. It seems to rain around four years out of five on race day, and visibility becomes a serious threat – in 1998 Michael Schumacher creamed into the back of David Coulthard.

The form One word – Schumacher. He comes into his own at Spa, especially if it rains. He's won it four times and it could easily have been six. In his absence, McLaren scored a 1-2 last year, with Coulthard beating Hakkinen.

Satan and his brother prepared to eat the wee tightrope walker

'Hunt, you say?'

Eddie Irvine may get his fair share of trouser action, but even the Irish rogue can't match up to some of his libidinous predecessors...

Club Foot Mike still pulled the birds

Champion lives life dangerously In 1976, while preparing for the Canadian GP in Mosport, James Hunt and a few members of the McLaren team held a private test session at the track. While the visitors were admiring the car, Hunt whisked away one of the guests' wives and had sex with her in an ambulance nearby. The vehicle was said to be "rocking vigorously" as the embarrassed McLaren crew tried desperately to divert the unwitting husband's eyes.

Conveyor belt of love Prior to the final race that same season, Hunt (again) was delighted to discover his hotel in Mount Fuji, Japan, was being used as a stop-over by British Airways stewardesses. Having informed each new arrival they'd be more than welcome to join him in his room, Hunt found himself faced with more visitors than he'd anticipated. Never one to turn down a challenge, however, the playboy plotted an elaborate rota in order to keep up his hospitality. True to his motto – "Sex, the breakfast of champions" – Hunt went on to win the World Championship.

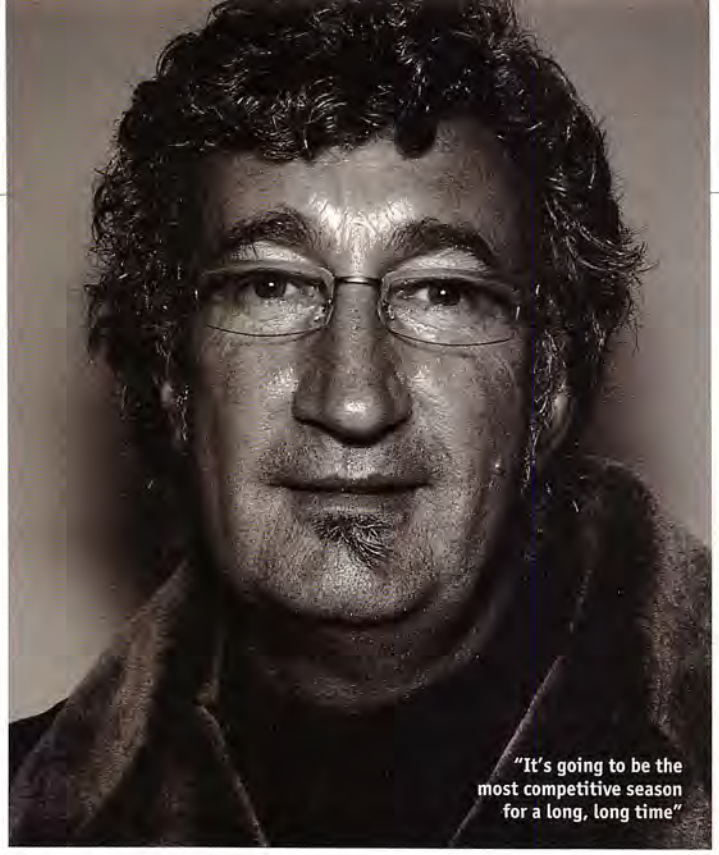
Busy drivers double up Randy Harry Schell would kiss his conquests goodbye with the words, "Maybe I'll see you at the next race." One such fan took him at his word, however, and turned up at his hotel room before the 1958 British GP, raring for a repeat performance. Schell, unfortunately, was in bed with another girl. Not wanting to disappoint, however, the Lothario slipped her the number of his team-mate Jean Behra, who was happy to help.

Philanderer foxed by fan Having chatted up a groupie in a Monte Carlo casino in 1968, BRM team's Pedro Rodriguez was delighted when the fan invited him back to her flat for a night-cap. Things turned sour, however, when he discovered her sexual assistance had not been for free. Faced with a huge bill, Rodriguez discovered he had no money and that the woman had hidden his clothes. It was only after several frantic phone calls that the money was couriered over, by a friend.

▽ HUNT WORDS: TIM HERBERT. SUTTON MOTORSPROT IMAGES

Eddie Jordan

The Jordan boss on girls, write-offs and the season ahead...


"It's going to be the most competitive season for a long, long time"

First things first, where are the best-looking girls?
Erm, the girls in Montreal are sensational. England can be very good, but it does depend a lot on the time of year, or what they're wearing and what the weather's like. The French GP in Paul Ricard used to be amazing because it's down on the Riviera, but now it's at Magny Cours it's nothing like the same.

And the maddest fans?
Oh yeah, at Monza they're all lunatics!

Where do all the celebs hang out?
Monaco. It's the same weekend as the Cannes film festival and almost every movie star wants to get to the Grand Prix. Silverstone's a really high profile place on race day, from royalty members to senior people in government, senior dignitaries, movie stars and rock 'n' roll stars.

Who'll be the main players this season?
Outside our own two and Schumacher and Hakkinen, it's going to be difficult to see anyone else emerging. I actually think the surprise of the year will be Trulli, but not just because he's with us.

Why did you sign Trulli when Damon Hill retired?
To replace Damon with another senior driver, there was really no-one there that I wanted. I wanted somebody young, who could possibly replace Frentzen if he was to leave or whatever. Trulli's an ex-world karting champion, he's done everything, so I couldn't put two better guys together, given the circumstances.

Jordan finished third last year. Fancy a place in the top three again?
I'd be happier if we were at the top end of the three than at the bottom end, but it must be top three. I'm not prepared to accept anything less.

Will there be an almighty scrap for the podium?
I think it's going to be the most competitive season for a long, long time. And the reason is that the rules haven't changed and the teams that are slower have found out what the other ones have been doing. All of the teams will be much closer together.

Williams' new driver Jensen Button's barely out of short trousers. Will he keep up?
I hope he does well, but it's going to be a tall order. It's the first time a significant team, apart from Jordan, has taken a chance with a young driver.

What's the most dangerous track?
I wouldn't say any one sticks out in my mind. A lot of drivers would have concerns about the Eau Rouge corner in Spa, but I don't think it's dangerous, because we wouldn't be racing there if it was – it wouldn't pass the FIA. But if you were to take a vote of all the drivers currently in F1, I promise you Spa would come out first. It's a real buzz.

So what's more important – the car or driver skill?
It's a little bit of both. A good driver like Jacques Villeneuve didn't get any points last year, and the reason wasn't that he didn't try hard enough, but that the car wasn't good enough.

Indianapolis will be the first Grand Prix in America since 1991. Will it be a success?
That's going to be a major eye-opener. It'll be one of the first races where we'll see more than a quarter of a million people at a Grand Prix.

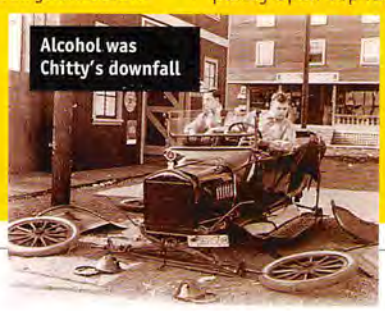
How many write-offs do you budget for each year?
About three, but it used to be four. In one year, I had Ralf Schumacher and Giancarlo Fisichella, it was their first year in F1, and it was like a rebuild after almost every race. It broke the hearts of the mechanics, but it was great fun!

Do you bill the drivers for damages?
I'd like to be able to, but I try to make sure we don't pay them quite as much. We should put them on a bonus for bringing the car back in one piece!

'I want a five-foot spoiler'

Your old banger might handle like a shopping trolley with three wheels, but the old girl may have more in common with McLaren and Ferrari than you think. So before you let the handbrake off and give her a helpful nudge in the direction of the canal, stop a moment to reflect on the pedigree she may well share with the great motor racing winners of the past...

Alloy wheels Ettore Bugatti was the first to tear up the tarmac on alloy wheels in the 1924 Lyon Grand Prix, with his legendary Type 35. The rest of the world had to wait 50-odd years before they came into mainstream fashion, and only then on top-of-the-range motors, for people with pots of cash to spare. Ultra-lightweight alloy wheels are now the main staple of boy racers everywhere, giving improved acceleration and braking.


Alcohol was Chitty's downfall

Four-wheel drive It's strange to think that modern off-road technology was designed for Grand Prix, but the earliest races were held on roads with hills and extra traction was needed. Dutch racing manufacturer Spyker came up with a 4WD car in 1902 and put it through its paces in a 1906 competition at Birmingham. The concept didn't make it into mass production until Jensen latched onto the idea in 1965.

De-misters/heated rear windows While the plucky open-top racing pioneers braved the elements in pursuit of glory, saloon models offered comfort, shelter and steamed-up windows. As a safer alternative to driving blind, de-misters were tested in the Monte Carlo Rally of the Thirties, giving drivers the distinct advantage of seeing where they were going on cold days. They were soon fitted on production cars, but heated rear windows didn't make it to the assembly lines until the Sixties.

Fuel injection As soon as they saw what fuel injection had done for the Luftwaffe, Mercedes-Benz wanted to make their cars fly, too. Their 300SL model, racing in the 1952 Le Mans 24-hour, was the first to enjoy the benefits of extra fuel economy and high performance, at last giving the Hun something to crow about after their WWII pasting.

Five-speed gearbox In modern times, the five-speed gearbox has become the technology of choice for delivering max power at increasing speeds, but it's by no means a modern invention. Frenchman Louis Delage fitted one to his car at the 1911 Grand Prix. It finally made it into mass production in the early Eighties.

EDDIE JORDAN INTERVIEW: TIM HERBERT; I WANT WORDS: GEZ RUSSELL. PHOTOGRAPHY: LIAM DUKE; KOBAL

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The Lord of F1

The red team showed off their papier mâché Warhol

Meet F1's workaholic boss – the man who once bought himself a hotel so he had something to do while on holiday...

He doesn't own a single team or track, and yet, as head of Formula One Holdings, 69-year-old Bernie Ecclestone runs the whole Grand Prix commercial operation – from television coverage right down to the colour of the toilet roll at race meetings. And while he's often thought of as a control freak, he's unlikely to care – an estimated £2.4 billion fortune makes him Britain's most wealthy resident.

The pint-sized mogul's first foray into F1 came in the late Fifties, when he bought the struggling Connaught team. But after one of his drivers died, Ecclestone quit racing and returned to his earlier business, spending the Sixties making his fortune in property and finance. In 1971, however, he returned to the racetrack, snapping up the Brabham team for a bargain £100,000.

Throughout the Seventies, Ecclestone's lackadaisical fellow owners were more than happy to sit back and let him take control, and he began to hammer the sport into shape. Teams were obliged to enter all Grand Prix races, and TV bosses were told to televise all races, or none at all. Twenty-five years on, and F1 teams still profit from Ecclestone's business nous. Both Williams and Benetton won championships in the Nineties after he advised them to sign Jacques Villeneuve and Michael Schumacher respectively – meanwhile Ecclestone benefited by way of some fiercely competitive title races.

As with any powerful businessman, it's unwise to cross Ecclestone unless you're prepared to take a slapping. When ITV got embroiled in a contract row last year, they were denied live coverage of the Austrian and French Grand Prix qualifying rounds. The little man gave an even more convincing demonstration of his power when, in 1997, the Belgian government considered banning tobacco advertising. Ecclestone countered by threatening to take away the country's Grand Prix if the law changed – a move which would have cost the nation 1.2 billion francs a year.

LORD WORDS: CHRIS LEADBEATER. ACTION IMAGES, SUTTON MOTORSPORT IMAGES

US GP

Indianapolis Motor Speedway, Indianapolis
September 24, 20:00

The basics The spiritual home of motor sport in America plays host to F1 for the first time as Bernie Ecclestone attempts to re-launch the sport in the Land Of The Free. There's big bucks at stake for the little guy – so every effort will be made to make it a success.

The Wimbledon link road stopped play in Centre Court

The history Europeans have been racing stateside since the start of the last century, and the US GP was a regular on the Formula 1 calendar from 1959 to 1991. Venues changed regularly, but the last – a street race in downtown Phoenix – was a commercial disaster. It's taken Bernie Ecclestone nearly a decade to put another viable American deal together, having toyed with Miami, San Francisco and Las Vegas. Indianapolis has run its famous 500 mile race since 1911, and the name should ensure a healthy crowd.

The track A new 2.61-mile GP circuit has been constructed using part of the main oval track, but in the wrong direction. At the end of the main straight it turns right and heads into a series of bends laid out on what used to be grass – some of it even bisects the track's golf course.

The dangers On paper the final corner – which is actually the oval's first turn – looks like being among the fastest in F1, and it should be a real test. The rest is relatively tame.

The form Nobody will be able to test there before September, so it's anybody's guess as to how it will pan out. However expect 1995 Indy 500 winner Jacques Villeneuve to be in an inspired mood as he returns to the scene of one of his greatest days.

JAPANESE GP

Suzuka, Suzuka City
October 8, 06:30

The basics Resembling a theme park, with its colossal ferris wheel towering over the track, the Japanese GP is one of the most popular of the season with F1 regulars. For the past four years Suzuka's been the final race of the season, but that honour now goes to Malaysia.

The history James Hunt won the World Championship when the first Japanese GP was held at Fuji in 1976. The following year several spectators were killed when Gilles Villeneuve flipped his Ferrari, and the race was dropped. The event was revived at Suzuka in 1987, a circuit which had originally been designed in 1962 as a test track for Honda. Since then Japan's been noted for dramatic races, often made more exciting by poor weather. Many World Champions have been crowned here, including Damon Hill in 1996.

The track A challenging and difficult 3.64-mile circuit, Suzuka has a unique figure-of-eight layout with a flyover and underpass. Only Spa offers the same challenge for the drivers.

The dangers Shunts are common during the Japanese GP; Nigel Mansell tweaked his back in 1987, while Senna and Prost clashed in 1989, and again in 1990. There's always a lot of bumping at the tight final chicane, which is preceded by the "130R" – a daunting 160mph left-handed bend which can catch out even the most cautious.

The form Last year Mika Hakkinen clinched the title by disappearing into the distance, leaving the Ferraris trailing. Eddie Irvine also has a great record here, and will usually be found on the podium.

The PlayStation 2's graphics were disappointing

Every summer at Blackpool, the car's first stop was the Hall of Mirrors

Last October several corners caught out even the best as they learned the new track

MALAYSIAN GP

Sepang
October 22, 07:30

The basics Like Marco Polo and Alexander The Great, F1 had its sights set on a major expansion into Asia for many years, and in 1999 the Japanese GP was joined by a new event in Malaysia, which proved to be an instant hit.
The history Built near Kuala Lumpur airport, about an hour from the city's downtown area, the track is the most advanced in the world. Built for an estimated £75m, the whole project was underwritten by the government, who view F1 as a promotional tool.
The track At just over 3.4 miles, Sepang's German designer came up with a perfect balance of fast and slow corners for the Malaysian GP – the tight first turn is a great overtaking spot. The track sweeps round a double-sided grandstand, said to be the largest in the world.
The dangers On paper it looked pretty straightforward, but last October drivers were surprised to find that the track was quite tricky, and several corners caught out even the best as they learned their way round during the weekend. Heavy rain can strike at any time, making life even more difficult.
The form Last year Ferrari performed the impossible as Michael Schumacher returned from his enforced lay-off and helped Eddie Irvine to score his fourth win of the season and keep the Ulsterman's title hopes alive. It's not easy to get the car right for the tricky combination of bends; for once the Jordan team was well off the pace.

'Does it come with an airbag?'

At early Grand Prix races, white-knuckle drivers would carry rocks attached to chains which they'd lob out of their vehicles to make an emergency stop. All very well when top speeds were 10.5mph, but today's demon drivers need rather more in the way of safety gadgetry to keep them in one piece...

Equipment Drivers in the Fifties showed scant regard for personal safety. Seatbelts were for cissies and most raced in T-shirts. Stirling Moss was one of the first to wear a helmet and he got plenty of stick for his troubles. It all changed at the start of the next decade, however, when seat belts, helmets and overalls became mandatory. In 1968, fire-resistant clothing and shatterproof visors were ruled compulsory.

Fire safety From 1969, onboard extinguishers were installed to put out fires with a mind to banish the putrid stench of burning flesh from F1 forever – or at least until Nikki Lauda caught fire at the 1976 German Grand Prix.
Spectator safety The FIA have tried a number of safety measures over the years, but still haven't made up their minds as to which one works best. The high "debris fences" made popular at the Indy 500 to protect crowds sitting just inches from the action were adopted in 1972, leaving punters free to enjoy a day at the races without mangled wreckage landing in their picnic.

Mechamole emerged from his digs

Driver safety Since the introduction of strengthened cockpits for drivers in the early Eighties, the race has been on to design the ultimate "survival cell". Rigorous impact tests have led the FIA to set a target of zero tolerance for fatalities in all but freak accidents during testing and racing. Possibly the greatest ever F1 driver, Ayrton Senna, unfortunately came a cropper in just such an incident at Imola in 1994, even though his survival cell had done its job. All would have been well for the Brazilian, had it not been for a tiny piece of metal which pierced the unfortunate driver's helmet.

AIRBAG WORDS: GEZ RUSSELL. SUTTON MOTORSPORT IMAGES

F1 in your home

One lucky winner will enjoy the British GP with Jordan pit girls in their home

Despite the valiant attempts of ever-excitable pensioner Murray Walker, watching a Grand Prix at home can be something of a letdown. For while the small screen gives you a superb view of the race itself, the sight of your hungover girlfriend mooching about the house in her dressing gown doesn't really match up to the legendary glamour of the live experience. However, this year, thanks to *FHM* and Benson and Hedges Jordan, you could have that special glow of glamour brought direct to your living room.

Even scuds found sponsorship in the Gulf War

The scouts proudly displayed their wasp swatting badges

The winner of our incredible competition will have the pleasure of receiving Jordan pit girls Jodie Shaw and Michelle Clack in their home for one of this year's races. Before the start, the gorgeous guests will transform the lucky man's living room into a noisy pit-stop, armed with parts from a real Jordan F1 car, including a race wheel, tyre, rear wing endplates, side pods and skid planks. To complete the package, the winner will even get a pair of grandstand tickets for the British Grand Prix, plus the top Scalextric Circuit 4 Formula One set. Nine runners-up win a Scalextric set each. But to win this unbelievable prize, you've first got to prove your passion for the sport, by completing our Formula One Pub Quiz.

Send your answers to: Formula One Pub Quiz, FHM, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR, to arrive by April 1. For more info on Scalextric, call 01843 233525. Entrants must be aged 18 or over.

F1 PUB QUIZ

To win the pit girls for the day, you've got to answer these fiendish brain-teasers...

1. Which driver has won the Monaco Grand Prix most times?

2. In what position did Johnny Herbert finish on his debut F1 race?

3. How many Grand Prix has Scot David Coulthard won?

4. How many races did Michael Schumacher win driving for Benetton/Renault?

5. In what year was Enzo Ferrari born?

6. Who is the only American driver to have won the World Championship for Ferrari?

7. How tall is Jacques Villeneuve?

8. Who won their only Grand Prix in 1975 by crashing over the finishing line?

9. Ronnie Peterson is considered by many insiders to be the best driver never to win the World Championship. But which three F1 teams did he drive for?

10. Formula 1 teams must ensure that a sample of fuel can be taken from their cars at any time during the event. How large must that sample be?

11. What was the total amount of points scored by Sterling Moss during his F1 career?

12. Who has scored the most points in the history of F1 so far?

13. How many races did Lotus win before bowing out of F1?

14. Which is the most successful French team in the history of F1?

15. Which World Champion has the best win ratio in the history of F1?

16. When asked how he got on with his co-driver in the the 1965 Le Mans race, which future World Champion replied: "What do you mean – your co-driver is your worst enemy!"

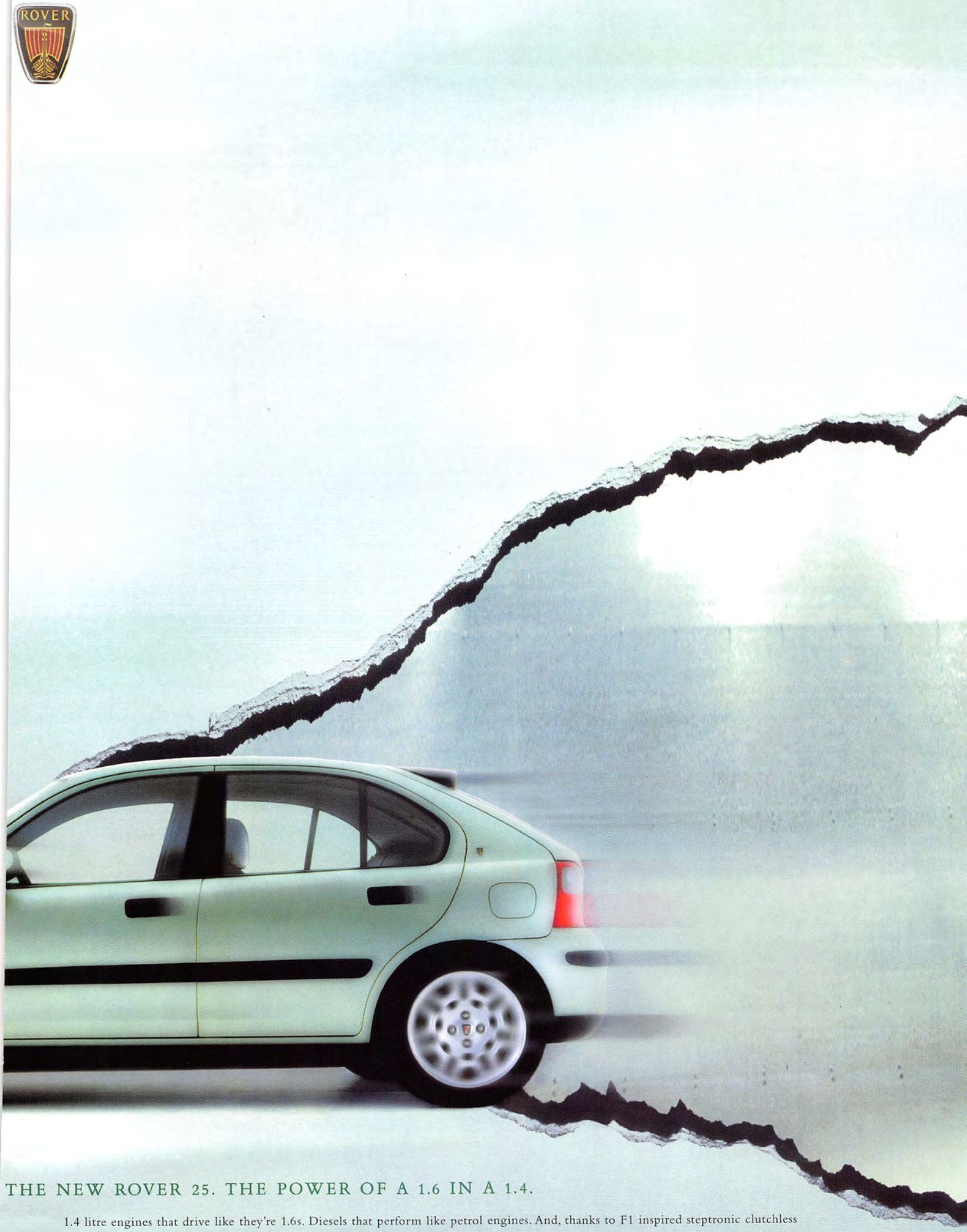
17. How many World Constructors' Championships have McLaren won?

18. Nikki Lauda called him: "The craziest devil I ever came across in Formula 1." Who was he referring to?

19. Which circuit contains the Jim Clark-Kurve?

20. Gerhard Berger put in a superb performance at the German GP in 1996. On which lap did his engine expire?

QUIZ WORDS: TIM MARSH



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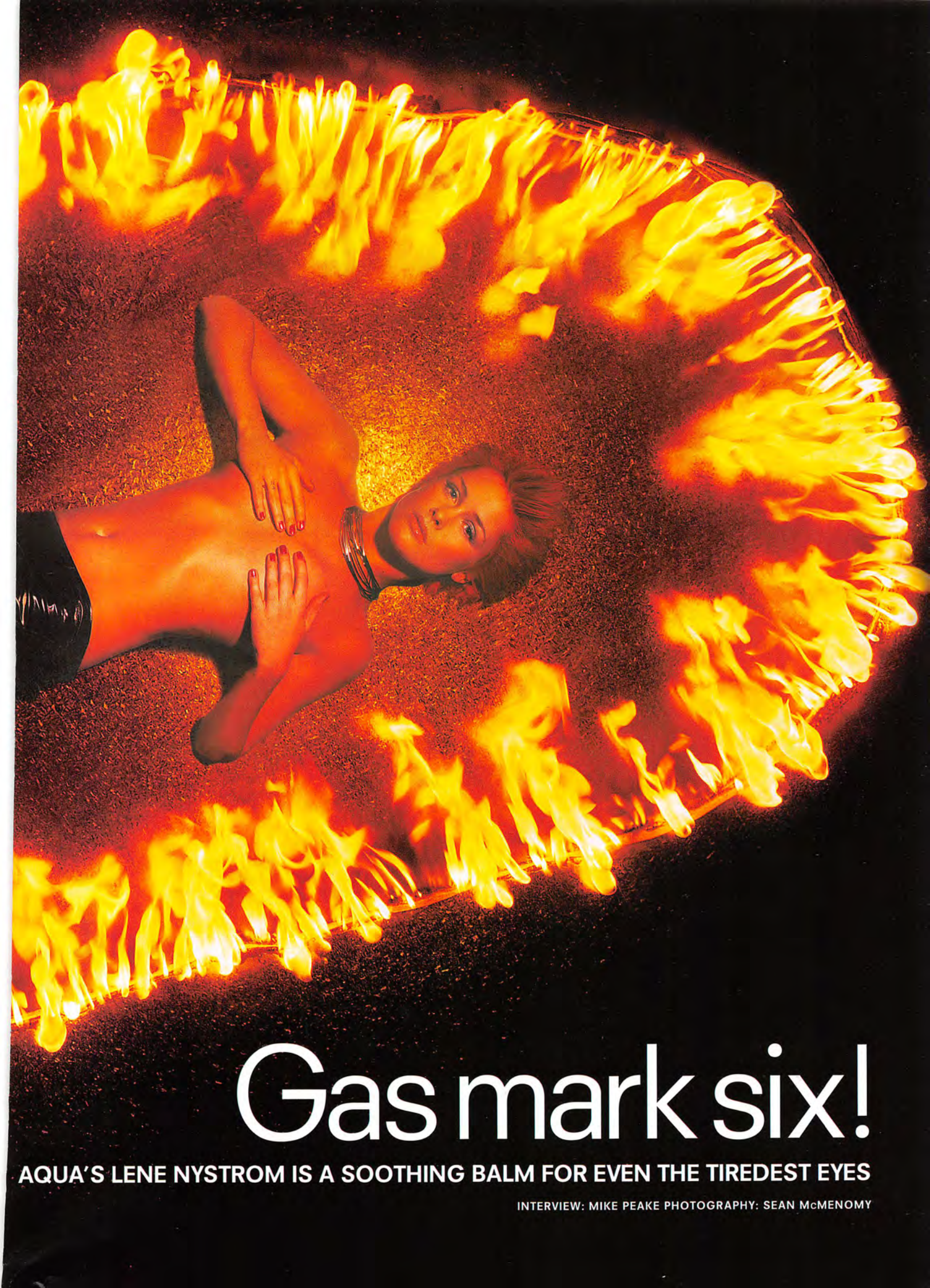
Lene Nystrom,
London,
December 1999

STYLING: MAXIME SIWAN AT CAROL HAYES MANAGEMENT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: UFFE BUCHARD AT STYLE COUNCIL USING MAC. PVC FRINGED TROUSERS BY PAM HOGG (0171-613 2283). SILVER AND BLACK LEATHER MULTI-STRAND NECKLACE BY EXOVO (0181-968 4435)

SHE SANDPAPERS OUR EARS WITH ABRASIVE EUROPOP, YET THE SIGHT OF



Gas mark six!

AQUA'S LENE NYSTROM IS A SOOTHING BALM FOR EVEN THE TIREDEST EYES

INTERVIEW: MIKE PEAKE PHOTOGRAPHY: SEAN McMENOMY

'WHEN I WAS 16 I DID A MODELLING SHOW AND A PHOTOGRAPHER FOOLED ME INTO TAKING MY CLOTHES OFF'

Give a British schoolboy a clout around the ear and tell him to recount all he knows about Norway – then stand back as the slobbering urchin dribbles on about Vikings, longboats and other important things that have been beaten into him at school. After reprimanding the scamp for using the term "rape and pillage" in public, you'll concede that, sadly, even as a mature adult you know little more about the icy Scandinavian landmass than your tiny-testicled juvenile friend. Think Norway, think snowy-whiskered brutes inflicting murderous pain on foreigners. And that's about it.

In keeping with this local tradition, Aqua singer Lene Nystrom has a penchant for brutalising innocent strangers, too – thanks to her piercing squeaky voice, which is as much a part of the whole Aqua sound as their catchy EuroPop hooks. Yet Lene *can* sing like an angel – as proved on the 1998 single *Turn Back Time*. And as well as redeeming herself further in this exclusive *FHM* photoshoot, the flame-haired beauty is even big enough to admit that their hideous *Barbie Girl* song might just have been a little bit, well, annoying...

"Oh man, I've *hated* that song," she tells *FHM*. "But I've just gone full circle and started to like it again. The worst thing for us was when we went to America when the song was a big hit – we were being sued by the makers of Barbie dolls; every journalist was asking about Barbie, and people were dressing up their kids like Barbie and Ken to meet us. It was disgusting. We played in New Jersey for a radio show and I was so fed up with the thing I went on and yelled, 'Who the fuck is Barbie?' Then I came off stage, told the guy from the record company to go find himself another Barbie Girl, trashed the bathroom, ran out into the crowd and then locked myself in my room. After that, it was time for a break."

At 26, Lene – full name Lene Grawford Nystrom – has done more than most have done by their mid-thirties. She served in Norway's Home Guard when she was 16, "I learned to shoot," she giggles. She's worked in a bar, she co-presented a Norwegian TV game show ("It was my job to turn the cards over," she explains). She had a fling with gap-toothed A-ha warbler Morten Harket, and she's even been a model. She hated it.

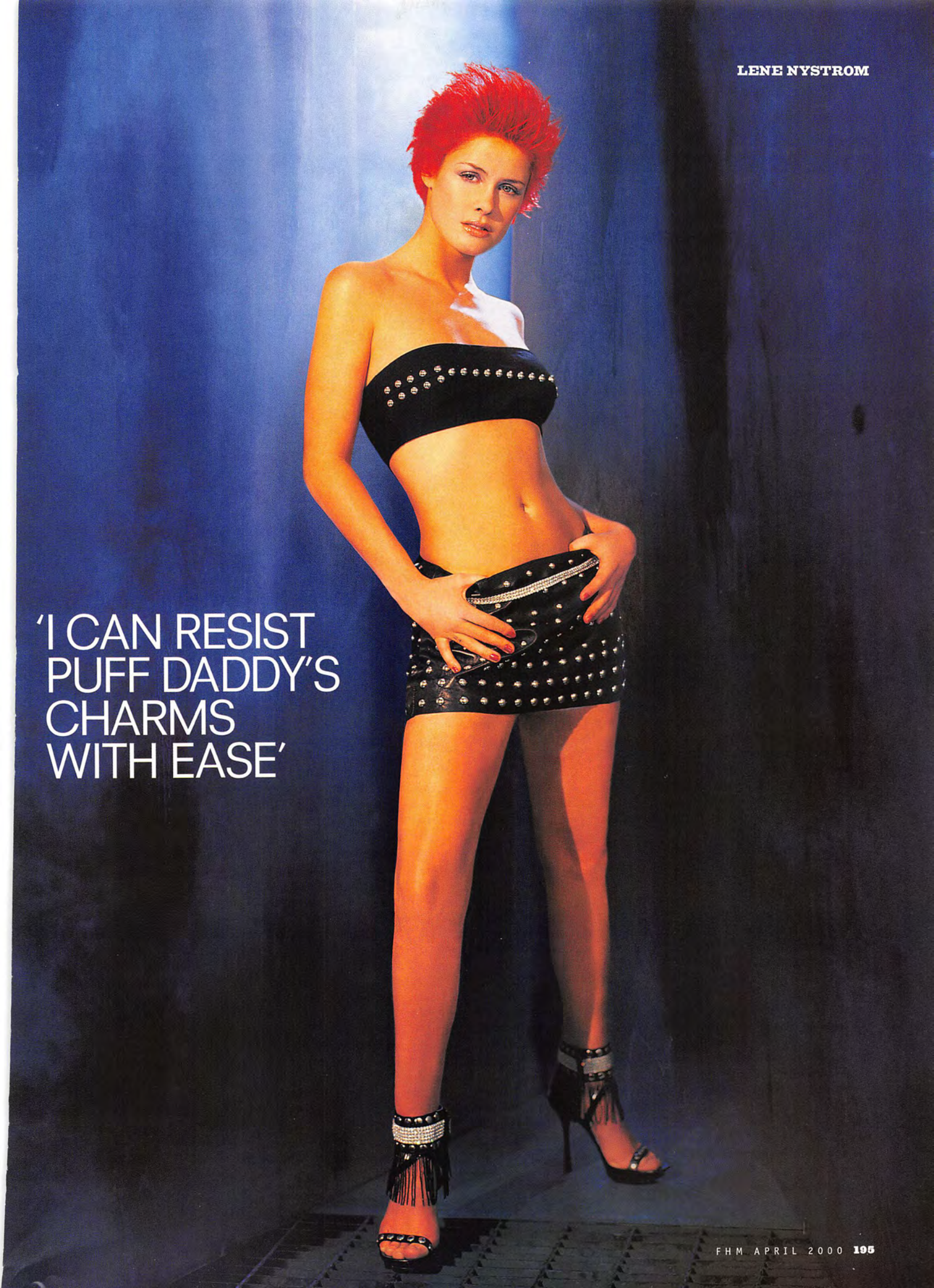
"You're a piece of meat," she huffs. "They talk as if you're not there, and it's not a healthy business to be in. When I was 16, I was with a group of four girls who did modelling shows together, and a photographer fooled us into taking our clothes off. When you're 16 you don't have much experience and if someone is good at talking you around to something it's hard to say, 'No.' I remember that I didn't feel comfortable doing the pictures at all, but I learned from it. They weren't porn pictures – they were beautiful – but I do regret it."

She's laughing now, though. When *FHM* meets up with her the day after her hair-raising photo shoot – "I was nearly burned to death!" she chuckles – Lene is down-to-earth, open and friendly. Endearingly, she has one of those cute Euro accents that make words like "very" sound like "werry", and she's looking cool in jeans and a tight T-shirt – the kind of gear she feels most sexy in. It's no surprise she's feeling good about herself. The new album's in the bag, and – despite the band's detractors – Aqua has made her a fortune.

"Yes," she smiles, "the band has made me rich. But it's not something I want to talk about." No problem. We'll try something else instead... ▷

(LEFT) SILVER STUDDED BANDEAU TOP AND SILVER STUDDED LEATHER HIPSTER MINISKIRT BY PAM HOGG. THIN DIAMANTE BELT, DIAMANTE AND SILVER STUDDED ANKLE STRAP SHOES ALL BY DOLCE AND GABBANA (00 0277 42 74 01) OR LONDON OUTLET (0171-659 9000). (RIGHT) LEATHER AND FABRIC "TABARD DRESS" BY ROBERT CARY WILLIAMS (0171-287 4849)

(LEFT) SILVER GREY SILK CHIFFON AND WHITE GOLD CHAIN GRECIAN DRESS BY UNITED ALIONS (0171-729 8359). (RIGHT) SILVER STUDDED BANDEAU TOP AND SILVER STUDDED LEATHER HIPSTER MINISKIRT BY PAM HOGG. THIN DIAMANTE BELT, DIAMANTE AND SILVER STUDDED ANKLE STRAP SHOES ALL BY DOLCE AND GABBANA



LENE NYSTROM

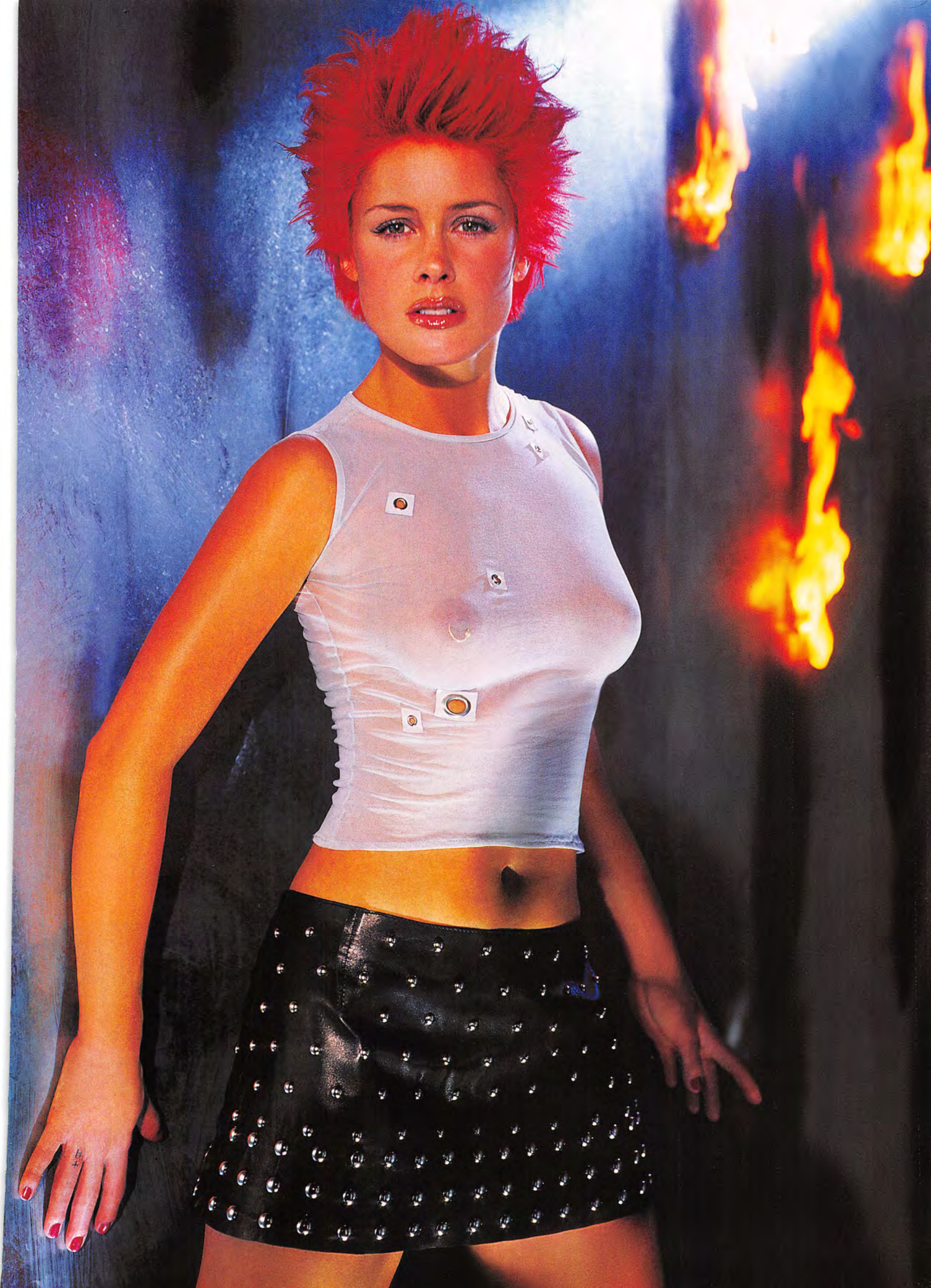
'I CAN RESIST PUFF DADDY'S CHARMS WITH EASE'

'THE PRINCE OF BRUNEI IS A BIG AQUA FAN. HE KEEPS SENDING US LYRICS'

What's it like having to share a dressing room with three blokes?
Well, we're not really bothered by nudity. I think that with the guys it's like being married – sometimes we love each other, sometimes we hate each other and sometimes I find them attractive and sometimes they find me attractive. There's a degree of curiosity, too. You hear a girlfriend say, "He's got a big one." Or, "He's got a small one," and you want to check it out, you know?
And do they look at you, too?
Of course they do – they're always touching my tits and touching my bum, but it's OK. They're my family. I've been fully naked in front of them many a time, and it doesn't really bother me.
You're quite a party animal – what are you like when you've had a few?
I'm a happy drunk. I wander around, and dance a lot. I get very restless – and I have to pee every fifth minute. Puff Daddy tried the worst ever chat-up line on me once. He said, "When you walk down the streets of New York, girl, you gonna be safe, because you're gonna be walkin' with the Puff Daddy." Isn't that *so* bad? He was coming on to me big time – but he comes on to everyone, doesn't he? And I resisted him with ease – he's not my type. Too smooth.
Do many celebs try to pull you?
"Pull me?" Do you mean go to bed with me? Well, you always flirt with people – I'm pretty friendly to everyone as long as they're friendly back, but I am quite flirty. Always have been. But I don't think I wake up in the morning and go, "God, why did I do that?"
Don't people get the wrong impression?
Oh yeah. All the time. My friends are always saying, "You'll have to stop that, Lene." But I'm just being me. Do I have a trick? Well, I use my eyes a lot. Some people say I use my mouth a lot, too. But I often don't even think about it – you can walk down the street and catch someone's eye and that's it, you're quite happy for the rest of the day. It doesn't have to be much.
How about fans? If a male fan whipped off his shirt and had a tattoo of your face on his chest, would you be chuffed?
Oh God, he would be a psycho and I'd stay well away from him. I get a lot of lesbians attracted to me – I seem to appeal to them. They say, "We know you're a lesbian but you don't know it yet. When you know it, let us know!" It's flattering – but I'm convinced I'm not gay. I can kiss a girl once in a while, but there's nothing in the closet!
We were quite upset to learn that a lot of the tatts you've been seen sporting in band pictures are fakes...
I've got a few real ones – and I'd happily have some more. I just got a piercing in my nipple, and when you start with something like that you always want more. I got my nipple done in Soho. The needle thing didn't hurt – I can take a lot of pain – but it was funny because the guy doing it was a big Hell's Angel type and I didn't want to show him any fear at all. But it's still a bit sore.
Do you feel sexy with it?
Oh, I feel *so* sexy with it. When you have small breasts I think it's all right, but when you've got really big ones it seems a bit more vulgar.
Do you give it a twiddle in bed?
Ha-ha! No – I'll leave that to my boyfriend.
Have you considered a boob job?
Yeah, of course. I actually went to talk to a doctor about it. I would never have big, big breasts, but I sometimes feel like I'd like a bit more for when I'm wearing dresses. The doctor said I was fine for the operation – he said I could have up to 350 grams – that's a lot. Much more than a handful! But I don't think I'll bother – it's better having small breasts when you're onstage, rocking out.
Ever had any disasters at a gig?
One time I got dragged into the crowd. My top got pulled off, and there I was, half naked, with everyone touching me. But I wasn't pissed off – it was my own fault. It was being shot for TV, but luckily it never got shown.
Did you get much gyp from gropers when you worked in a bar?
I worked in a bar in Norway, in the area I grew up in, and there was a group of older local men who thought they were hotshots 20 years after they really were. One night, one of these guys really came on to me while I was working, but I was tired and not interested, and he just kept coming on to me – every time I passed he went for my bum. In the end, I dropped this big tray of glasses I was carrying and whacked him in the face.
Nice one. Did you serve any weird local drinks – like reindeer piss?
Where the hell did you get that from? Maybe some of the natives up in the north drink that, but it wasn't something we stocked. We had a drink called Aquavit – it's horrible and sticks to your mouth, and it's really strong.
Did you ever get wrecked on it?
No way, it's disgusting. My most drunken night out was last spring. I was in Paris with one of my best friends, and I'd just broke up with my boyfriend and I was ready to go out and have fun. We went to a cool restaurant and had dinner and a few drinks, and then Frederik, the Prince of Denmark walks in. We got talking to him and had a few more drinks and we all went out. We got totally, totally pissed – and then we went back to his apartment. Nothing *happened* but there was a bit of a "thing" in the air.
Is that your only brush with royalty?
No. I haven't been that close to royalty before or since, but I had dinner with Prince Albert of Monaco, and the Prince of Brunei is a big fan of the band and keeps sending us lyrics. He's really sweet.
Excellent. Finally, could you make a man of our young King-to-be, Prince William?
I'll think I'll leave that to someone else. But he is quite cute, isn't he? FHM

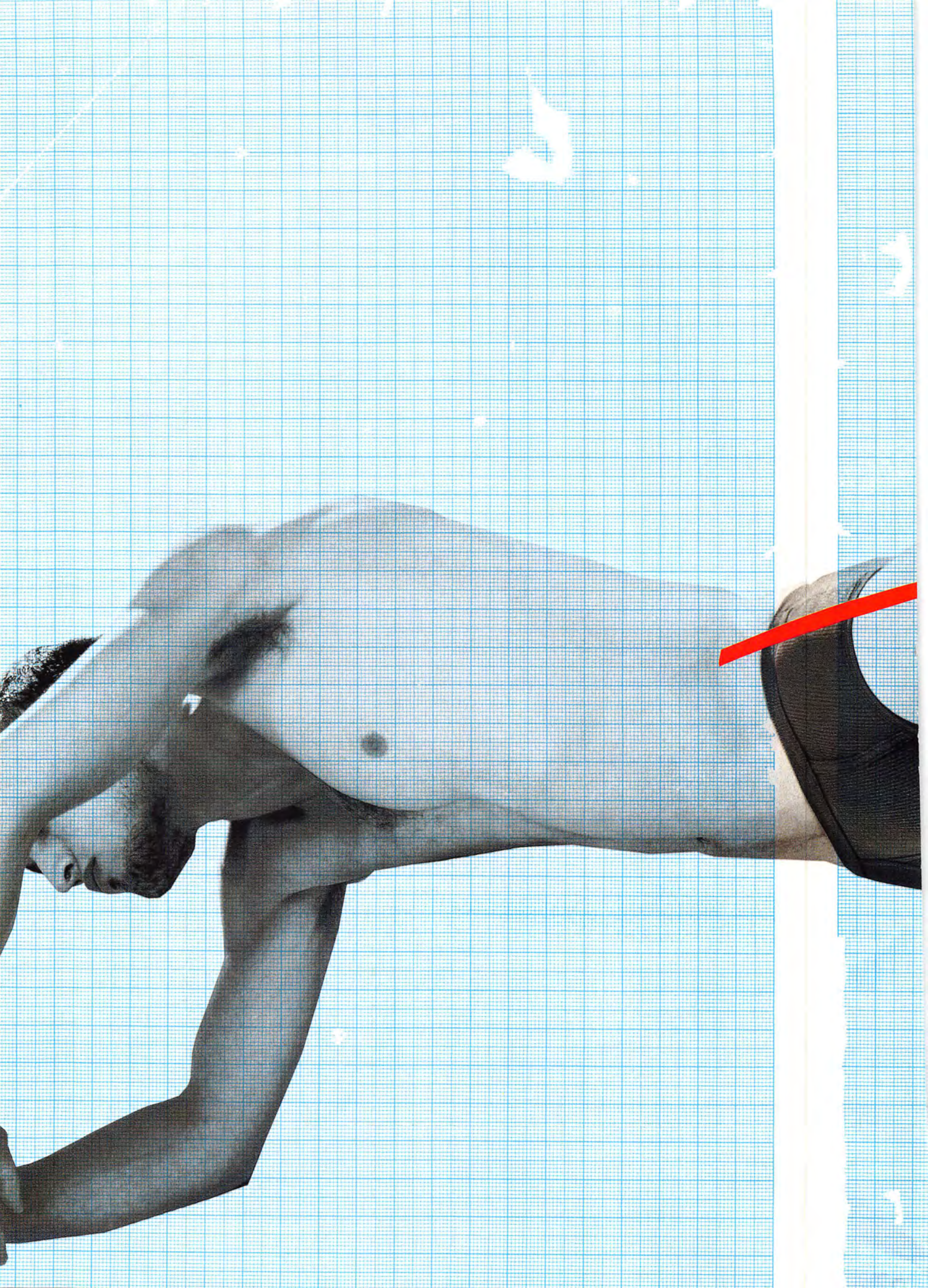
Aqua's new album Aquarius, is out now on Universal.

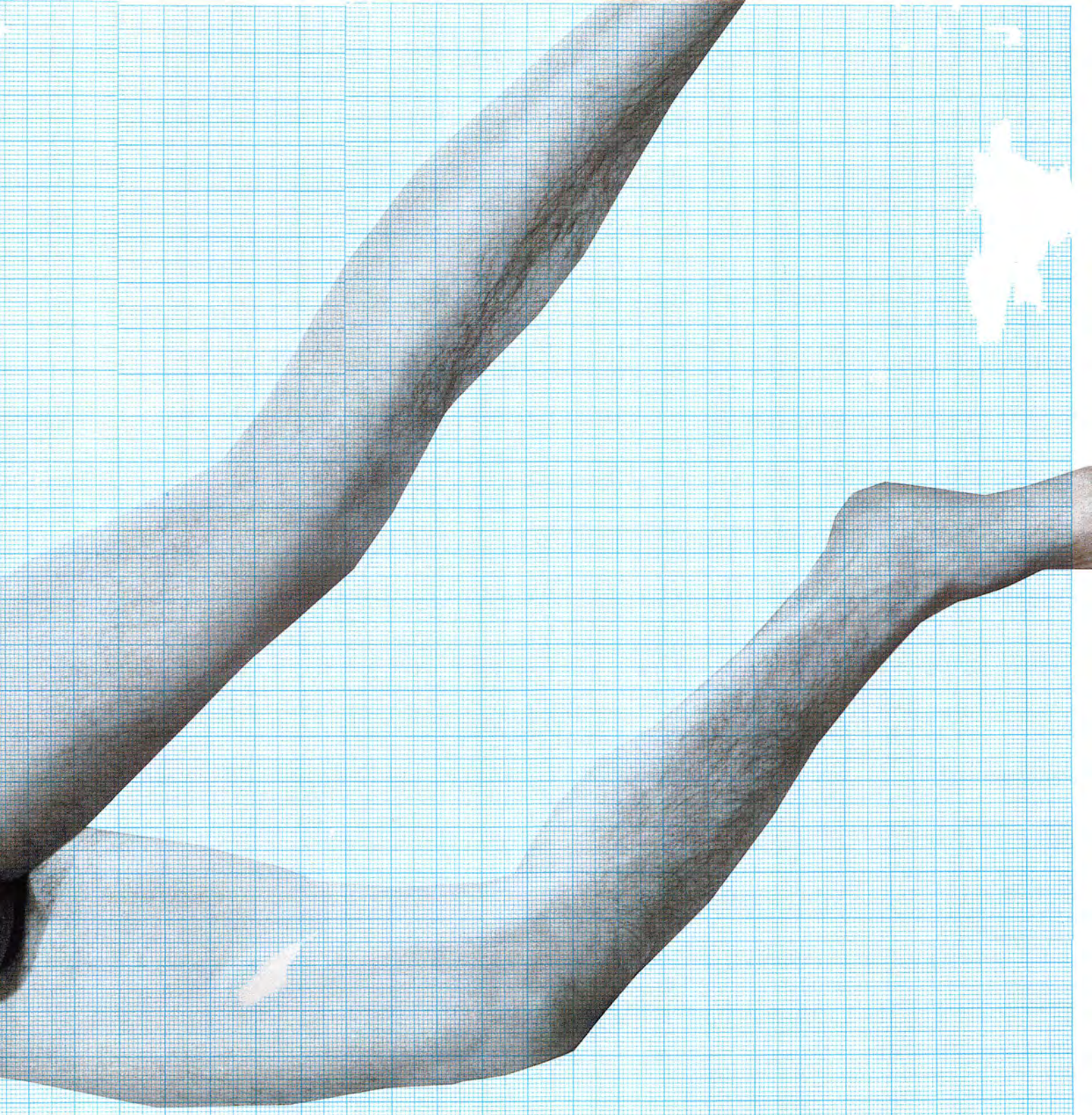
STUDDED LEATHER HIPSTER MINISKIRT BY DOLCE AND GABBANA. SHEER GREY EYELET VEST BY ROBERT CARY WILLIAMS (0171-287 4849)

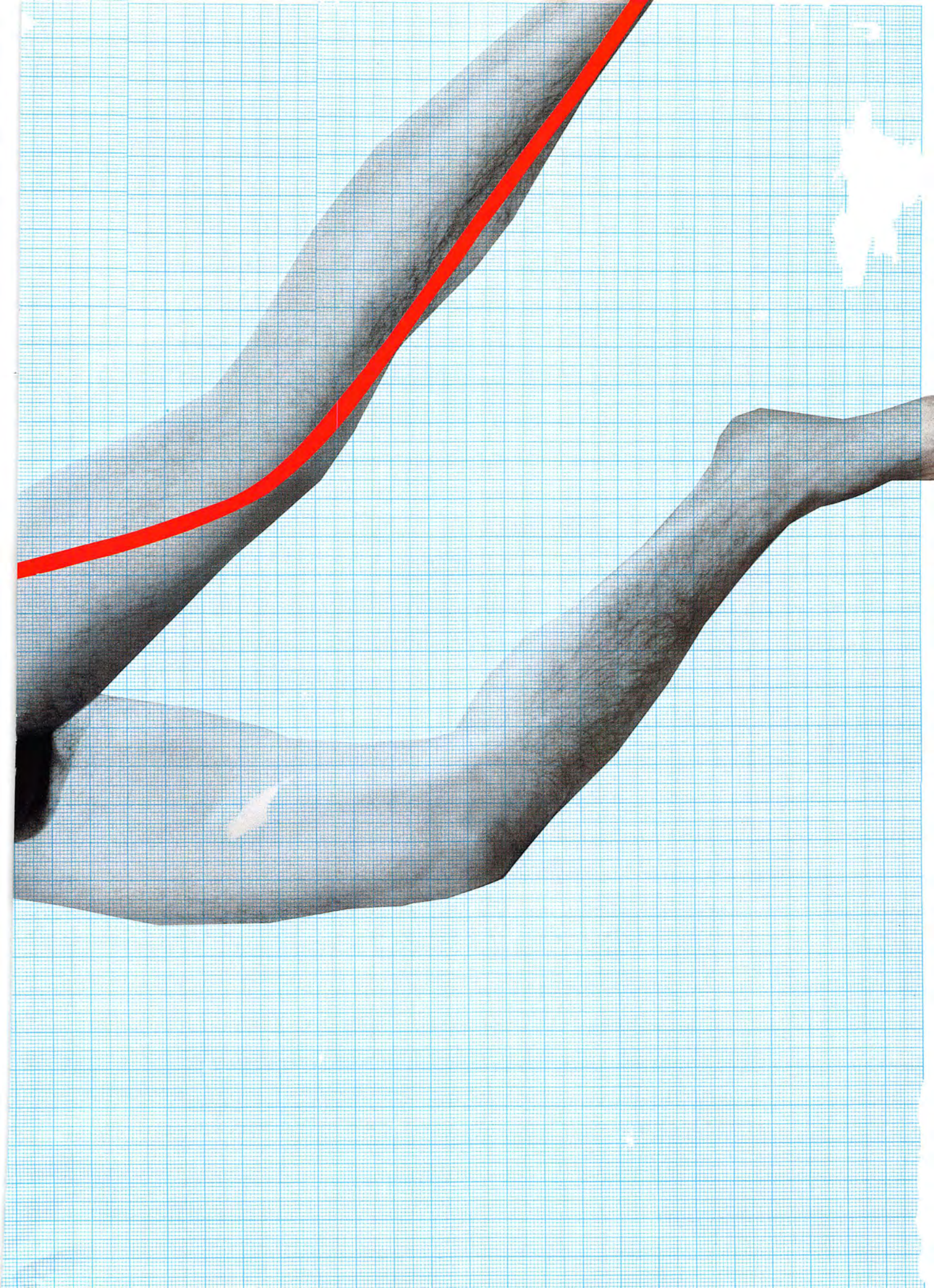


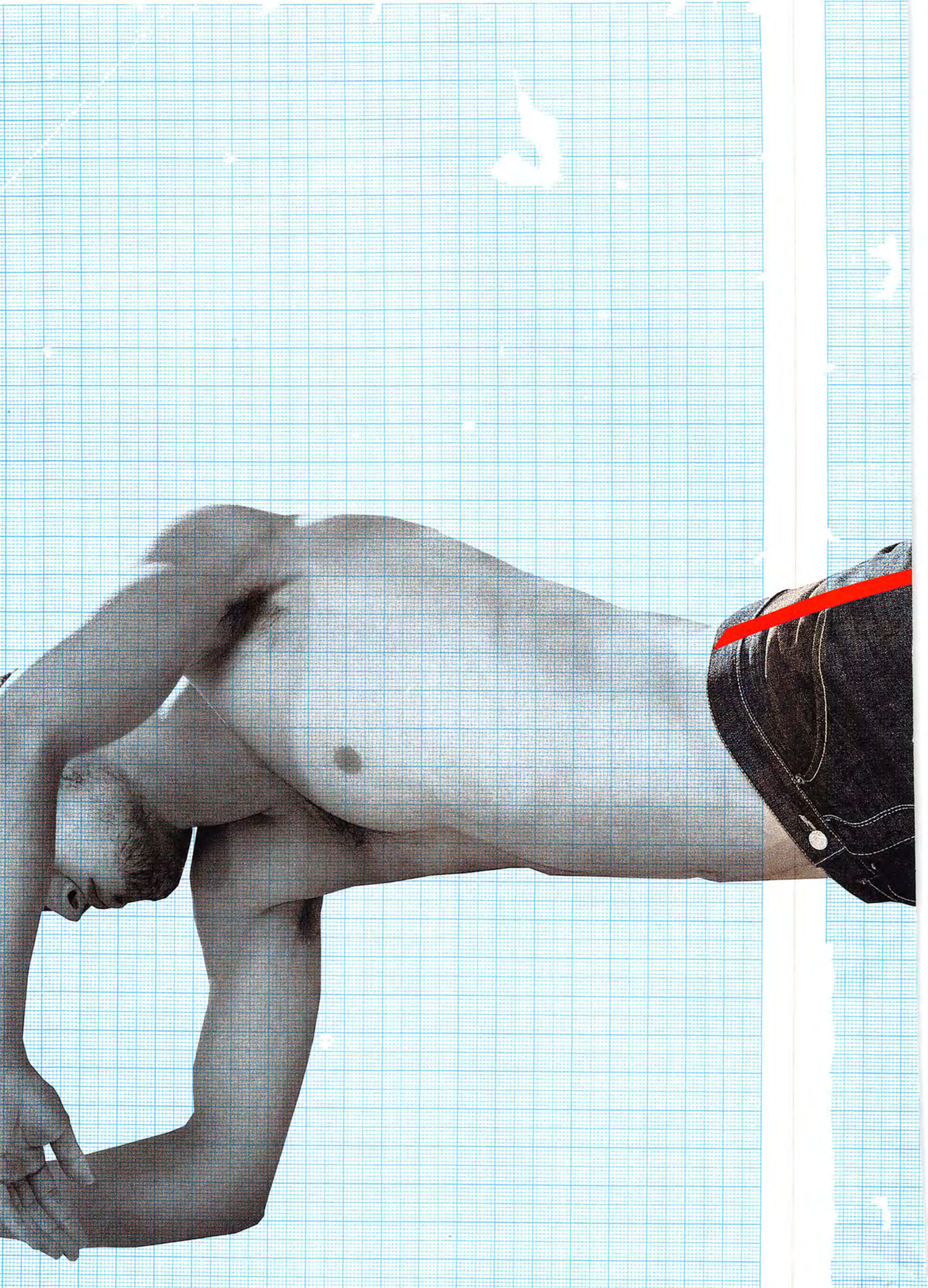
'I HATED BARBIE GIRL, BUT I'VE GONE FULL CIRCLE AND LIKE IT AGAIN'

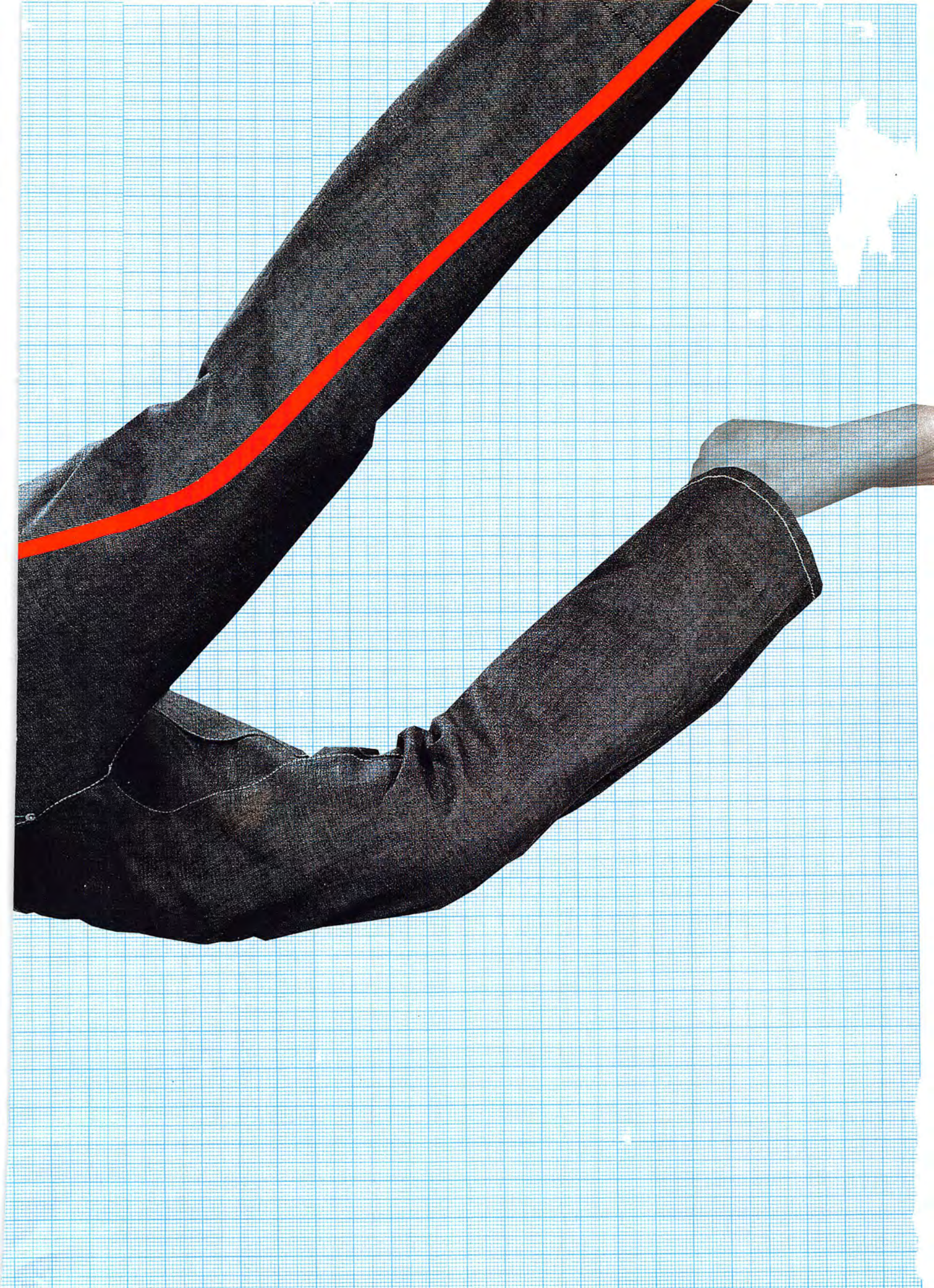
WHITE SILK COAT BY JOHN RICHMOND (0171-734 5782). PINK SILK KNIT SEQUINNED MINISKIRT BY JULIAN MCDONALD (0171-221 3204). SHEER TO WAIST TIGHTS BY ARISTOC AVAILABLE IN DEPARTMENT STORES NATIONWIDE. SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO FOR JULIAN MCDONALD











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THE PRISON OFFICER

Prison warder Duncan Keys on X-raying cakes, flipping the switch and prisoners in magnetic boots...

How did you get started in the job?
I saw a job advert and applied. I had no idea what it involved. I just wanted to be working. And I've loved every minute of it.

You've worked at Wormwood Scrubs for 11 years: what's a typical day like?
It starts at 7.30am with a roll check – I look through the spyhole of each cell and kick the door to get a response. There's no slopping out anymore, we've replaced the pot with a lavatory – they still have to use it in front of their cellmates though. Throughout the day, you accompany inmates to exercise or visits or medical treatment. There used to be 25 to 30 officers in a wing of 350 prisoners, now it's only 14.

Twenty-seven officers have been suspended from duty at Wormwood Scrubs after inmates accused them of assault: it seems you have to be a bit of a thug to do the job...
If you looked at the records of the staff, you'd know that none of them are thugs. There are violent incidents in prison and sometimes we have to respond with violence, but it's done using control and restraint techniques that reduce the risk of injury. They're based on aikido and can be extremely painful.

What restraint are you allowed to use if a prisoner tries to escape?
Whatever force is necessary, so long as it's reasonable. If they're armed, you shit yourself, then raise the alarm. Firearms have been smuggled in – at Brixton, one came in the sole of a trainer. At Wormwood Scrubs, two or three prisoners went over the wall one weekend when there was only one officer on duty. They tied him up and used his cutter to get through a bit of the fence, then used ladders from the works department to climb the outer wall.

Do you feel dirty having to manhandle child molesters and rapists?
No, because when you put on a uniform, you become detached from the real world. My job is to treat all prisoners the same. I spoke to one member of a paedophile gang in a vain attempt to get him to reveal where the body of a child was. He was later murdered in another prison. We also had Colin Ireland in, who killed five gay men in 1993. He told us about the satisfaction he got from murdering his victims but that he wouldn't be killing anyone else because all the anger had gone out of him. It's bizarre having these conversations with prisoners.

How many prisoners shouldn't really be inside at all?
Five per cent of convicts are probably innocent, plus a lot of remand prisoners. People who haven't paid fines shouldn't be in prison. They should be doing unpaid community work.

Does the system itself corrupt prisoners?
Absolutely. Drug use is completely widespread. We do strip-searches of prisoners but don't enquire into any orifices other than the mouth, nose and ears. A doctor can look up their arse but most are reluctant due to the risk of being charged with assault. An awful lot of prisoners come in clean and go out as addicts.

What's the most ingenious method you've discovered of smuggling in an item for an inmate?
We've had heroin put inside a nappy. Very few officers are going to search a nappy while the baby's wearing it. If prisoners receive drugs in the visits room, it's normally done with a kiss. When someone takes angel dust, they gain almost super-human strength. We needed 12 officers to get handcuffs on one lad.

Q Are you a Mr McKay or a Mr Barrowclough? A Bordering on a Mr McKay. I always believe in being firm but fair

If a prisoner's mum sends in a cake, do you search it for files?
Prisoners aren't allowed to have food brought in, but if a cake did come in, it would be X-rayed and then disposed of.

Are there any prison activities you turn a blind eye to?
If prisoners are smoking dope when the cells are locked, then it's no great hardship to me.

How common is rape in prison?
More common than people admit. I know of five or six cases in the lifers' wing. Some prisoners are notorious for raping men; they do it because they just want to fuck. They take advantage of people who don't stick up for themselves.

Would you volunteer to flip the switch if Britain brought back capital punishment?
Yes, if you could say that it was scientifically beyond reasonable doubt that someone had killed a police officer – or a prison officer.

What is the worst insult that has been hurled at you while on duty?
"I'm going to rape your fucking wife," or, "I'm going to come round and shoot you in the fucking head." It's mostly just bravado. They like to say when you're on nights, "Who's fucking your missus tonight?" And you say, "The same bloke who's been shagging yours for the past three years." But if you can't handle a bit of abuse, go and work at Tesco.

Has anyone turned up on your doorstep to duff you up?
No, but officers have been assaulted in local pubs. We advise new colleagues to stick to the prison officers' club.

Tell me about the most notorious con you've looked after?
It was Charles Bronson (known as "Britain's most dangerous convict"). He's very volatile. Within a matter of seconds, he'd change from someone you were having a reasonable conversation with to virtually foaming at the mouth. He's quite a funny bloke, though: he saw off the deputy governor hilariously. Bronson said, "Listen, you big fat cunt..." and just let rip.

Have any prisoners genuinely scared you?
Jeremy Bamber, who shot dead five members of his family in 1985. I got a really bad vibe off him.

What's the worst prison violence you've ever encountered?
After prisoners burned down Northeye prison in the early Eighties, they were transferred to Send prison, where 199 of them smashed into the dispensary and took all the drugs. Then they went to the gym and tried to take the instructors hostage. They kept this up for more than 24 hours. I was part of a team sent in from Feltham. When we tried to put the rioters into vehicles, we fought with every one we picked up.

How often have you been physically attacked?
I've been bitten, kicked, punched, spat at. The nastiest was when I was bitten by this bloke who'd attacked another officer. We'd gone in to restrain him. I didn't want to make a fuss but I said to the other guys, "If you *could* do something, he's biting me," so they put a leg-hold on. Only one problem: I said, "Whoever's fucking doing that, it's actually *my* leg".

Is it true that suicides are increasing in jail?
Yes. There have been 84 this year in England and Wales and it's gone up every year for the past ten years. I think it's down to the fact that the large mental institutions have been closed – we get those people now. The dead bloke normally has a ligature round his neck, and his tongue's sticking a foot out of his mouth – finding them is a pretty traumatic experience.

When fights break out among inmates, what's normally the main cause?
Stupid things like: "I was next in the phone queue." No prisoner wants to lose face in front of a whole wing.

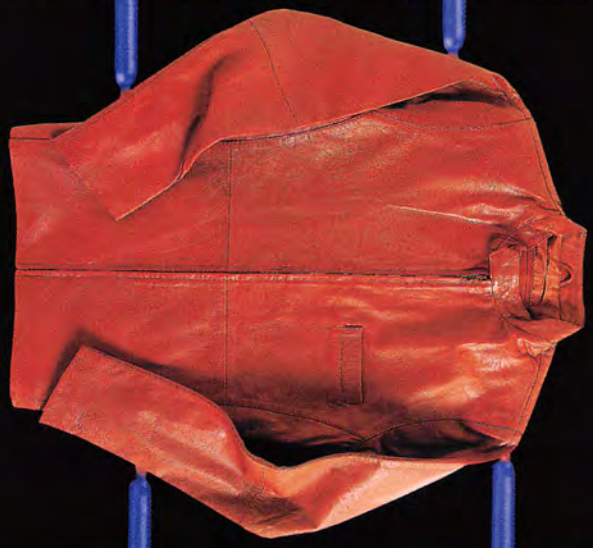
Can prisoners really fashion deadly weapons out of anything?
Just about. For instance, we now allow them to have disposable twin-blade razors. They melt the end of a toothbrush and insert the two blades from the razor. If they stripe someone across the face with that, they're going to be able to make two deep cuts with virtually no effort. It's always happening. And we've had prisoners make keys out of plastic cutlery.

What's your favourite prison movie moment?
In *Face/Off*, I really liked the idea of prisoners wearing big magnetic boots, so the officers could just flick a switch and it acted like a giant electro-magnet – the prisoners couldn't move. I wish we had them here! **FHM**

Interview by Caroline Rees.

HUGO DIXON

JAGUAR



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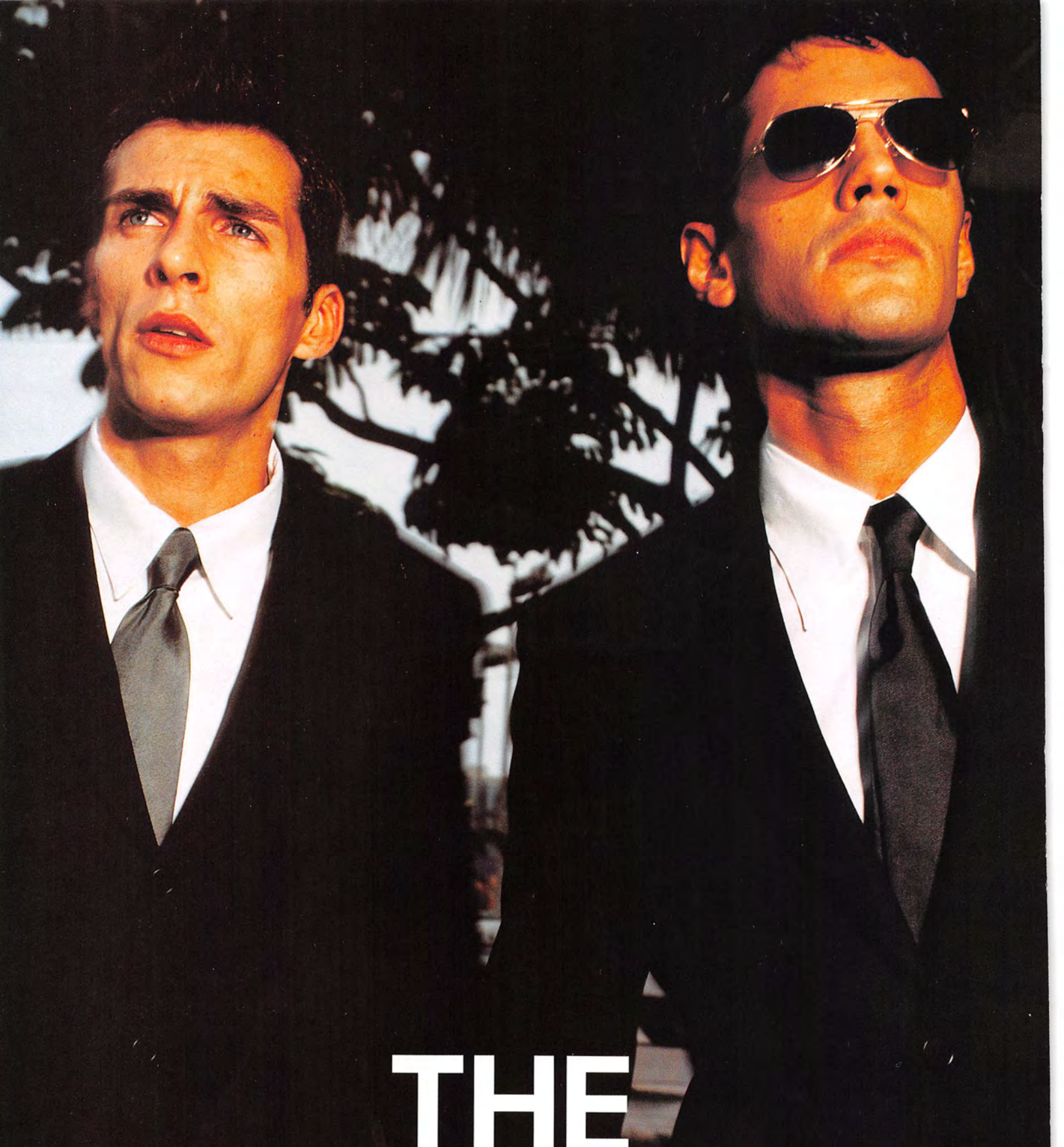
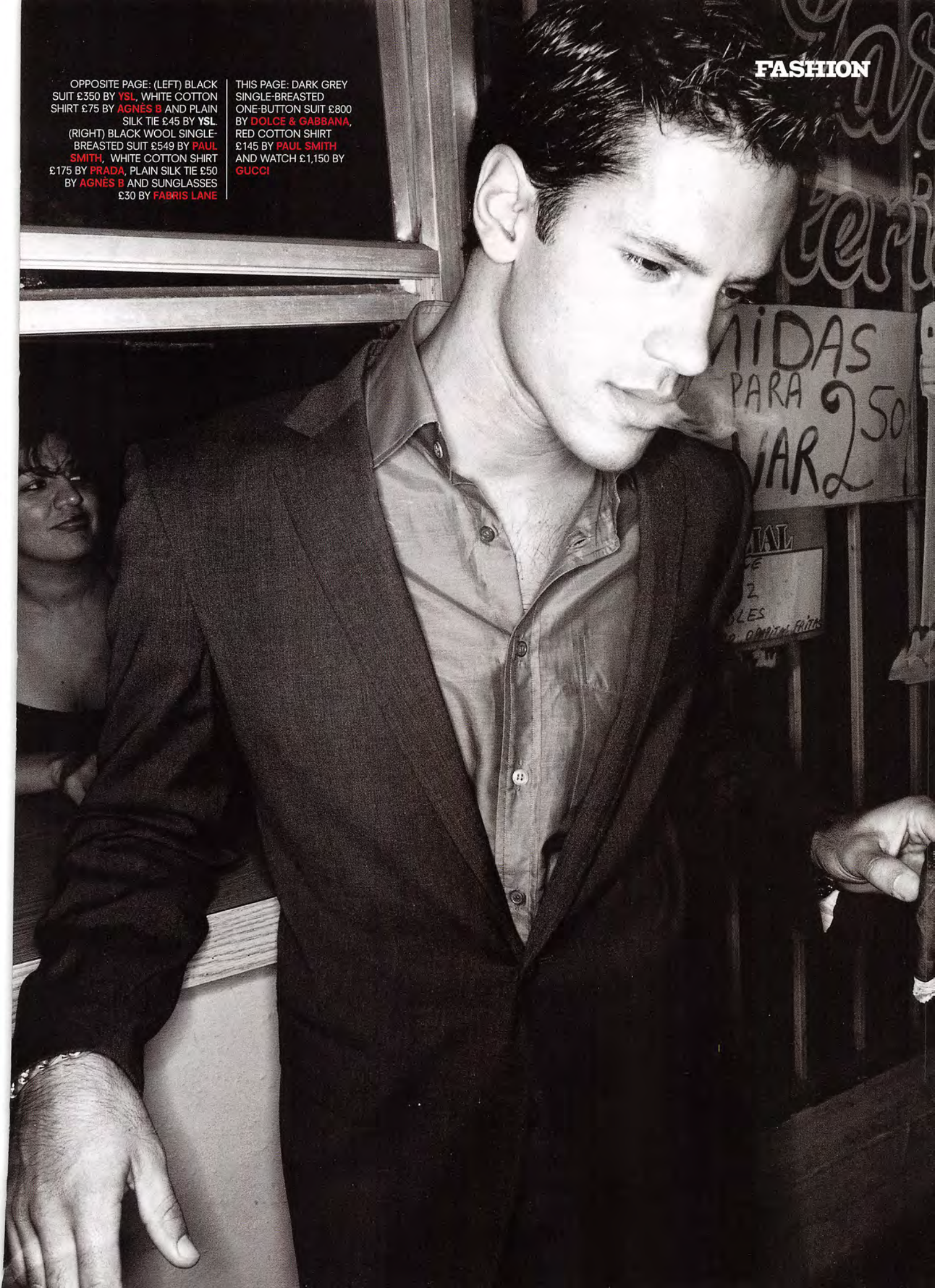


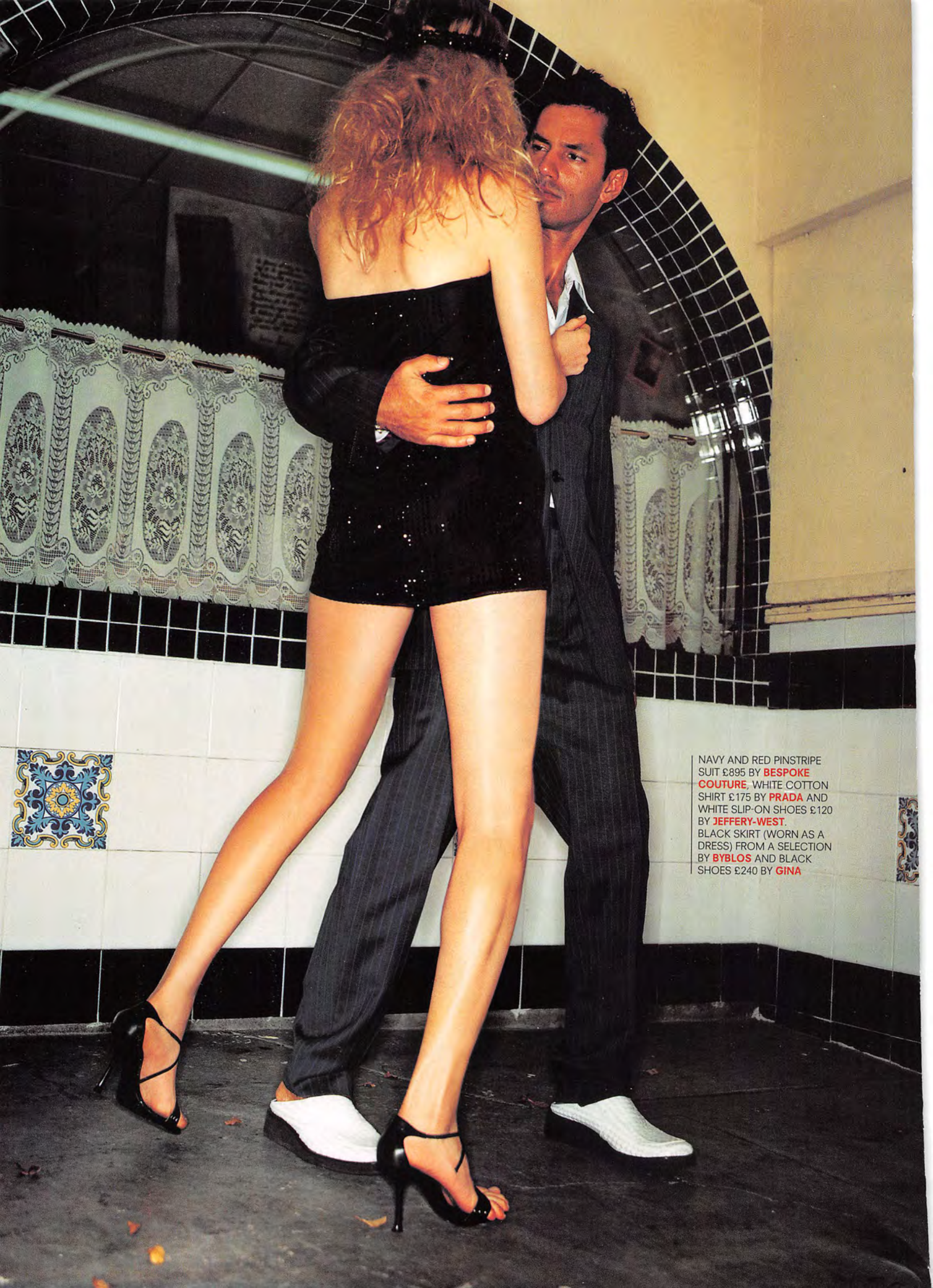
THE WISEGUYS

TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS IN THESE SUITS, SHINY SHIRTS AND TIES

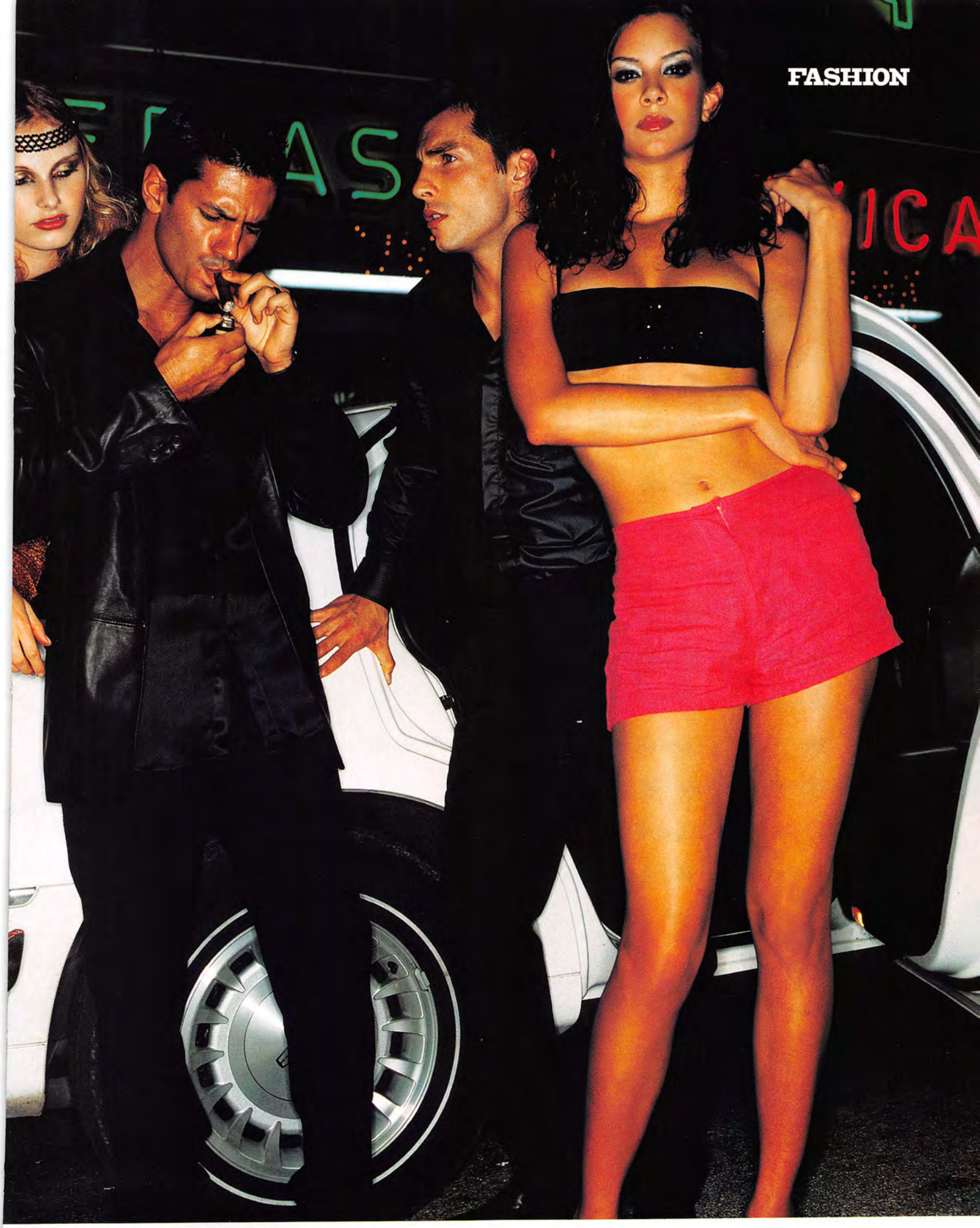


OPPOSITE PAGE: (LEFT) BLACK SUIT £350 BY YSL, WHITE COTTON SHIRT £75 BY AGNÈS B AND PLAIN SILK TIE £45 BY **YSL**. (RIGHT) BLACK WOOL SINGLE-BREASTED SUIT £549 BY PAUL SMITH, WHITE COTTON SHIRT £175 BY PRADA, PLAIN SILK TIE £50 BY AGNÈS B AND SUNGLASSES £30 BY FABRIS LANE

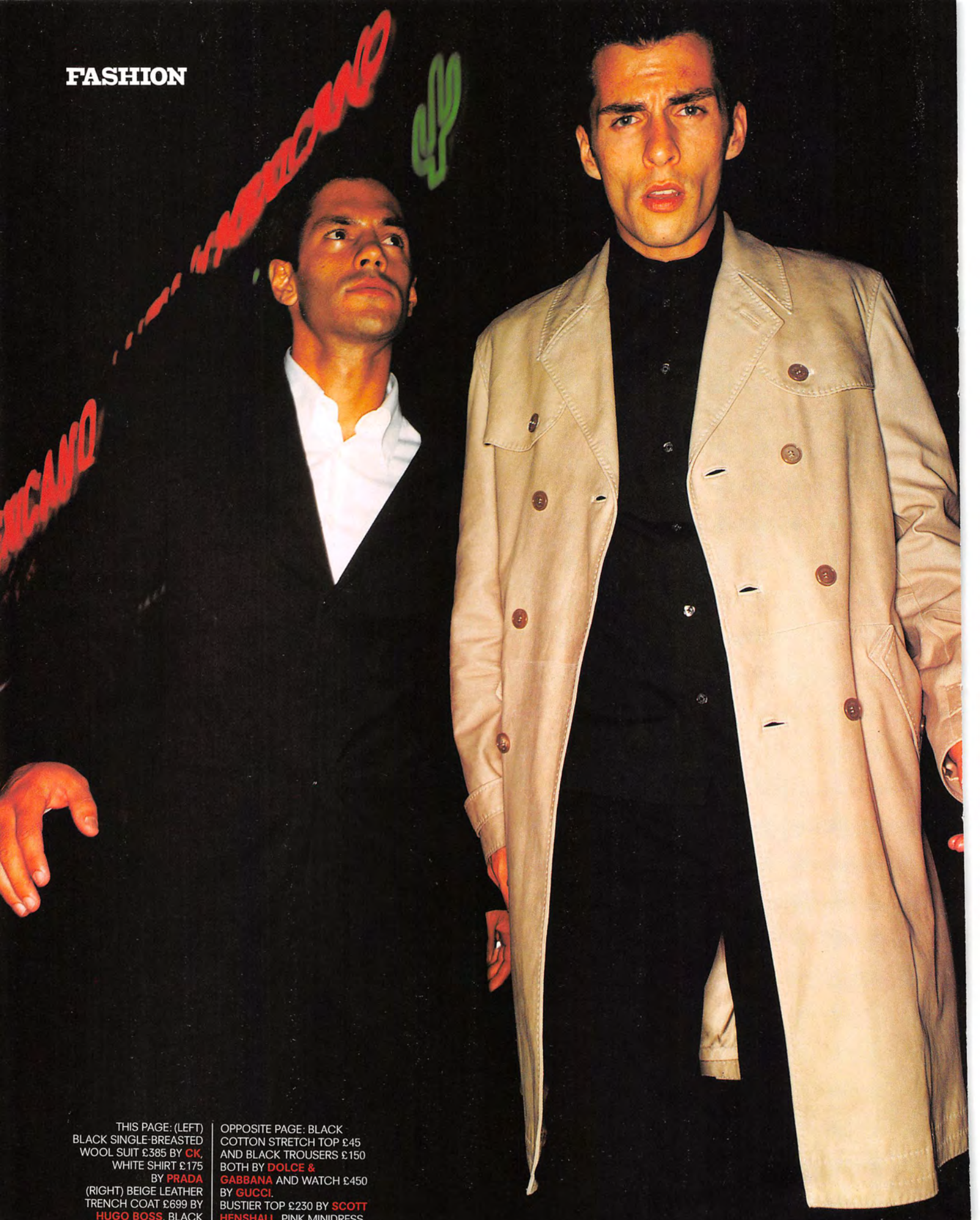
THIS PAGE: DARK GREY SINGLE-BREASTED ONE-BUTTON SUIT £800 BY DOLCE & GABBANA, RED COTTON SHIRT £145 BY PAUL SMITH AND WATCH £1,150 BY GUCCI



NAVY AND RED PINSTRIPE SUIT £895 BY **BESPOKE COUTURE**, WHITE COTTON SHIRT £175 BY **PRADA** AND WHITE SLIP-ON SHOES £120 BY **JEFFERY-WEST**. BLACK SKIRT (WORN AS A DRESS) FROM A SELECTION BY **BYBLOS** AND BLACK SHOES £240 BY **GINA**

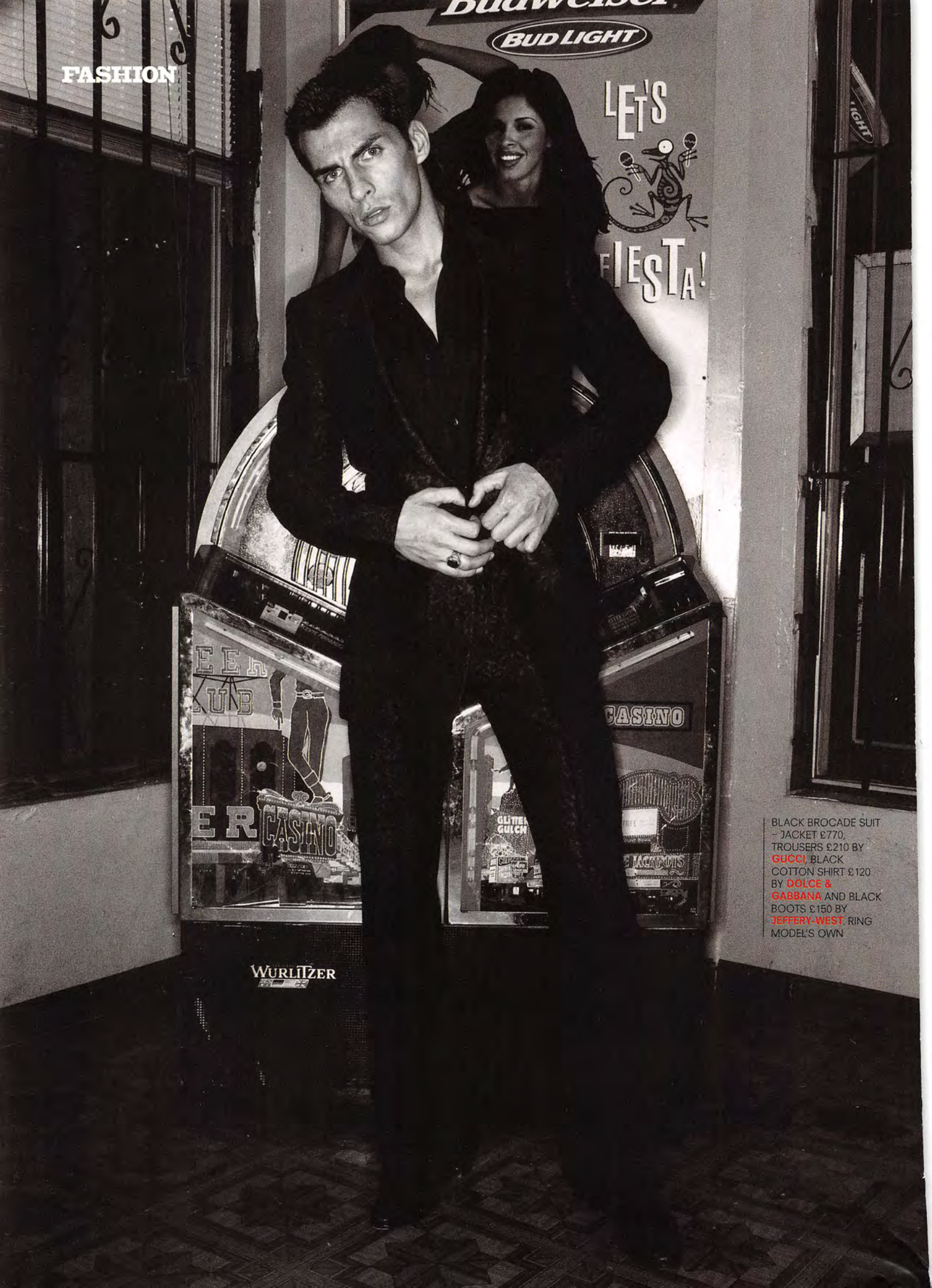


(LEFT TO RIGHT) BRONZE MINISKIRT £120 BY **LIZA BRUCE** AND SHOES £45 BY **FAITH**. HEADBAND MODEL'S OWN
BLACK LEATHER JACKET £659 BY **HUGO BOSS** AND BLACK SATIN SHIRT £350 BY **GUCCI** AND BLACK TROUSERS £350 BY **VERSACE**
BLACK COTTON SHIRT £70 BY **KENZO**, BLACK TROUSERS £98 BY **CK** AND BLACK LOAFERS £195 BY **LOUIS VUITTON**
BLACK BIKINI TOP £650 BY **BYBLOS** AND PINK LINEN HOT PANTS £105 BY **ELSPETH GIBSON**

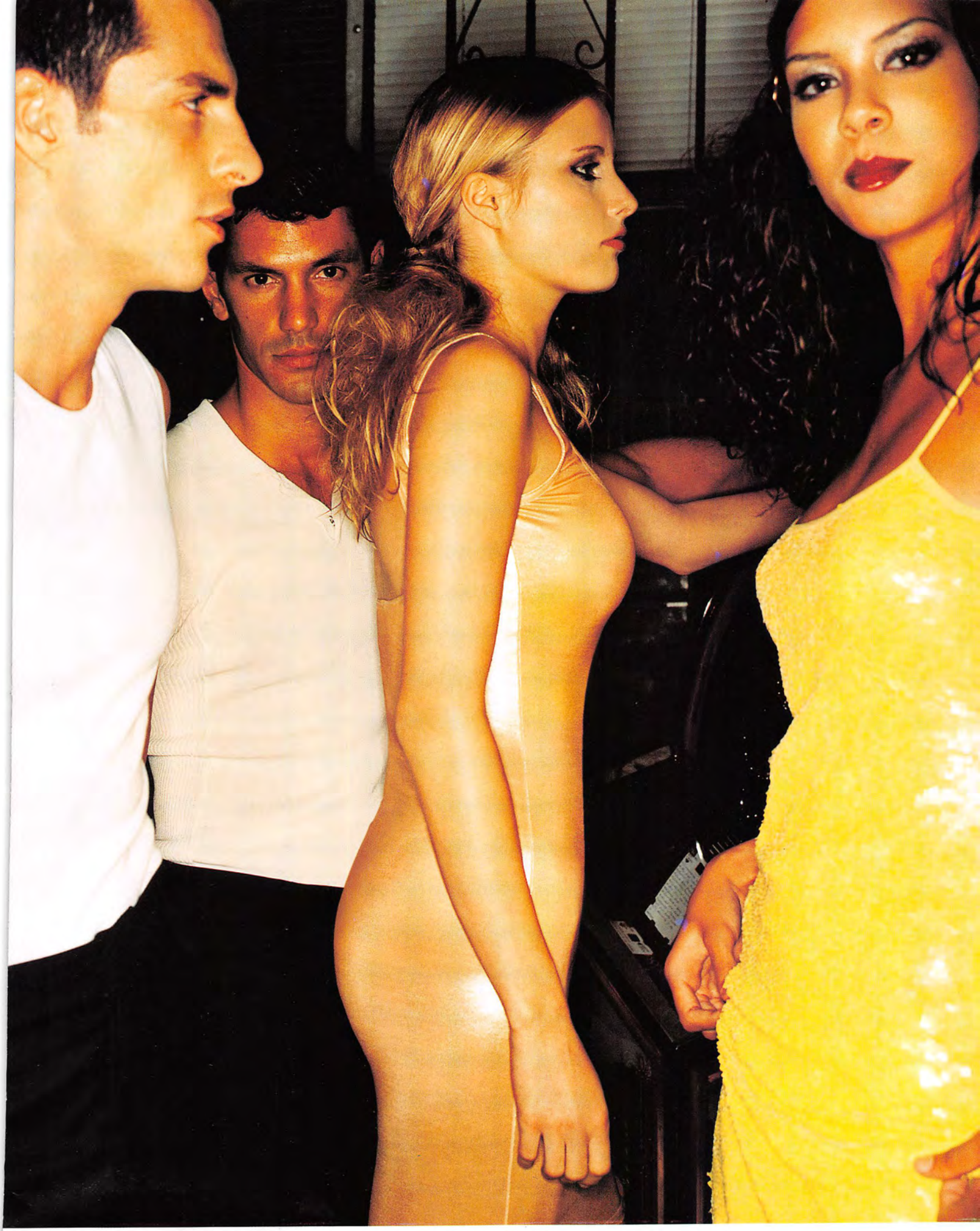


THIS PAGE: (LEFT) BLACK SINGLE-BREASTED WOOL SUIT £385 BY CK, WHITE SHIRT £175 BY PRADA (RIGHT) BEIGE LEATHER TRENCH COAT £699 BY HUGO BOSS, BLACK COTTON SHIRT £120 BY DOLCE & GABBANA AND BLACK WOOL TROUSERS £70 BY FRENCH CONNECTION

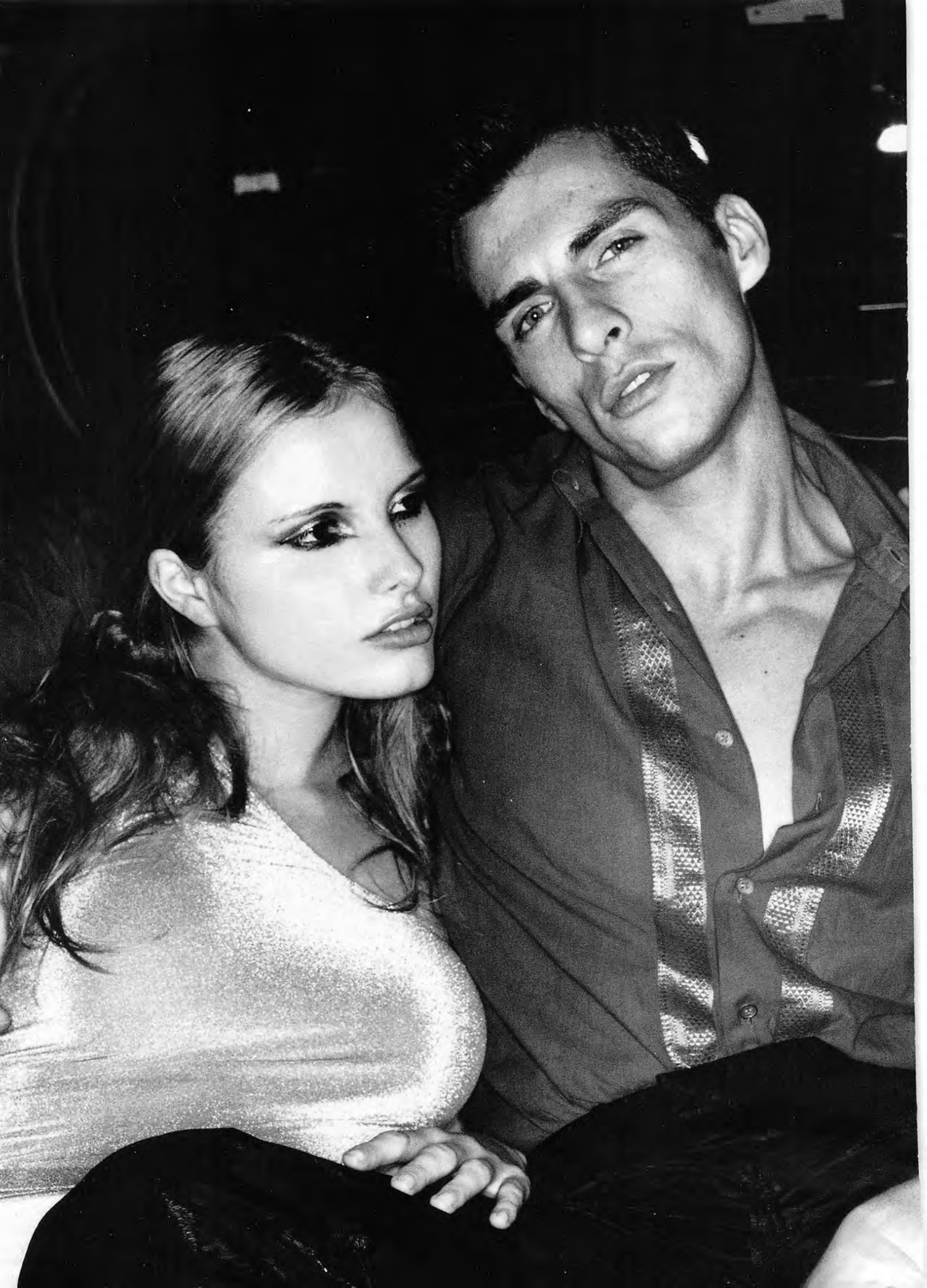
OPPOSITE PAGE: BLACK COTTON STRETCH TOP £45 AND BLACK TROUSERS £150 BOTH BY DOLCE & GABBANA AND WATCH £450 BY GUCCI. BUSTIER TOP £230 BY SCOTT HENSHALL, PINK MINIDRESS £225 BY LIZA BRUCE

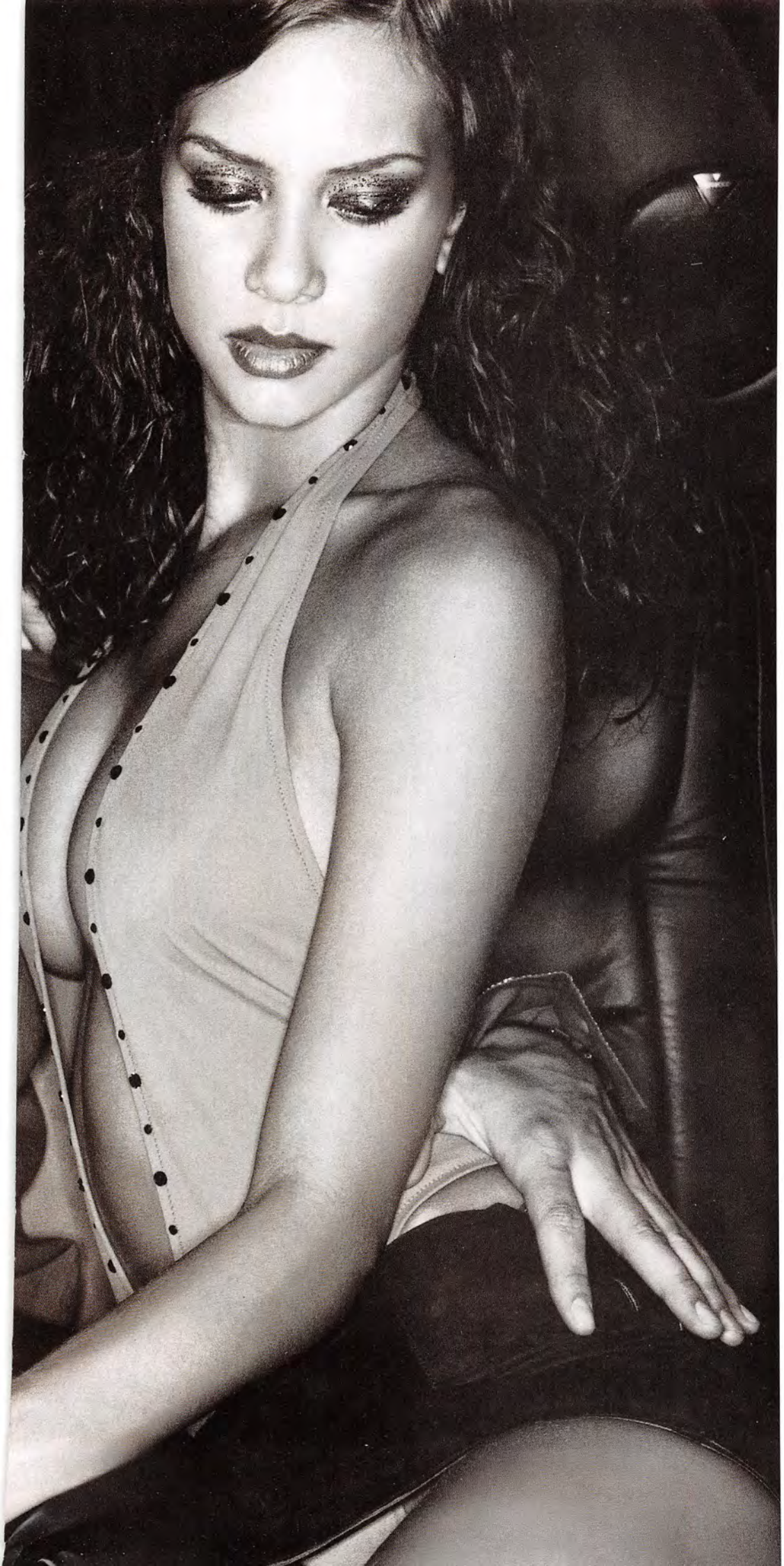


BLACK BROCADE SUIT – JACKET £770, TROUSERS £210 BY GUCCI, BLACK COTTON SHIRT £120 BY DOLCE & GABBANA AND BLACK BOOTS £150 BY JEFFERY-WEST. RING MODEL'S OWN



(LEFT TO RIGHT) WHITE SLEEVELESS VEST £8 BY **BHS** AND BLACK TROUSERS £350 BY **VERSACE**
CREAM RIBBED T-SHIRT £45 AND BLACK TROUSERS £150 BOTH BY **DOLCE & GABBANA**
GOLD DRESS £225 BY **LIZA BRUCE**
YELLOW SEQUINED DRESS £300 BY **PATTY SHELABARGER**





(LEFT TO RIGHT) GOLD ONE-SHOULDER TOP £170 BY **LIZA BRUCE**
RED AND GOLD STRIPED SHIRT £220 BY **PAUL SMITH**, BLACK TAFFETA TROUSERS £300 BY **GUCCI**
PURPLE SWIMSUIT £250 AND PURPLE MINISKIRT FROM A SELECTION, BOTH BY **VERSACE**

PHOTOGRAPHY **ALBERTO BADALAMENTI**
STYLING **HARRIET COTTERILL**
HAIR AND MAKE UP **EDDIE** AT LOOKS, MIAMI
MODELS **NENAD** AT KARIN, MIAMI; **RAPHAEL**, **SUZANNE** AND **ALINA** ALL AT NEXT, MIAMI

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FOOTWEAR

Sex maniacs!

JOANNA DIDN
TIME TO TAKE

Foreplay in public! Is this what turns Joanna on?

Inside report: by BILL CAUGHTSLAGH

Look what our photographer happened to stumble into! Joanna and boyfriend Rick passionately arousing each other in public. Where they went after the scene, is unknown to us but sex therapist Valorie Caughtslagh with over 15 years of experience, may have the answer: "Foreplay is essential for the sexually active woman of today." One may also guess that for a woman who is used to be in the centre of public interest, it would just be natural to enjoy the foreplay in public.

This advertisement is pure fiction. The characters, names, incidents, dialogue and plot are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons or companies is purely coincidental.

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TOMORROW'S TRUTH TODAY

1 ERGONOMIC KNEE SECTION
2 LEFT FRONT LEG
3 RIGHT FRONT LEG
4 LEFT BACK LEG
5 RIGHT BACK LEG
6 RIGHT INSIDE POCKET BAG
7 RIGHT POCKET BEARER
8 MOBILE PHONE CARRIER
9 RIGHT BACKPOCKET
10 ID-SLUG
11 RIGHT BACK YOKE
12 WAISTBAND
13 PRE-SET BELTLOOP
14 BUTTON
15 LEFT BACK YOKE
16 AIRTEX
17 DETACHABLE MOBILE PHONE POCKET
18 ZIP BEARER
19 ZIP FLY

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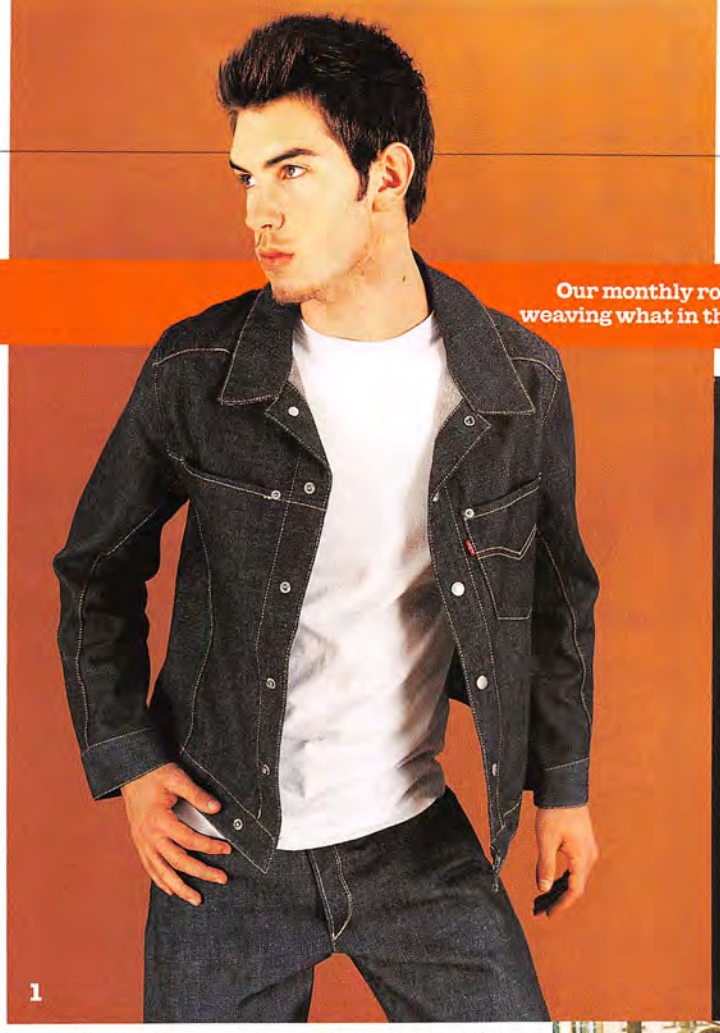
NEWS

Our monthly round-up of who's weaving what in the clothes world



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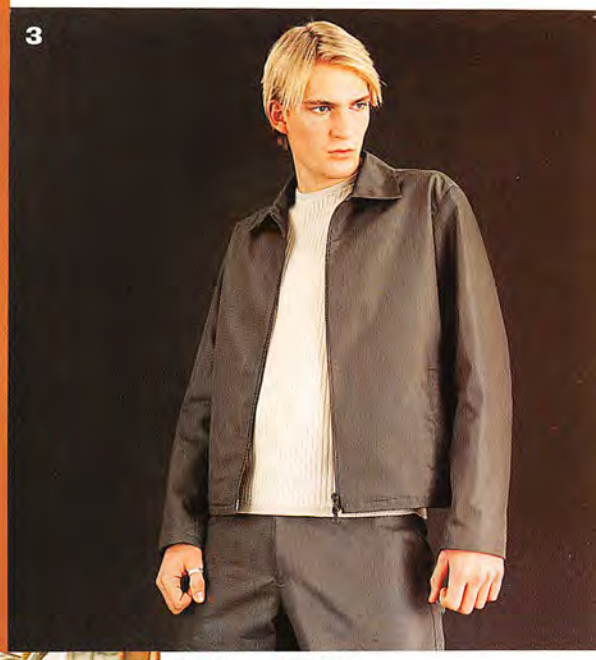


3

1 Levi's Engineered Jeans

The death of jeans, much-mooted a while back, seems as far off as ever. In fact, Levi's, the world's largest denim company, has just launched a new range called Engineered Jeans. After the phases of stonewashed, bleached, baggy, flared and selvedged denim – to name but a few – the grandaddy of trouserwear is being taken right back to the drawing board. The fabric has been rewoven to incorporate an artificial fibre called Tencel, for strength and softness. But even more revolutionary, the whole shape of the denim has been altered to mirror the shape of the body: the fabric is skewed to follow the spiral pattern of the leg's muscles, the bottom hem is curved to sit easily on the shoe, and the back pockets are slanted for easier access.The range also includes a selection of tops and jackets with similar ergonomic cuts and innovations. Prices: jeans from £54, jackets from £65, shirts from £50. Stockists: 01604 599752 and Levi's Original Stores nationwide.

2

2 Coca-Cola Ware

It may sound like the kind of gear that should only be worn by pimply-faced teens when asking if, "You want fries with that?" but the surprising truth is that this clothing range is actually pretty smart. Drawing on its American heritage, Coca-Cola Ware combines classic workwear and jeanswear styles with a retro look. There are short-sleeve workwear shirts, yellow rinse and sandblast finish denim and two-tone raglan baseball shirts which look cool paired with heavyweight Ivy League-style hoodies. Of course, it remains to be seen whether UK consumers can stomach the idea of buying their clobber from a company whose prime business is making fizzy pop. Prices: jeans from £45, shirts from £35, T-shirts from £25, sweats from £35. Stockists: 01527 510545.

4

3 Blazer B2K

High Street store Blazer has just launched a new label, B2K, which is targeted at a more experimental punter than its existing lines. B2K incorporates advanced fabrics such as resin-coated cotton and linen, as well as paper-touch synthetics. The actual designs are simple – Harrington jackets, drawstring-waist trousers and biker styles – in colours such as indigo, charcoal, grey, and steel. Highlights of this spring's first collection include a paper-touch parka and a biker-style shirt/jacket in stone with two-way zip. Prices: Harrington jacket £85, trousers £49 to £65, parka £195. Available from Blazer stores nationwide.

4 Jones Own Label

Jones, the London store which has been at the forefront of men's fashion since the Seventies, has just launched an in-house collection. The label, which is also being sold through selected stores nationwide, has been created by menswear designer Jeff Griffin, and incorporates elements of sportswear, together with street and technical influences. The Compact collection includes four styles of jacket, including a short biker style, a parka, and a gilet. Modern fabrics such as Thermolite lend comfort and protection without excess weight, and there are a host of forward-thinking details: the sweatshirts have concealed rear pockets, while there are unusual fastenings and double layers for comfort on the trouser range. Prices: £75 to £130. Available from Jones, 13 to 15 Floral Street, London, WC2; Limeys, 26 Sadler Gate, Derby, DE1 and Strand, Newcastle and Leeds.

THE NEVER-ENDING WARDROBE UTH SUIT

The art of combining your clothes

Your suit comes in two bits, but you don't always have to wear both pieces together. Think of it as two garments, and it can provide a foundation for a range of great looks. Uth suit available from branches of Uth/Jigsaw Menswear nationwide £220.

1 Trousers worn with pink, crumpled cotton T-shirt £15 by n.com for Top Man and black sliders £29.99 by Next.

2 Jacket with denims £55 by Levi's, green crew-neck sweater £25 by Principles and sliders £85 by Camper.

3 Whole suit worn with shirt £55 and tie £45 by Hawes & Curtis and shoes £165 by Paraboot.

DETAILS

SORT ME OUT

Q At a recent party, I got very drunk. To make my hangover worse, I found some bastard had burned my favourite jacket with his cigarette, while I also had chewing gum stuck to the seat of my trousers, which has now set rock solid. It's a very expensive outfit – is there something I can do to repair the damage?
Paul Emery, Kent

A *The cigarette burn is your main problem here. This is because the fabric has actually perished. However, if the burn is close to a seam, a skilled alterations tailor should just about be able to hide it. For a more visible burn, though, you'll need invisible mending, which is a highly-skilled process and doesn't come cheap. In fact, in many cases – suit trousers or shirts for example – it's actually cheaper to buy a new garment. Having said that, if you have a smallish jacket burn it can usually be mended for forty to fifty quid. Invisible mending involves catching the thread around the burn and laboriously reweaving the cloth. Ask a local tailor if he can do this – if he can't, he may be able to recommend a skilled practitioner.*

As for the gum, the best method of removal is to freeze it and then very carefully chip it off. All you do is put your trousers in a plastic bag and place them in the freezer, then use a butter knife to chip at the gum until it disintegrates. Afterwards, just wash as normal.

PHOTOGRAPHY: BARRY J HOLMES, RONALD GRANT ARCHIVES

Q&A

Patrick Cox

The master cobbler talks about white socks, vengeful snakes and big shoplifters

You grew up in Canada, a fashion desert. Did you have trouble finding clothes you wanted to wear?
To survive high school you had to wear flared jeans and a plaid shirt – and you had to have long hair. Otherwise they just beat the shit out of you. In my last year of school I got away with having short hair because everyone thought I was a cadet.

How do you learn to design shoes?
I don't think you can teach anyone to be a designer. While I was at Cordwainer's (footwear college in London) I didn't really learn anything, but I stared at shoes for two years at an impressionable age. If I'd been staring at hats, maybe I'd be a hat designer.

Can you still make a pair yourself?
Yeah, but now I'm working with proper Italian manufacturers so I don't have to. I learnt more in six weeks in Italy than in two years at college, just by being in the factory.

Did you always want to be famous?
It's not a fame thing. That's a pain in the ass, because everyone I meet asks for a discount or starts talking about their foot problems. Women like talking about their feet.

What would say was the best way to look after your shoes?
I'm the worst at looking after shoes because for me shoes are free. But I guess the best tip is that if anything starts to go wrong, get it taken care of right away – it'll only get worse. It's also very important to rotate your shoes. Especially if your feet smell: the shoes need time to air.

What about if you're out shopping for shoes on the high street?
Rather than getting lots of crappy shoes, buy one good pair. Make sure they're leather and have a leather lining. The inside of the shoe is where companies often cheat – and because it looks the same from the outside they get away with it.

Do new shoes always have to hurt your feet?
My idea was to make shoes that were instantly comfortable, and that's one of the reasons behind my success.

A few years back, you were personally responsible for the trend in snakeskin loafers. Ever been bitten by a snake in a revenge attack?
No, which is surprising because we used 15,000 metres of snakeskin in one year.

What is the worst look for feet?
Cowboy boots. The one other thing is white socks. The only excuse for wearing white socks is if you're German or you're an athlete.

You now design clothing as well. Did you find it difficult when you first started?
Not in terms of design. If you're a designer you should have ideas, and then you need good people around to help you realise them.

Do you design your clothes to go with your shoes or vice versa?
They work together. When I design I have a vision of what I want and it invariably involves the entire head-to-toe look, including shoes, just because that's the way I think.

You recently launched a watch range – do you add new lines just so you don't have to buy them anymore?
Pretty much! Also because there's always something wrong with existing designs. I see a new design and I'm like, if they'd only done it slightly differently. So I do it myself.

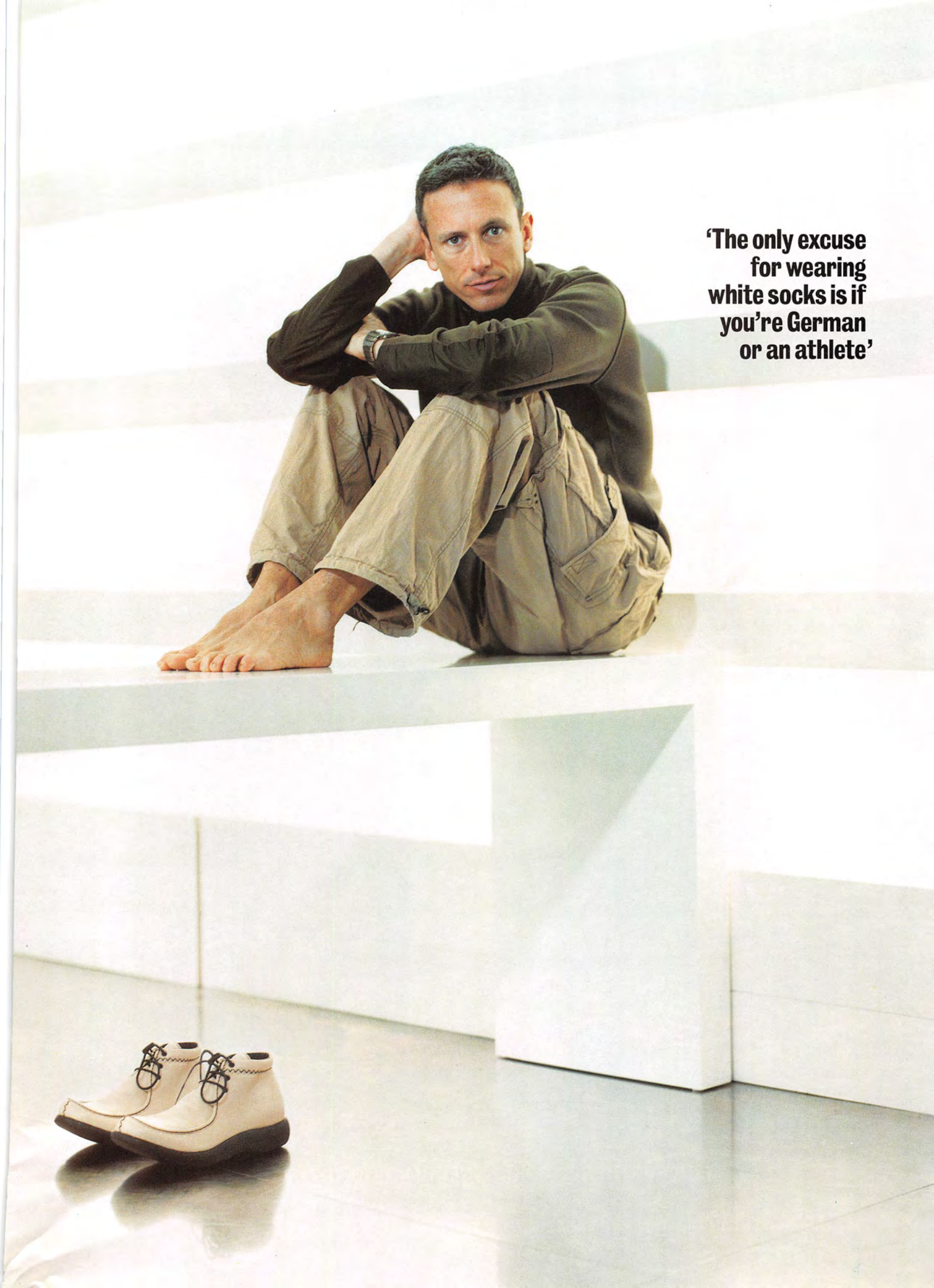
Why do women buy more shoes than men?
Men wear trousers but women can wear short skirts, mid-length skirts and trousers. And their heel lengths are varied. Also, men's shoes are only really brown or black. But a man's wardrobe should have at least one pair each of: performance sneakers, loafers, leather lace-up shoes, boots and something different that's casually fashionable.

When you worked in your own shop, did you ever accost any shoplifters?
I chased two people down the street, but when I caught up with them I thought, "Shit, what do I do now – they're bigger than me!" So I backed off. But we've had people pull knives in the store, throw things around – crazy stuff like that.

Ever get any shoe fetishists in?
You get the odd kinky old man who's looking at a pair of ladies shoes in the smallest sizes – but hey, whatever turns you on. **FHM**

Name: Patrick Cox
Born: 1963 in Alberta, Canada. English father, Canadian mother.
Background: Moved to London in 1983 to train in shoe design. Launched footwear label in 1987, followed by shop in 1991. Now has seven shops worldwide, three footwear lines, a clothing collection and a watch range. Perfume launching this summer.
Trademark: The Wannabe loafer, which has now sold over a million pairs.

Interview by William Drew.



'The only excuse for wearing white socks is if you're German or an athlete'

Serge VITELLI
Photo: MICHEL
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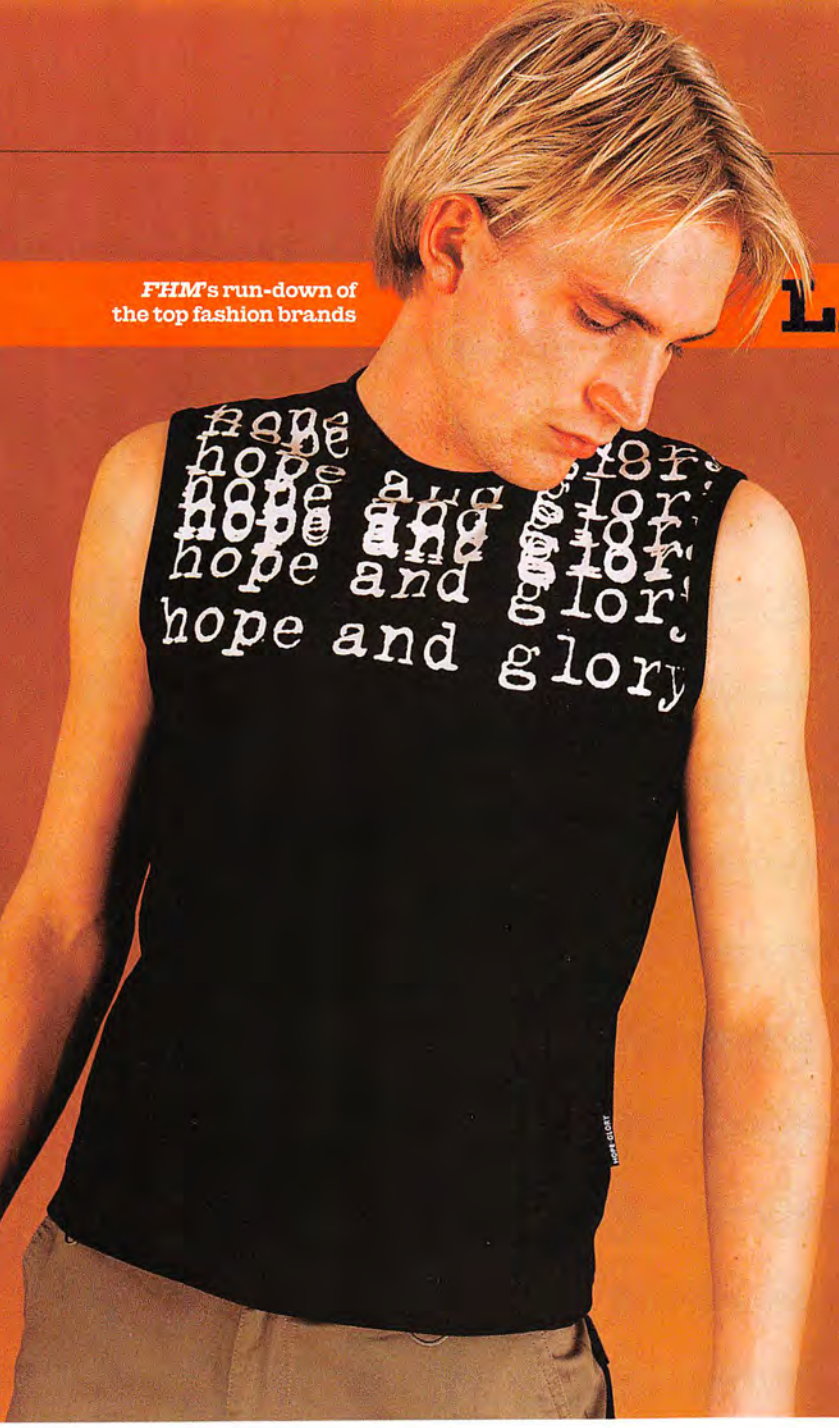
FHM's run-down of the top fashion brands

LABEL GUIDE



BLACK SLEEVELESS TOP WITH WHITE "HOPE & GLORY" PRINT DESIGN £25 AND KHAKI SNOWPANTS £65 BOTH BY HOPE AND GLORY

The label: Hope & Glory
The designer: Marc Schneiderman
Founded: 1990
Background: Hope & Glory was founded by the design team of Joanna Hopcraft and Marc Schneiderman, the aim of the company being to produce English garments at as high a quality as those made anywhere else in the world – or better. Initially specialising in men's knitwear, the pair then expanded into womenswear and a full range of men's shirts, jackets, denim and trousers. "Many British companies fail because the quality of the garment does not match the brilliance of the idea," says Schneiderman. The label's clothes are now sold through four Hope & Glory stores and in over 100 independent stores in the UK.
Trademark style: Top quality British casualwear. "We aim to produce clothes which are unique but don't make you look stupid," says Schneiderman. Most fabrics are created especially for Hope & Glory.
Current highlights: New materials, including paper-touch nylon – Teflon-coated cotton and linen are also used to good effect in this spring's collection. The company's shirts have a sophisticated edge thanks to the use of inverted-pleat seams, concealed pockets and drawstring hems, and there's also a great range of punk-influenced rubberised-print T-shirts. Outerwear garments incorporate details like funnel-necks, asymmetric zips and storm-flap pockets.
The damage: Shirts from £50, trousers from £60, knitwear from £50, T-shirts from £25.
Stockists: 0181-365 3467

I'VE BEEN A FOOL

Help! I look like Postman Pat

Being a mailman is a shitty job. Not only do you have to get up really early, trudge round dilapidated council estates in all weathers and risk being mauled by salivating canines, but you have to wear an unpleasant blue and red uniform. So why did Neil Hailey choose to pay good money for a jacket that looks like it's been pilfered direct from the Royal Mail clothing depot? Sadly, it's a question even he can't answer, which is why he's asking us to replace the item with something a little less rottweiler-friendly. Happy to oblige, we've supplied him with this stone, waxed "magnus" jacket from Henri Lloyd worth £135.

If you need an urgent clothing makeover, write to us at I've Been A Fool, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley St, London, W1N 7AR, enclosing a picture of you wearing the item you'd like to swap, plus details of what you'd like us to replace it with.

WHY NOW? PAPER-TOUCH FABRICS

It used to be simple – if a piece of clothing didn't come straight off the back of a farm animal or from a cotton plantation, you wouldn't wear it. And, cheap hookers in edible undies aside, putting on gear that felt like it was made out of paper was certainly out of the question. But with white-coated boffins now more obsessed with cooking up lightweight fabrics in their laboratories than murdering rats or finding out which gas makes a squeaky noise when you light it, it was only a matter of time before they got round to making clothes that felt like the stuff you write on. Also a reaction to the recent glut of smooth, jersey-style garments, paper-touch fabrics are so called because they crumple and crease and are quite stiff – though they're actually made from impregnated or coated cotton. They feel cool and refreshing in summer months, and can be seen in spring collections from companies ranging from Blazer and Uth to Firetrap.

GREY PAPER MATERIAL SHIRT £49.99 BY FIRETRAP

INVEST GREAT MENSWEAR THAT WON'T BLOW YOUR BUDGET

Cartel Inc short coat £145

Brilliant value at only £145, this lightweight mac will keep your barnet dry in a downpour, as well as looking sharp at all times. The overcoat's styling is minimal: fly-front concealed fastening, diagonal pockets and button detail on the sleeves. Stockists: 01287 655544.

Firetrap top £50

Firetrap comes up trumps again with this nicely-designed, modern, clean top. It distills this season's trends nicely into one package: funnel-neck, drawstring waist, and zip-fasteners on the body and pockets. The ultra-lightweight fabric is a blend of cotton and synthetic fibres, giving the top a vaguely surgical look. Stockists: 0181-993 0822.

Next trousers £34.99

These taupe pants from Next are made from a hardwearing cotton-canvas fabric, with a loose, straight-leg fit for comfort. The front-pockets have a popper fastening to keep your stuff safe and toggle adjustments at the waist and ankle for a superb fit. The roomy rear pockets feature Velcro fasteners for added security. Available from branches of Next nationwide.

Casio Film Watch £39.99

If all you've got are super-chunky wrist adornments, try this slimline timepiece from Casio. So called because of its film-like slenderness, this is the thinnest watch to feature a full data bank. It has a weird "retro-futuristic" appearance and comes in black or clear, with a choice of analogue or digital display. Features include world time, stopwatch and backlight. Stockists: 0181-450 9131.

George at Asda T-shirt £10.99

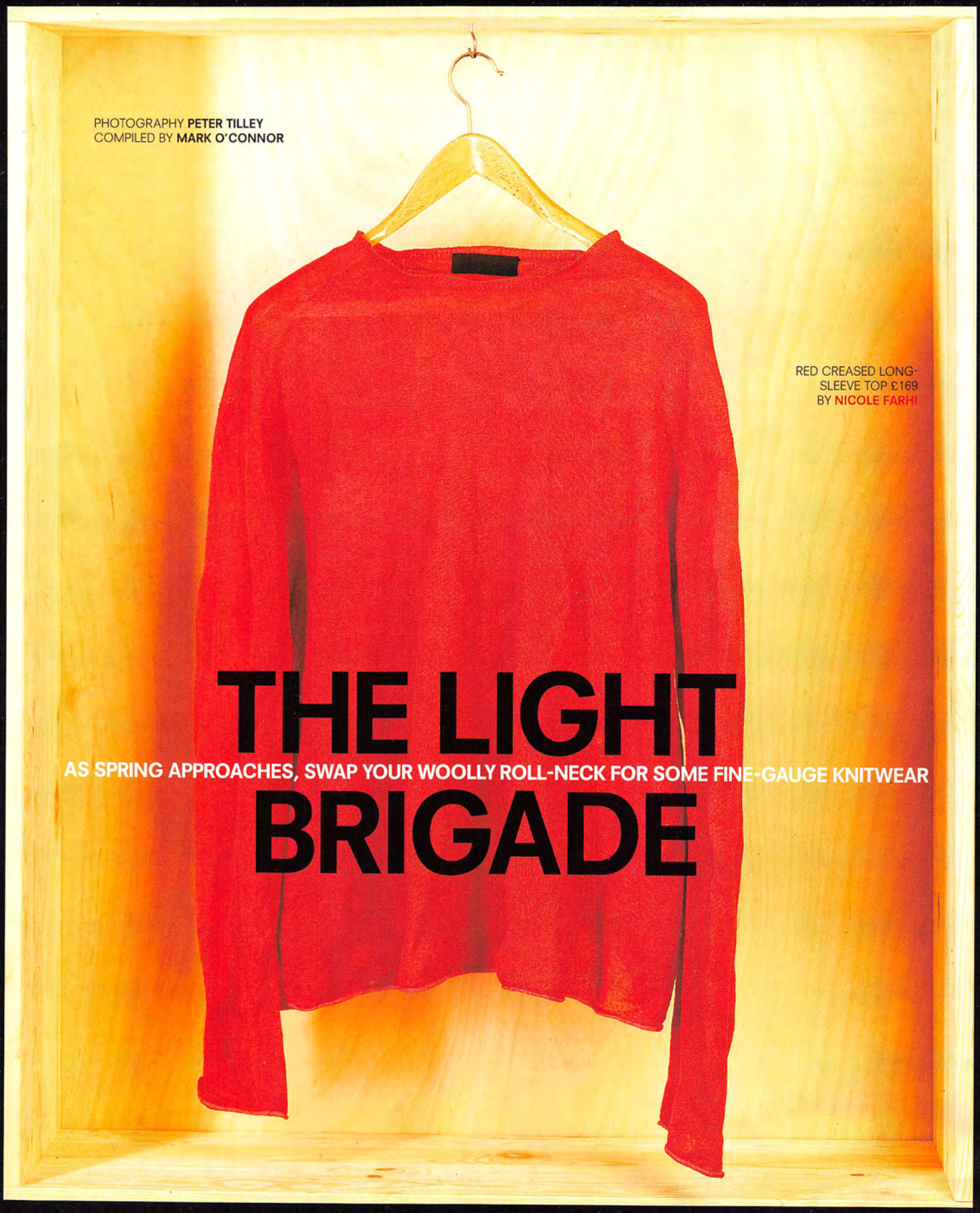
Impressive value as usual from George with this stylish T-shirt. Aertex detailing on the chest gives an athletic feel, while the 100 per cent cotton jersey fabric is substantial and built to last. Available from branches of Asda nationwide.

Uth shirt £45

Colour – and particularly pastels – is making a cautious comeback this spring after several seasons of monochrome fashions. This pastel yellow shirt is one of the best examples: short-sleeved, with a semi-stiff collar and fly-front fastening, it's smart without being stuffy. The 100 per cent cotton fabric is light and comfortable – but make sure you hand-wash it in warm water to keep it in good nick. Available from branches of Uth/Jigsaw Menswear nationwide.

ready. Miu Miu menswear. Yellow roses. **fresh at selfridges**

PHOTOGRAPHY **PETER TILLEY**
COMPILED BY **MARK O'CONNOR**



RED CREASED LONG-SLEEVE TOP £169
BY **NICOLE FARHI**

THE LIGHT BRIGADE

AS SPRING APPROACHES, SWAP YOUR WOOLLY ROLL-NECK FOR SOME FINE-GAUGE KNITWEAR

THEY HAVE BEEN CHOSEN ESSENTIALS 1

LIGHT GREY LONG-SLEEVE TOP WITH ZIP-NECK
£145 BY CK

GREEN LONG-SLEEVE TOP
£90 BY AMAYA ARZUAGA

DARK GREY LONG-SLEEVE TOP WITH POCKETS
£99 BY BURRO

BLUE LONG-SLEEVE TOP WITH DRAWSTRING WAIST
£34.99 BY NEXT

GREY THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH-SLEEVE TOP
£70 BY ALL SAINTS

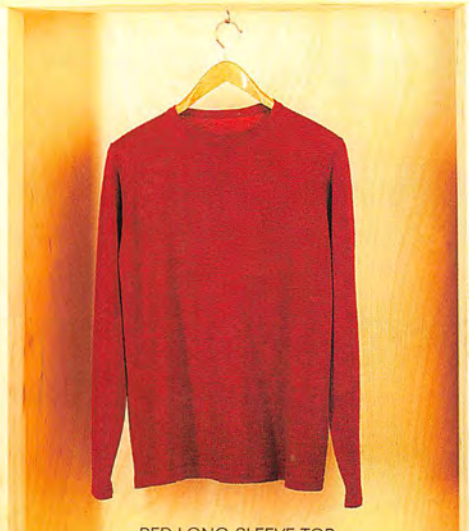
RED THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH-SLEEVE TOP
£120 BY YMC

DARK GREY SLEEVELESS TOP
£20 BY MOTO AT TOPMAN

SKY BLUE THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH-SLEEVE TOP
£69 BY BAILEY

GREEN SHORT-SLEEVE TOP
£16.99 BY HENNES

BLACK LONG-SLEEVE TOP
£79 BY **PAUL SMITH**



RED LONG-SLEEVE TOP
£35 BY **PRINCIPLES**

WHITE SLEEVELESS TOP
£48 BY **FULL CIRCLE**

SKY BLUE LONG-SLEEVE TOP
£59 BY **REISS**

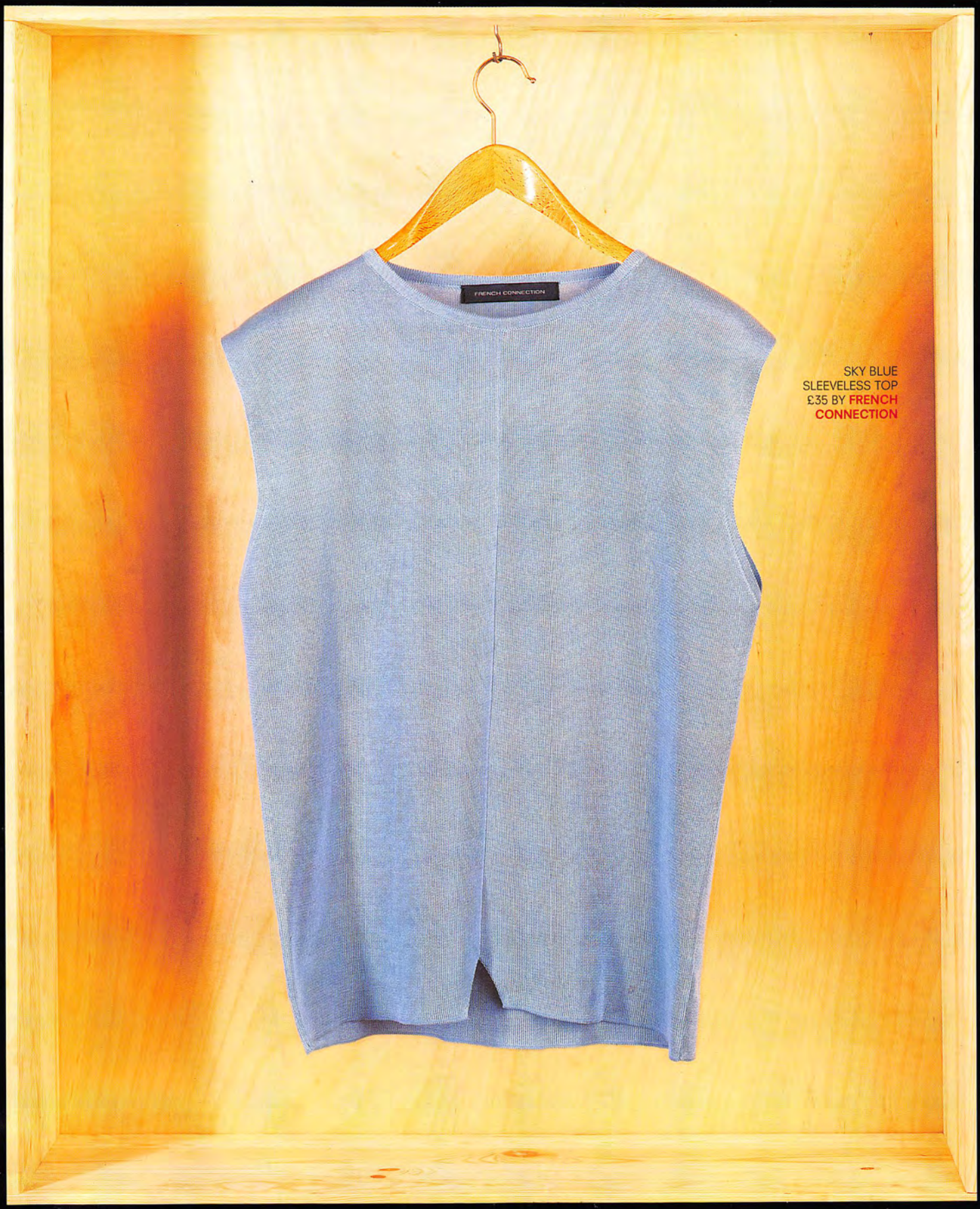
DARK GREY SHORT-SLEEVE TOP
£76.50 BY **ABAHOUSE**

BEIGE LONG-SLEEVE TOP
£39 BY **BENETTON**

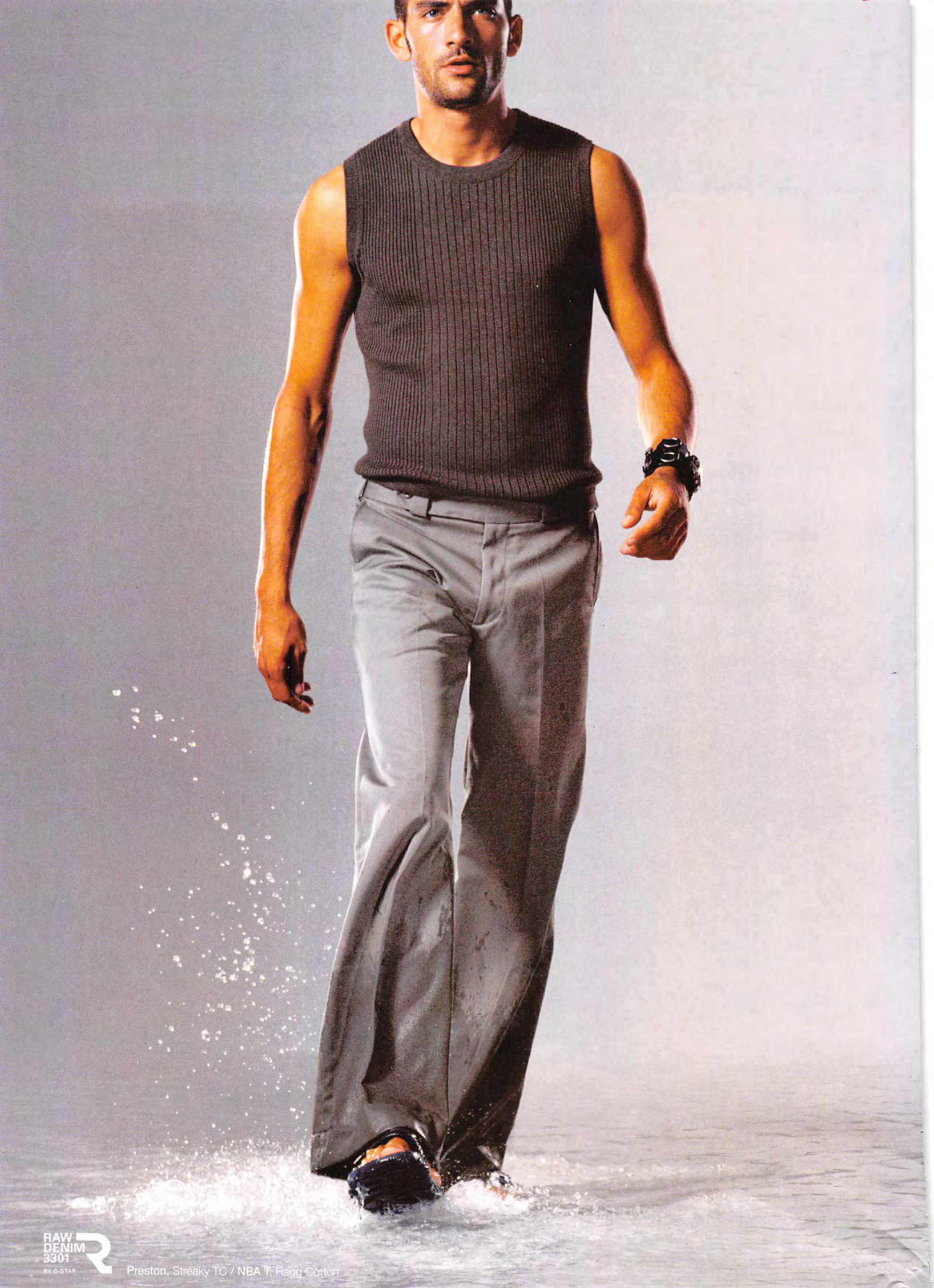
OLIVE SHORT-SLEEVE T-SHIRT £95
BY **HUGO BOSS**

BURGUNDY LONG-SLEEVE V-NECK TOP £90
BY **GUCCI**

GREY MARL SHORT-SLEEVE V-NECK TOP £35
BY **MEXX**



SKY BLUE SLEEVELESS TOP £35 BY **FRENCH CONNECTION**


RAW
DENIM
3301
BY G-STAR
Preston, Streaky TC / NBA T, Ragg Cotton

G-STAR

RAW DENIM

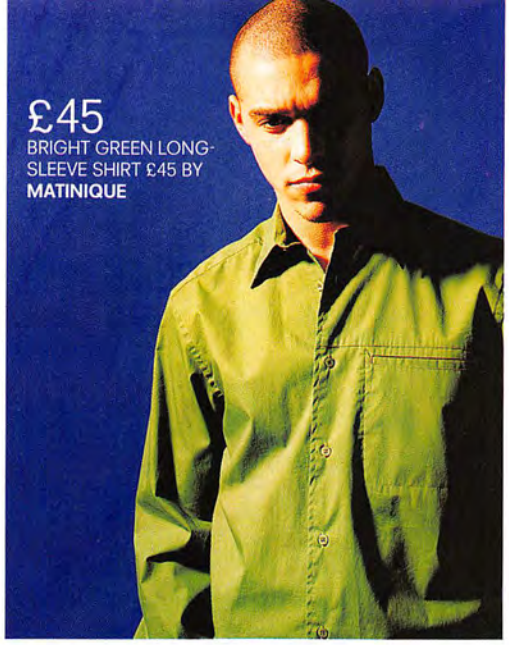
G-Star Raw Denim

£160
BRIGHT ORANGE NYLON GILET £45 BY **GAS**, BEIGE STREET PANTS WITH ORANGE LINING AND BUTTON DETAIL ON LEG £35 BY **MARKS & SPENCER** AND BROWN SLIP-ON FLAT-BACK SHOES £80 BY **CAMPER**

COLOUR SCHEMES

LOSE THE WINTER MONOCHROME AND ADD SOME COLOUR FOR A STRIKING SPRING LOOK

£95
YELLOW HOODED SLEEVELESS TOP £20 BY **ENERGIE** AND KHAKI PANTS £75 BY **DOCKERS**

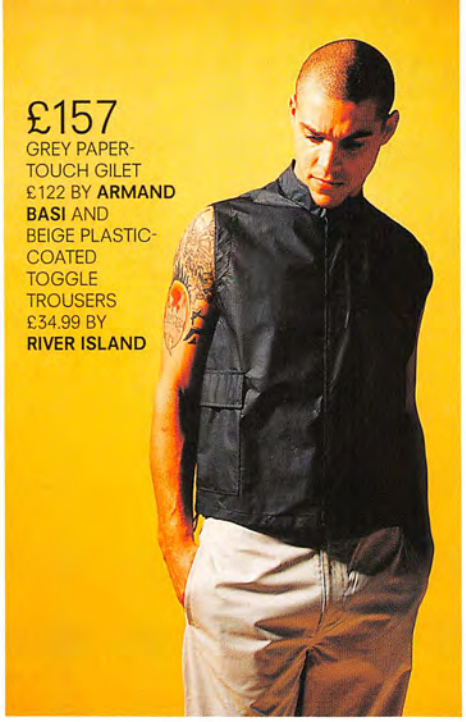


£45
BRIGHT GREEN LONG-SLEEVE SHIRT £45 BY **MATINIQUE**

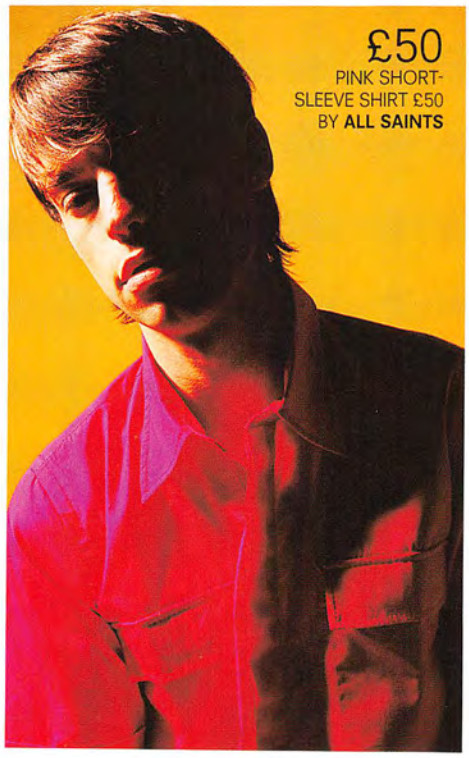
£89
PINK SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT £39 BY **BAILEY** AND WHITE STRAIGHT-LEG PANTS £50 BY **FRENCH CONNECTION**

£72
GREY ZIP-FRONT NYLON JACKET £39.99 BY **HENNES** AND RED SLEEVELESS TOP £32 BY **REISS**

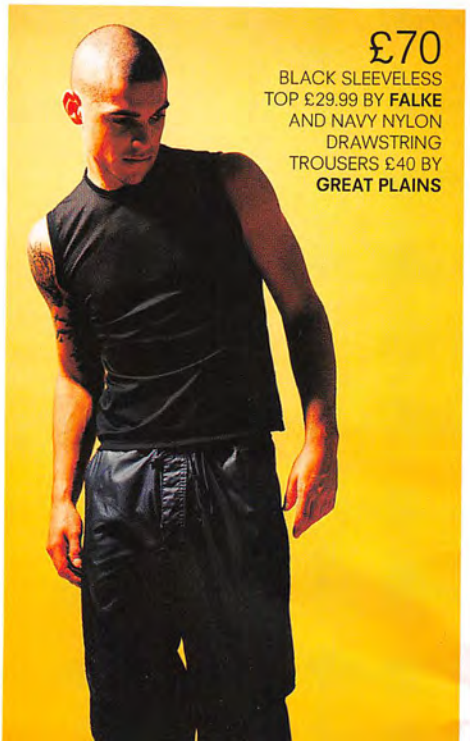
£132
RED SLEEVELESS JERSEY TOP £32 BY **REISS** AND DARK DENIM JEANS £100 BY **DUFFER OF ST GEORGE**



£157
GREY PAPER-TOUCH GILET £122 BY **ARMAND BASI** AND BEIGE PLASTIC-COATED TOGGLE TROUSERS £34.99 BY **RIVER ISLAND**

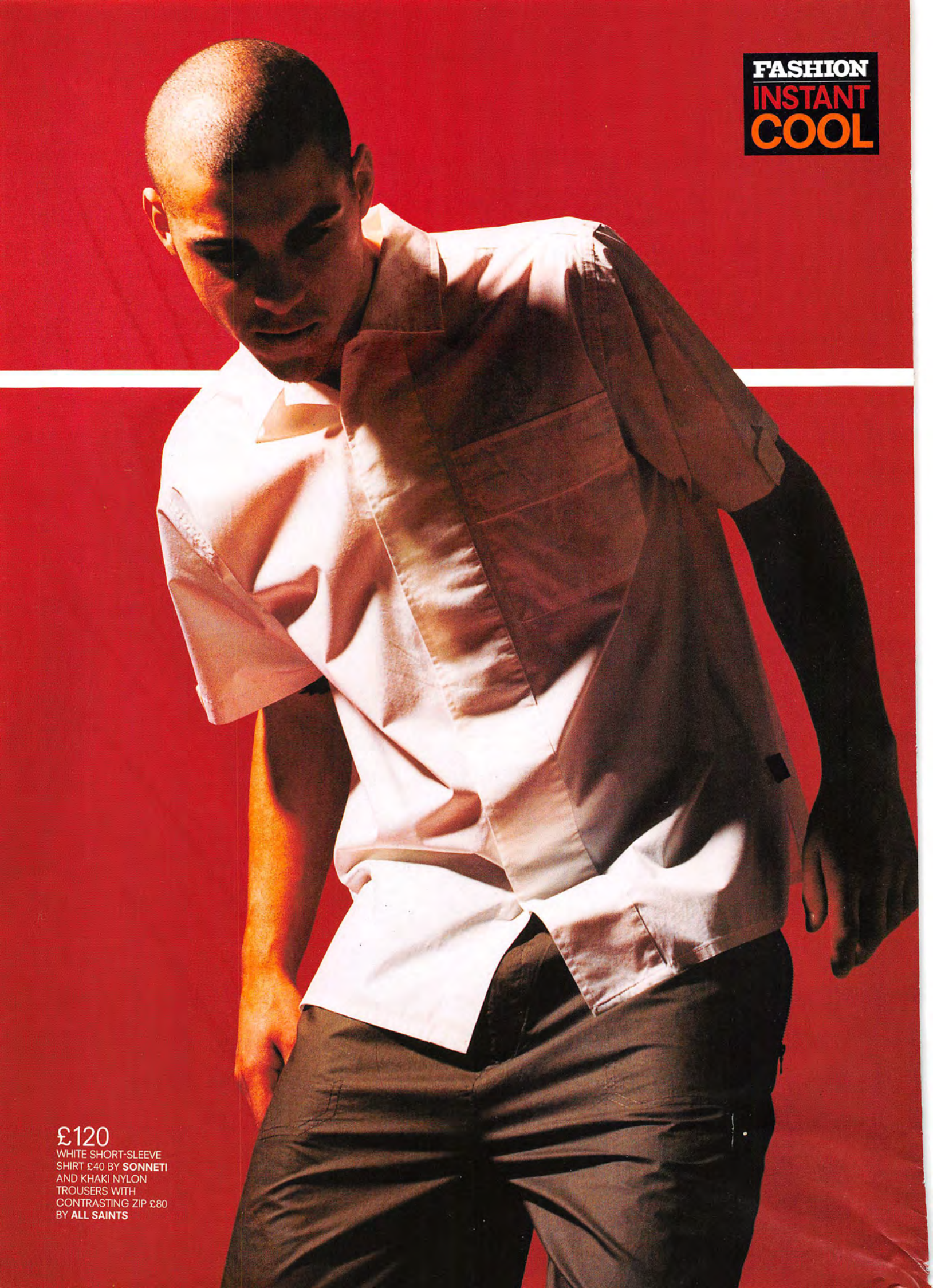


£50
PINK SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT £50 BY **ALL SAINTS**

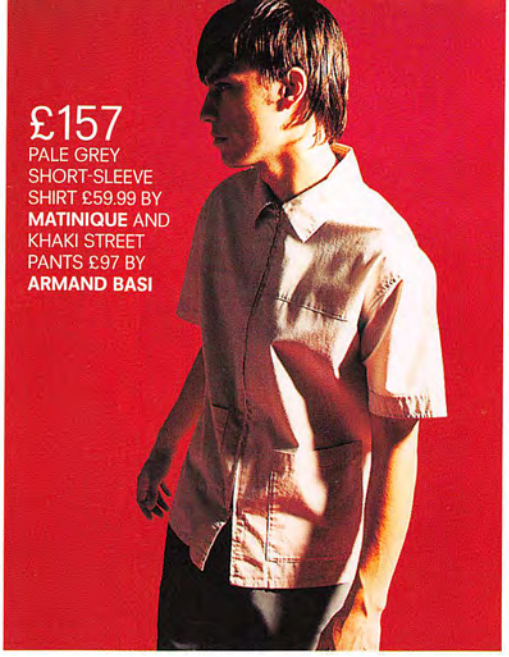


£70
BLACK SLEEVELESS TOP £29.99 BY **FALKE** AND NAVY NYLON DRAWSTRING TROUSERS £40 BY **GREAT PLAINS**

£119
NAVY SLEEVELESS "VESTRY" SHIRT £59 BY **REISS** AND NAVY NYLON PANTS £60 BY **GAS**

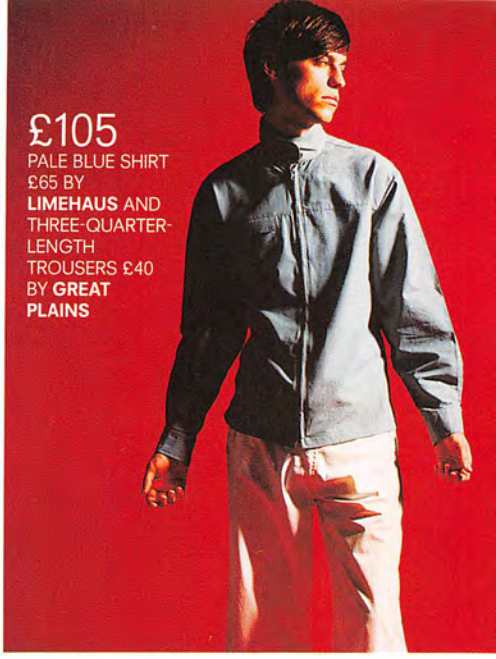


£120
WHITE SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT £40 BY **SONNETI** AND KHAKI NYLON TROUSERS WITH CONTRASTING ZIP £80 BY **ALL SAINTS**



£157
PALE GREY SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT £59.99 BY **MATINIQUE** AND KHAKI STREET PANTS £97 BY **ARMAND BASI**

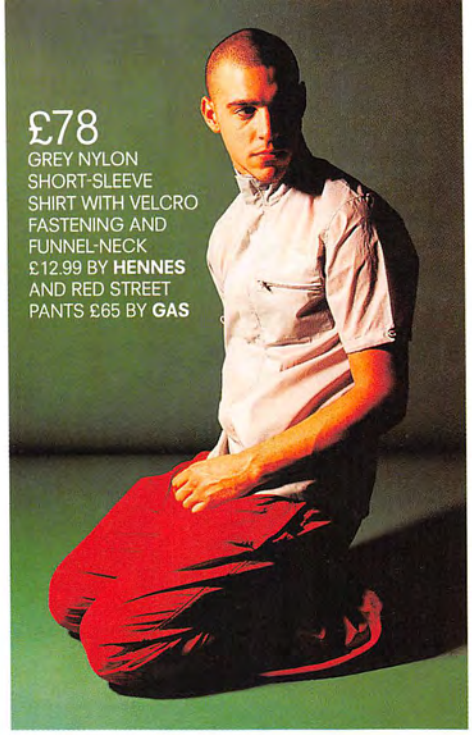
£30
YELLOW FLEECE GILET £29.50 BY **GAP**



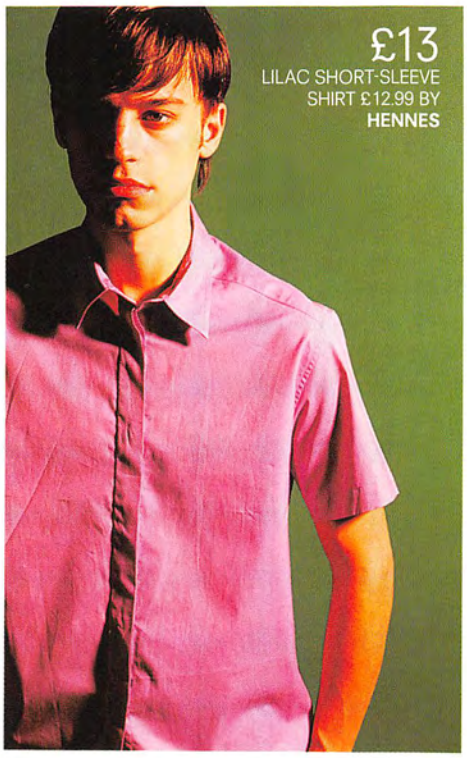
£105
PALE BLUE SHIRT £65 BY **LIMEHAUS** AND THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH TROUSERS £40 BY **GREAT PLAINS**

£29
BLUE NYLON SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT WITH VELCRO FASTENING £29 BY **KILLER LOOP**

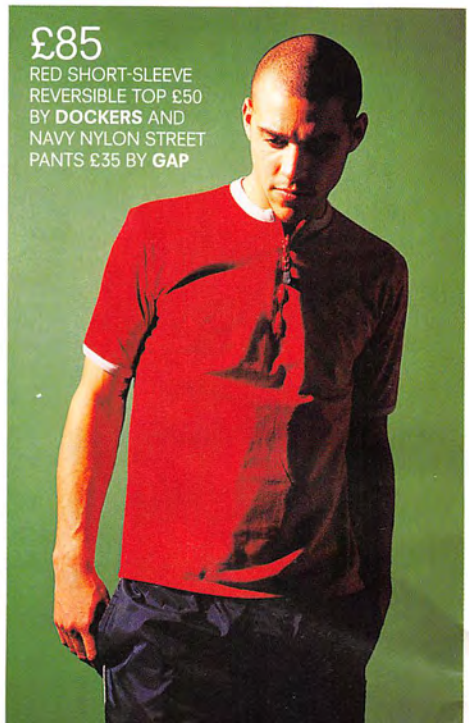
£150
NAVY BLUE SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT £45 BY **GREAT PLAINS**, ORANGE NYLON STREET PANTS £65 BY **ENERGIE** AND BLACK FLAT-BACK SHOES £39.99 BY **RIVER ISLAND**



£78
GREY NYLON SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT WITH VELCRO FASTENING AND FUNNEL-NECK £12.99 BY **HENNES** AND RED STREET PANTS £65 BY **GAS**



£13
LILAC SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT £12.99 BY **HENNES**



£85
RED SHORT-SLEEVE REVERSIBLE TOP £50 BY **DOCKERS** AND NAVY NYLON STREET PANTS £35 BY **GAP**

FASHION INSTANT COOL

PHOTOGRAPHY **GUY BAKER**
STYLING **GARY KINGSNORTH**
GROOMING **CLARE BEEVER** USING **PAUL MITCHELL** AND **CLINIQUE**
MODELS **JACOB** AT **MODELS 1** AND **ROBERT McNICOL** AT **SELECT**

£145
RIGID DARK DENIM JACKET £64.80 BY **LEVI'S**, PALE BLUE T-SHIRT £30 BY **DUFFER OF ST GEORGE** AND STONE STREET PANTS WITH NAVY STITCHING AND BUTTON DETAIL ON LEGS £50 BY **COCA-COLA**

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THEY HAVE BEEN CHOSEN ESSENTIALS 2

PRIORITY BAGGAGE

DITCH THE TATTY BROWN SATCHEL – LOOK COOL WITH THESE CLASSY HOLDALLS

BRIGHT ORANGE NYLON SHOULDER BAG £34.99 BY **GAS**

PHOTOGRAPHY **ROBERT DECELIS**
COMPILED BY **MARK O'CONNOR**

GREEN AND BLACK NYLON LAPTOP BAG £89 BY **TUMI**

GREEN AND BROWN NYLON SHOULDER BAG £59.99 BY **TIMBERLAND**

ESSENTIALS2

GREY AND BLACK NYLON COURIER BAG £89 BY **MANHATTAN PORTAGE**

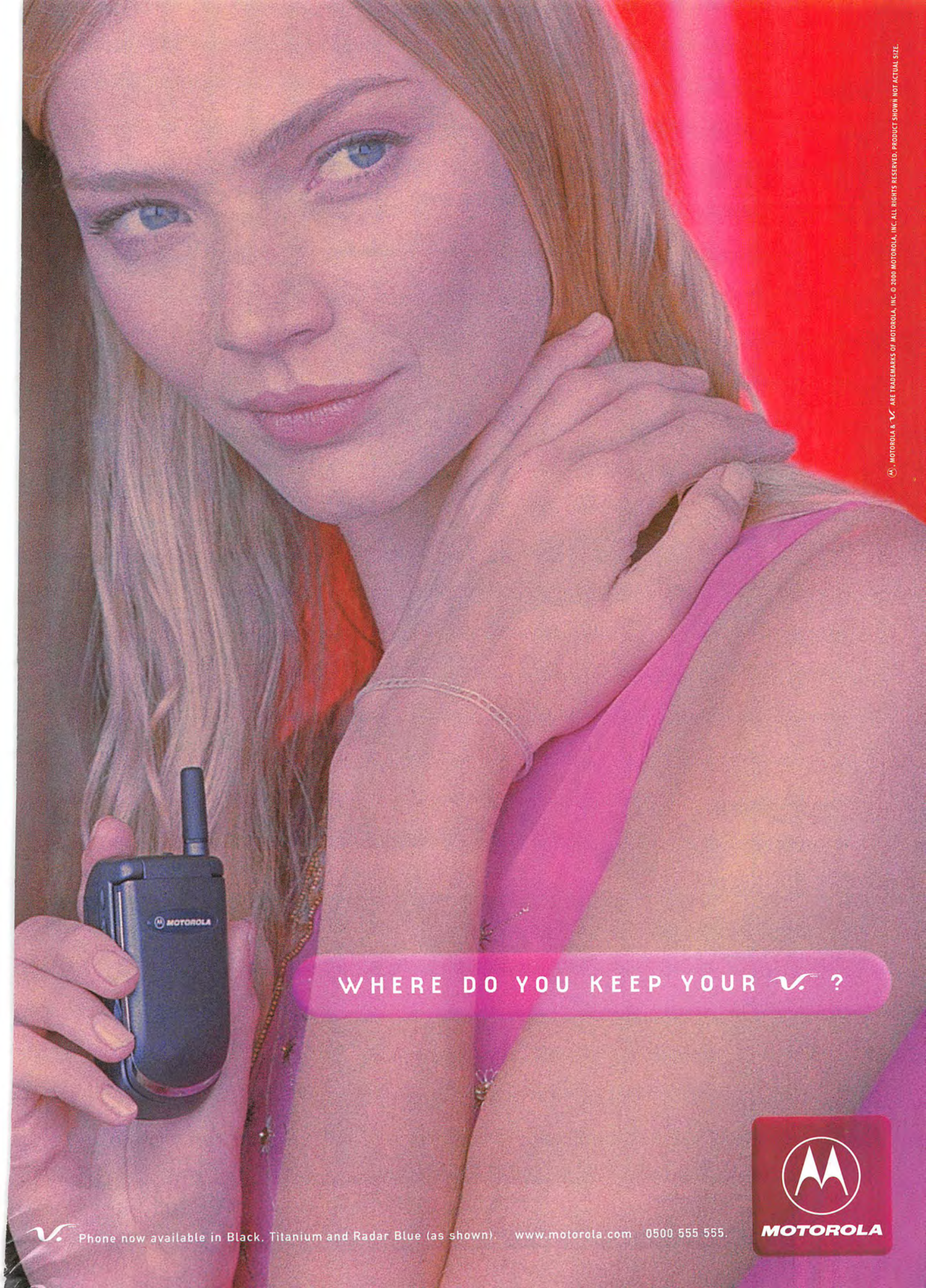
BLACK NYLON SHOULDER BAG £110 BY **PAUL SMITH**

BLACK LEATHER RECORD BAG £250 BY **MULBERRY**

BEIGE CANVAS COURIER BAG WITH BROWN LEATHER STRAPS £95 BY **BILL AMBERG**

BEIGE CANVAS SATCHEL WITH SHOULDER STRAPS £37.50 BY **SONNETI**

GREY CANVAS COURIER BAG £70 BY **CATHERINE NEWELL**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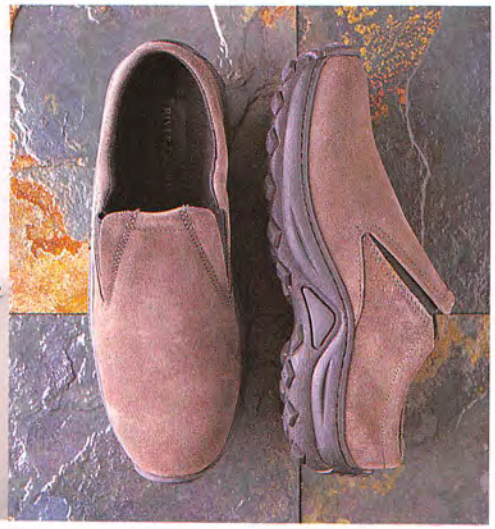
RIVER ISLAND

STYLISH FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING/SUMMER 2000... GIVE YOUR FEET A TREAT!

You can scour the earth looking for fashionable, quality footwear at unbeatable prices – or you can find what you want in a flash with a visit to River Island on your High Street. Encompassing the latest colour tones and high quality suede and leather, the lightweight, stylish shoes in the River Island spring/summer footwear collection offer the very best in comfort, looks and value.

SUEDE LACE-UP SHOE £39.99
BY RIVER ISLAND

LEATHER OPEN-TOE SANDAL £26.99
BY RIVER ISLAND



CASUAL SUEDE SLIP-ON £29.99
BY RIVER ISLAND

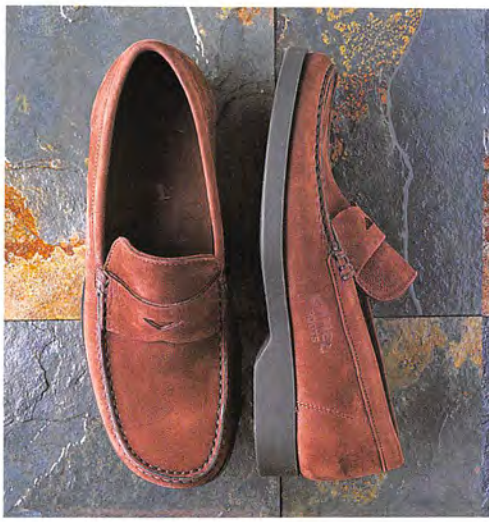
LEATHER SLIP-ON SANDAL, £39.99
BY RIVER ISLAND

SUEDE MOULDED SOLE LOAFER £39.99
BY RIVER ISLAND

VELCRO FASTEN SHOE £39.99
BY RIVER ISLAND

For customer enquiries call 020 8991 4759. Check out River Island at www.riverisland.com

CAMEL BOOTS



"SAMBA" MOCCASIN £80
BY CAMEL BOOTS

"TUNIS" MULE £65
BY CAMEL BOOTS

"SANSIBAR" CASUAL SHOE £90
BY CAMEL BOOTS

"TUNIS" SANDAL £65
BY CAMEL BOOTS

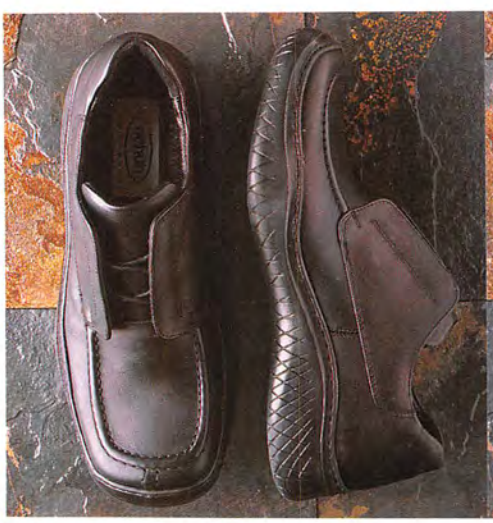
It's an unwritten rule of footwear that nice shoes make your feet feel like they've been trapped in a vice. Mercifully, Camel Boots go against the grain. Blending style with comfort – thanks to top-notch leather, calf linings and cushioned insoles – Camel Boots' spring/summer collection is unmissable.

"PAMPAS" BOOT £90
BY CAMEL BOOTS

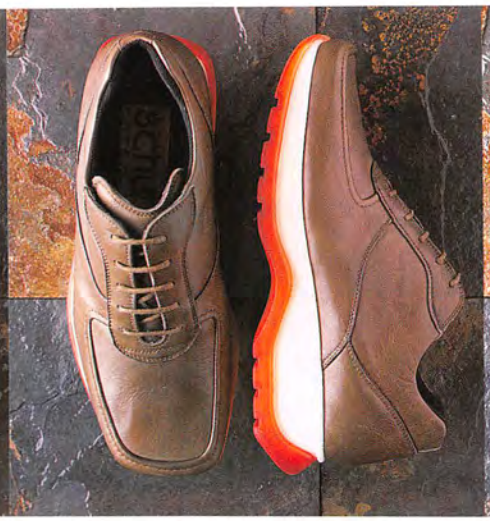
"TUNIS" SANDAL £65
BY CAMEL BOOTS

For more information call 01604 603757 or e-mail camelboots@marrum.com

SCHUH



"KIEV" HEAVY GHILLIE £59.99
BY SCHUH

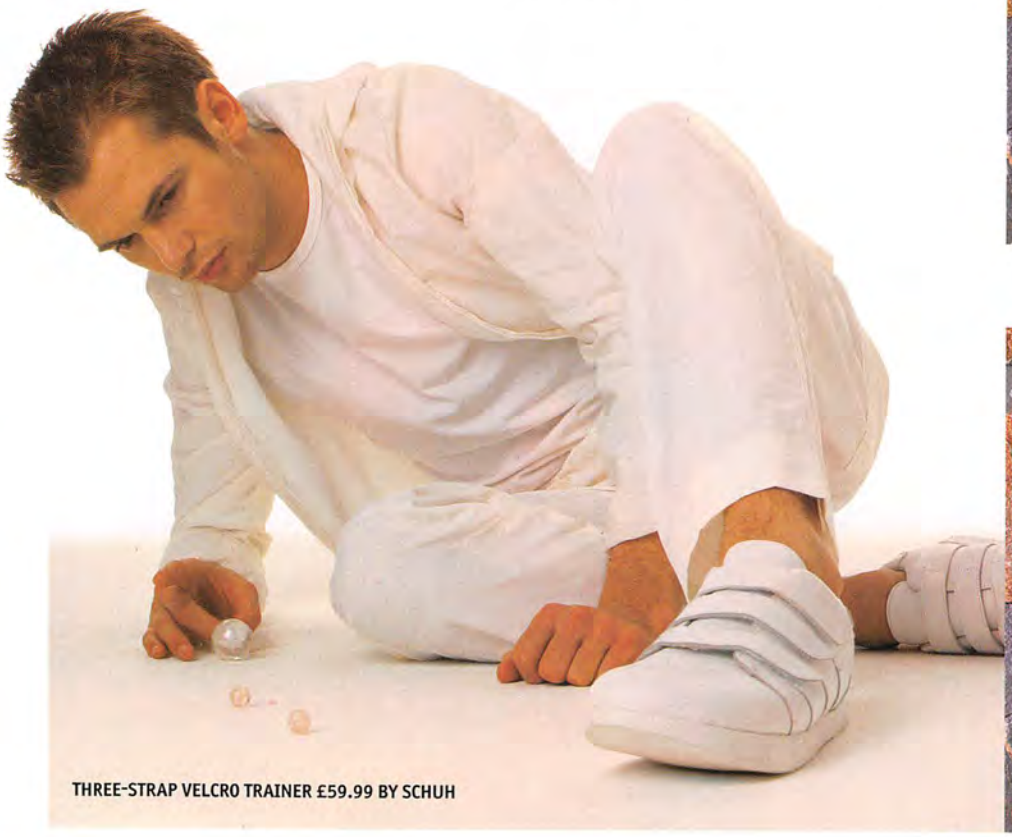


"GUINEA" LACE SHOE £59.99
BY SCHUH

"RAIBAN" SIDE LACE £59.99
BY SCHUH

Mention a fusion of sports and formal wear to the average man and hideous images of a suited-and-booted Chris Eubank leap to mind. Luckily, there is one company that can pull the pairing off – Schuh – Menswear/*FHM* Fashion footwear Retailer Of The Year, 1999. For the latest in hippy chic, comfort and performance fashion, there's only one place to look.

SUEDE "SWING" CLOG £34.99
BY SCHUH

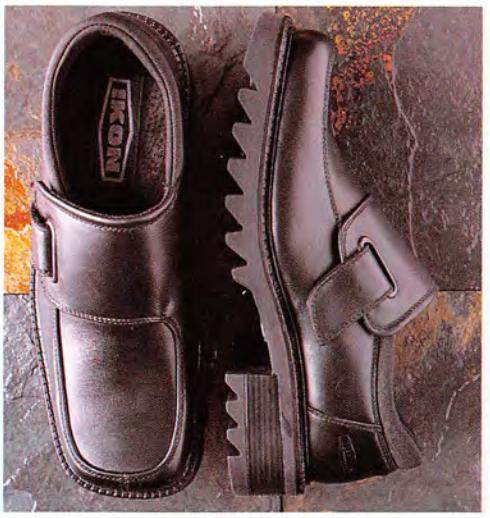


THREE-STRAP VELCRO TRAINER £59.99 BY SCHUH

LEATHER "EPI" CLOG £39.99
BY SCHUH

Check out Schuh at www.schuh.co.uk

IKON

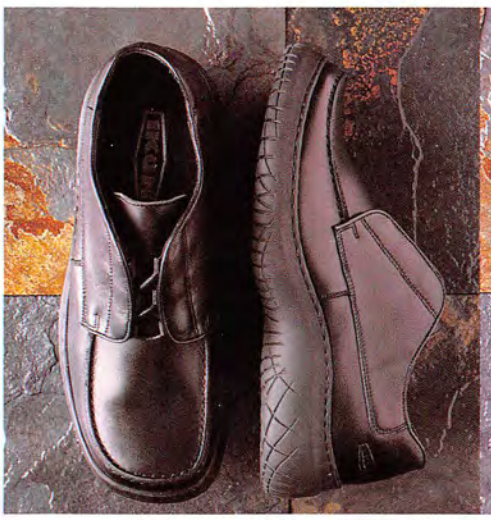


"TRANCE" LOAFER £50
BY IKON

"RIPPA 2000" SANDAL £35
BY IKON

Long gone are the days when a pair of tatty brogues and some five-year-old trainers counted as a "shoe collection" – and thank God! because you can now justify that extra summer suitcase when you cram it to the gills with these beauties from the Ikon spring/summer range.

"RAGE" SHOE, £55
BY IKON



"CURVE" SHOE £55
BY IKON

"ZULU" CLOG, £30
BY IKON

"QUAD" LOAFER, £50
BY IKON

For stockists call 01455 613 377. Check out Ikon at www.ikonfootwear.co.uk

WHERE TO BUY

Abahouse Enquiries 0171-355 4654; Selfridges W1, Harvey Nichols SW1
Agnès B Enquiries 0171-792 1947; 233 Westbourne Grove W11
All Saints Enquiries 0171-323 0883; Dickins & Jones W1
Amaya Arzuaga Enquiries 0171-935 9393; Dickins & Jones W1
Armand Basi Enquiries 0171-359 5859; Conduit Street W1
Bailey Enquiries 0171-499 2521; Uth, Brook St W1
Bespoke Couture by Ozwald Boateng Enquiries 0171-734 6868; 9 Vigo Street W1
Bhs Enquiries 0171-262 3288; stores nationwide
Bill Amberg Enquiries 0171-727 3560; 10 Cheapstow Road W2
Burro Enquiries 0171-240 5120; 29 Floral Street WC2
Byblos Enquiries 0039 02 76273; Dickins & Jones W1, Diverse N1
Calvin Klein Enquiries 0171-408 0166; Bond Street W1, Harvey Nichols SW1
Camper Enquiries 0171-629 2722; Camper W1 & WC2
Cartel Inc Enquiries 01287 655544; SU214 Oxford Street W1
Casio Enquiries 0181-450 9131; stores nationwide
Catherine Newell Enquiries 0171-274 8427
Dockers Enquiries 0171-394 3300; Dockers W1 & Selfridges W1
Dolce & Gabbana Enquiries 0039 02 551 0000; 6-8 Old Bond Street W1
Elspeth Gibson Enquiries 0171-235 0601; 7 Pont Street SW1
Energie Enquiries 0171-700 6470
Fabris Lane Enquiries 0181-974 1642; House of Fraser stores nationwide
Faith Enquiries 0181-965 0744; stores nationwide
Falke at Harrods Enquiries 0171-730 1234
French Connection Enquiries 0171-580 2507; stores nationwide
Full Circle at Selfridges Enquiries 0171-629 1234
Gas Enquiries 0171-700 1938; Robot, Covent Garden WC2
Great Plains Enquiries 0171-580 2507
Gucci Enquiries 0171-235 6707; Bond Street W1, Harrods W1
Hennes Enquiries 0171-323 2211; Oxford Street W1
Hugo Boss Enquiries 0181-992 9222; Hugo Boss W1
Jeffery-West Enquiries 0171-734 9222; 12 Piccadilly Arcade W1
Joely Nian Enquiries 0171-267 4770; Harrods SW1, Harvey Nichols SW1 and Koi Samui W1
Limehaus Enquiries 01159 632268; House of Fraser W1
Liza Bruce Enquiries 0171-235 8423; 9 Pont Street SW1
Louis Vuitton Enquiries 0171-399 4050; 17-18 New Bond Street W1
Mandarina Duck Enquiries 0171-251 8861
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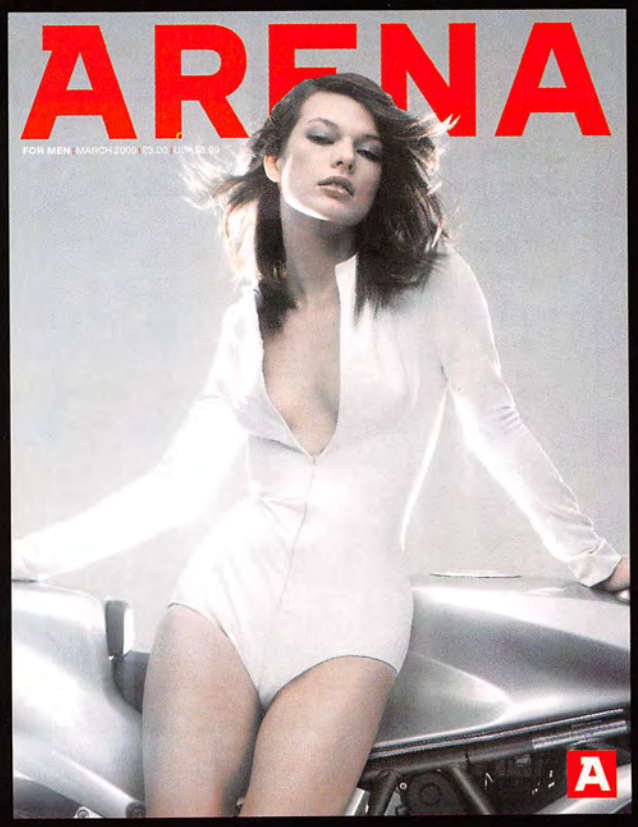

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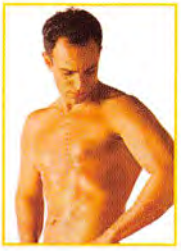

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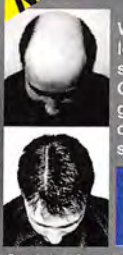

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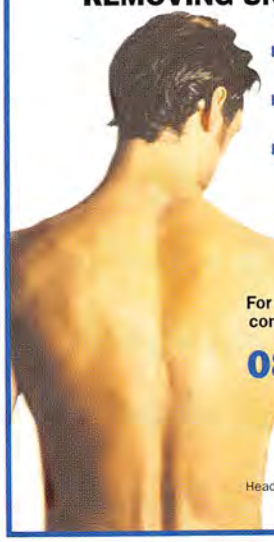

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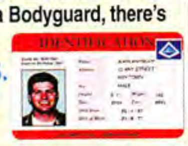

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T3 ★★★★★★

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said Stuff magazine

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Hospital

RELAX, AND TELL THE DOCTOR EVERYTHING

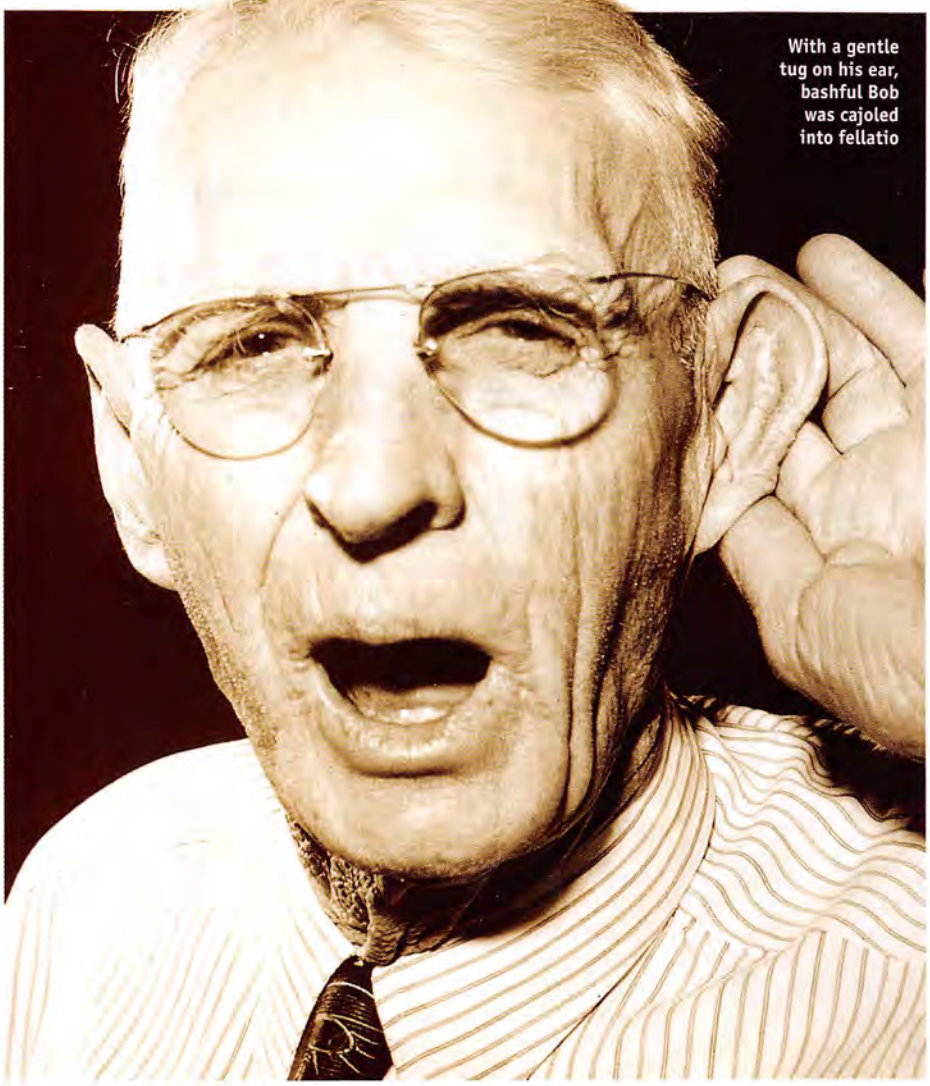
STOPPAGE

God, woman! Where's the sweet poonani?

Q After going out for about six months, my girlfriend is now refusing to have sex with me. She used to be up for it all the time but during the past few weeks she just hasn't been in the mood. It's extremely frustrating and I'm now thinking of shagging someone else – there's a girl down our local who likes me and I reckon I could have her quite easily. Would it serve my girlfriend right if I went off with someone else?
JH, Southampton

A *Excuse me? What's wrong with your girlfriend is that, in my opinion, she's hung around with someone like you for too long! She goes off sex. Do you ask why? Do you worry that she might be ill? Do you consider that it might be something you're doing – in bed or out of it? Nah, you immediately put her in the wrong and start planning the self-centred revenge of getting your leg over. Well, go ahead. It might make your girlfriend realise once and for all that she's wasting her time with you, and deserves someone better!* (SQ)

Ulrika was taking no chances for her next date with Collymore



With a gentle tug on his ear, bashful Bob was cajoled into fellatio

DODDERING

Gramp's forgotten me

Q I've always been close to my grandad and since I've left home I've made the effort to see him as much as possible. He's always looked out for me and I have a lot of respect for him. Sadly, he was diagnosed as suffering from Alzheimer's Disease last year and when I visited him recently I was shocked by how much he'd changed. He seemed okay at first, but when I started chatting to him he suddenly turned round and asked me my name. He's getting worse all the time – sometimes he can't remember who he is – and I'm finding it very difficult to deal with. How will I be able to cope when it's near the end?
WM, York

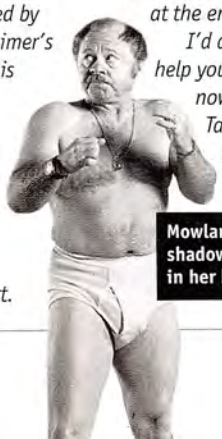
A *You're understandably devastated by your grandfather's illness. Alzheimer's is a cruel disease and the cause is unknown. It often begins with memory loss as you describe, and ends with complete dependence on other people.*

There are two things you can do to really help yourself and feel more empowered – which I'm sure is what your grandfather would want. You can get information and you can get support.

On the information front, begin by talking to your grandfather's GP, to find out just what the situation is. Once you've done that and got a rough idea of the prognosis, ring the Alzheimer's Disease Society (0171-306 0606) who can send you informative guidelines about all the things you might need to know at each stage of your grandfather's disease.

When it comes to getting support, the Alzheimer's Disease Society can help once again, by putting you in touch with a support group. There you'll meet other people like yourself who are close to someone with Alzheimer's, and also people who have lost a relative or friend to the disease. You can swap notes with them and, particularly, get advice that will help you cope at the end.

I'd also add that one of the best ways to help yourself is to talk to your grandfather, now, while he still has lucid moments. Take the opportunity to tell him all the things you want to say before he goes, to listen to the things he wants to tell you. Then when the worst happens, your memories of him will not only be happier, but also more complete. (SQ)



Mowlam shadow-boxed in her boudoir

NEW PONGS

DARK BLUE HUGO
Just like witchcraft and shamed TV bloke Frank Bough, there's a darker side to most things. Apparently, aftershave is no different, and this new range from Hugo is meant to be worn when a bloke's more provocative, nocturnal character comes to the fore. Basically, that means that you splash it all over in the hours of darkness. The spicy fragrance includes elements of cypress, sage and ginger which means that even if she can't quite see you through the mists of twilight, she'll certainly be able to smell you coming.

Eau de toilette £29 for 75ml, aftershave lotion £26 for 75ml, shower gel £16 for 200ml, deodorant stick £16 for 70g.

SEXUAL PERVERSION OF THE MONTH

EROTIC SMOKING

Forget leather and latex: the hottest new perversion is smoking – but not in the way your old grandad sucks on a Hamlet. You know you've got the smoking bug if you like to see women defiling themselves with nicotine, especially if you've got a thing for seeing ladies smoke with their pussies and have ever begged a woman to smoke with her feet. Not sure if it's for you? Try getting your girlfriend to nurse a cigarette while you do her doggy-style. Or, have her light up a Virginia Slim while you eat her out. Still not sure? Take this test: does a pregnant woman puffing away fill you with desire? Would you gladly let a lady put out a cigar on your tongue? If the answers are all yes then you're smitten. So go get yourself a copy of *Smoke Signals: The Monthly Publication Devoted to the Smoking Fetish* by e-mailing: smokesigs@aol.com or by going to www.smokesigs.com (AD)

PHOTOGRAPHY: SYRIOL JONES. STYLING: PROPPED UP. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: DEBBIE CRONIN AT MICHAELJOHN. MODEL: MARIA AT VERVE MANAGMENT
KOBAL, SUPERSTOCK, PSC

On his final day, the boys gave Aitken the "12 lag spunk salute"

FLAKES

Skin sheds like a viper

Q Whenever I have a shower my skin starts to flake off as soon as I dry myself. It always feels very tight and even if I use a very mild soap it feels irritated and sore. I don't want to stop using soap but I dread washing because of the discomfort. I used to have mild eczema as a child but haven't suffered from the condition for years. Why have I suddenly developed this skin problem, and what should I do?
EP, Manchester

A *You say that you had eczema as a child so you already have a history of dry skin. Washing frequently and using harsh chemicals can increase the problem. If your soap is irritating your skin then you must stop using it; there are moisturising ointments and creams available which can also be used as soap substitutes. There is also evidence that taking evening primrose oil is helpful. You have not mentioned whether the skin is itchy or if you have a rash. It may be worth discussing the problem with your doctor as he or she may suggest an appropriate treatment, and tell you whether there are any internal causes for your dryness, such as vitamin deficiency or other medical problems which are occasionally associated with a new onset of dryness.* (TL)

PELTS

The skin trade

There is a whole mountain of goodies to make your ailing flesh feel better...

Weather problems
Extreme cold or heat can strip the skin of natural lubricants, leaving you with peeling flaky patches. During winter, especially if you work outdoors, wear a rich, protective moisturiser daily. Skin exposed to sun will benefit from a sunscreen with high SPF (at least 15).

Old age
The older we get the dryer our skin becomes as our collagen and elastin degenerate. Nothing can truly stop your skin ageing but regular moisturising and UV protection do help.

Vices
Cigarettes, alcohol and processed food all contain chemicals that strip the skin of elastin, making it more vulnerable to dryness and premature ageing. Modern technology like air conditioning, VDUs and flying also play havoc with the skin's ability to hold water. Again, use moisturiser daily and try to invest in a humidifier to rehydrate the atmosphere.

Acid: soothing

Product overload
Dry, sensitive skin can react badly to even the most expensive products. Always do a "patch test" first – apply to your inner elbow and repeat for several days – to see if an allergic reaction occurs. Sometimes the simplest products are best. Try aqueous cream – a mild lubricant, available from good chemists.

SEX NEWS

Snoring kills rumpty
Snoring can seriously damage your sex life. Researchers say men with obstructive sleep apnoea (OSA), which causes snoring and disrupts breathing, can also suffer a suppression of reproductive hormones. This may affect sex drive and can lead to a reduction in oxygen levels in the blood, which can hinder erection. Snorers who were treated reported improvement in both orgasm and sex drive.

Size does matter
The size of the erect penis has been underestimated, according to a bunch of eagle-eyed Dutch researchers who managed to convince a bundle of couples to "get it on" inside a magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) scanner. They found that the average erect penis, including the root and pendulous part, is a whopping 22cm – far bigger than the old "six-inches" often quoted. (SM)

PANEL OF EXPERTS

If you've got a problem, send it to one of our experts at: FHM Hospital, FHM, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London W1N 7AR

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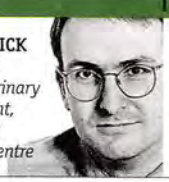
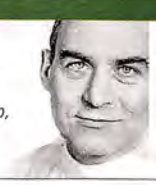


Skin care
DANIEL ROUAH
Skin care expert, Daniel Rouah Salon, Baker Street, London

Shaving
BRIAN SUMRAY
Harrods Barber Shop, London



Ladies' Ward

Is she munching muff?

Suzie inflated her lady pillow before hitting the sack

Q I'm really in love with my girlfriend and I'm thinking about asking her to move in with me. We've been together for a year and spend all our time together, but there's one thing I'm concerned about. One evening at a party this woman we didn't know came on to her. My girlfriend went along with it and I thought she was just being polite, but she did seem to enjoy the flirting and I've noticed that she actually looks at other women quite often. I've asked her about it and she says she does find women attractive but she isn't gay. Can she be denying it to herself – and where does that leave me?
SC, London

A *The bottom line is that everyone is a tiny bit bisexual. In some people it's full blown and they swing both ways. Other people aren't even aware of it. It sounds like your girlfriend has put some thought into her preferences and knows very well that she isn't lesbian, but is comfortable with admiring other women. Personally, I think that's much healthier – and much better news for your relationship – than if she hadn't even considered the issue. I do, though, reckon that you need to examine your own feelings about her. Because you don't quite seem to believe your girlfriend when she tells you she's straight. You're doubting her – to the point when moving in together is a possibility. Are you, perhaps, having second thoughts and testing out any possible problems with the relationship? I'm not saying you don't love her, or even that you shouldn't move in with her. But do be aware that your trust in her is not 100 per cent. And do think through what that says about your relationship.* (SQ)

CRUELTY

Can I ditch my cripple?

Q My boyfriend was injured in an accident a few months ago and he won't walk again without crutches. We'd been going out for five months and I was about to leave him. Now he seems to think I'll marry him and look after him. I'm scared of what will happen if I end it. I don't love him. I feel completely trapped. Please help.
HL, Leicester

"Morning Tumblin' Bob! Off to the shops?"

A *Even if you convince yourself that you can care for your boyfriend for ever, in the long term you won't be able to. You're clear that you don't love him: in the end, you'd walk out and let him down far worse than if you ended it now. You would also have stopped him finding someone who can love and care for him. Grit your teeth and stick to your guns. Find out which of your friends you can turn to. You mustn't stay – for your sake as well as your boyfriend's.* (SQ)

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES, KOBAL, RONALD GRANT ARCHIVES

GUILT

Shattered by abortion

Q I'm 20 and I've been with my girlfriend for two years. We're both at university and about four months ago she got pregnant. After much deliberation we both decided that she should have an abortion. The problem is, if circumstances had been different we would have loved to have had a baby, but we felt that we were too young and too broke. However, it's playing on her mind and I know she regrets the decision. She keeps thinking about when the baby would have been born and I feel like I have persuaded her against her will. What can I do? I certainly don't want to lose her.
IM, Tyneside

The ice skating judges were knobbled by the pro-lifers

A *Listen to me very carefully when I say this: you both made the most sensible decision you could. Even though you have regrets, it doesn't alter the fact that you acted in the wisest way you knew – and for the good of the baby you conceived, as well as the babies you'll have in later life. Don't blame yourselves or each other.*

Your girlfriend is obviously upset – and of course you'll both feel sad at the time the baby would have been born. That's natural because once a woman gets pregnant, she and her partner, typically, do bond with the baby, whether it is born or not. So you are both grieving for a lost life. These emotions are instinctive, but you don't have to hang on to them: just feel them, talk about them, then let go.

If your girlfriend needs extra support, she should ring the Brook Advisory Centre on 0171-713 9000. You may also want to ring or maybe go with her to see a counsellor. (SQ)

Diet	Fitness	Skin problems	Doctor	Doctor	Hair & scalp
LYNDEL COSTAIN *State registered dietician and health writer*	**AGNETA LINDBERG** *ACE certified personal fitness trainer*	**DR TABI LESLIE, MRCP** *Consultant dermatologist, Barnet Hospital*	**DR ROGER HENDERSON** *General practitioner, Shropshire*	**DR ERIC ANSELL M.B.CH.B** *General practitioner, London*	**DR H RUSHTON, P** *Consultant trichologist and director of Bio-Scientific Ltd*

With 34,456,783 revolutions down, Bob's Cartwheel Around The World was almost complete

TERROR 1

Scared of my own shadow

Q I'm 24 and still live at home. I'm very nervous and rarely leave the house, because when I do I find it terrifying. I used to have a job but had to give it up because I rarely turned up and when I did, I had panic attacks. My parents think I'm just depressed but I'm at the end of my tether. I used to bunk off school because I was bullied and got into the habit of hiding away at home. My family take it in their stride but can't really help. I'm worried about what will happen to me in the future. I can't see a doctor because that means leaving the house. Any suggestions?
AT, London

A *What you're describing is a mixture of mental conditions – depression, panic attacks, anxiety, agoraphobia and social phobia. All these are linked, and all are upsetting and debilitating. You're right to be worried. You are already very unhappy and need professional help to ensure that you don't just get worse.*

As you say, it's difficult to see a doctor as you can't leave the house. But the doctor could come to you – they can make house calls if you explain that you can't visit the surgery. If you don't want to bother your GP, ring the No Panic national helpline on 01952 590545 (10am to 10pm). This organisation specialises in helping people with the kind of social phobias you suffer from. They can give you advice on the phone and put you in touch with local support groups. Ring them – now! (SQ)

TERROR 2

'Not the front door!'

Karl Spencer, 28, suffered a breakdown after his brother died in a car crash...

After my brother died, I sank into a depression. I kept imagining that if I went out I'd suffer the same fate – that I'd be run over and killed. Eventually, the very thought of venturing outside terrified me.

Every day, my sister would bring me fresh milk, food and fags and try to encourage me to see a doctor. Most of the time I'd sit staring at the front door, smoking one B&H after another. As I wasn't working at the time, she had to pick up my social. Even when my mum was taken ill, I still wouldn't leave the house to visit her.

Things came to a head when my mum ended up in hospital. I agreed to get in a cab to see her but as I left the house I was sweating like a pig, shaking and almost crying. By the time I got to the hospital I felt sick. I was in such a state that my sister took me back home again – I didn't even make it to see my poor mum.

I eventually agreed for a psychoanalyst to come to the house and I was diagnosed as agoraphobic. It took months of counselling for me to come to terms with my brother's death and feel confident enough to tackle my phobia. Now I can walk to the pub without having a panic attack, but every so often I still race back to the so-called safety of my home.

Timid Pete loved the Metallica gig

NEW PRODUCT

ROMANCE IN A BOTTLE

When two fried lumps of dead bird from KFC can't perk up a loved one, maybe she needs a whiff of something else. Ralph Lauren leaps to the rescue with the launch of a swanky new range called Romance, created for "the man who desires a sensual, warm and loving partner". Romance contains such ingredients as iced lavender, Indian basil, mandarin peel and cardamom. Mmm...

■ Eau de toilette £40 for 100ml, aftershave £29 for 100ml, shower gel £18 for 200ml, moisturising body lotion £18 for 200ml, deodorant spray £16 for 150ml.

MOVIESTORE: KOBAL

BREKKIE

Fill me up, mother

Q My family has never been one for sitting down to breakfast: instead, we have a big tea when we get in from work. The thing is, I'm really hungry by mid-morning and I stuff myself with chocolate and other such crap. My girlfriend says she has a big breakfast and a smaller lunch and tea because it's healthier. Does this mean I should have a big fry-up every morning for breakfast?
RM, Leeds

A *Breakfast boosts energy levels, and may even help mood and memory. To feel satisfied for longer, have a low Glycaemic Index (GI) breakfast. Low GI foods allow your blood sugar to rise gradually. They include: porridge, sultana bran, banana smoothie, granary bread, beans on toast, fruit bread, most types of fruit and yoghurt. If you want something cooked, keep it healthy by grilling. Your girlfriend is right to stress the importance of breakfast – regular meals do regulate appetite, weight and energy levels. They also optimise nutritional intake.* (LC)

Gates demanded fresh milk for his "Volcuzzi"

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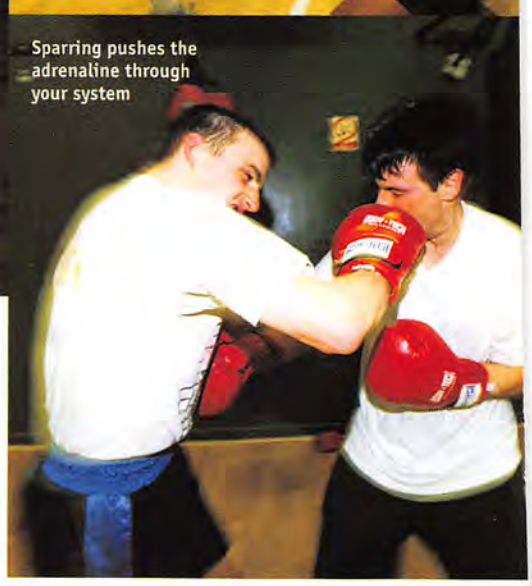
Grub Smith's Laboratory of Lard

Get your speed up by practicing with the gloves

The idea is to get the bag moving



Sparring pushes the adrenaline through your system

FISTICUFFS

Have a go if you think you're fat enough!

In an attempt to recapture his svelte heyday, Grub returns to the ring to see if a spot of pugilism could stem the growth of his spare tyre

In my younger, thinner days I used to do a bit of boxing. However, as this was at Cambridge – not so much the school of hard knocks as the University of weedy toffs – it never hurt that much. As a result, I left college imagining I was a little bit "tasty", and decided to do some sparring at a South London gym. The trainer there put me in with a tiny 14-year-old boy from one of the local housing estates, and as we touched gloves I thought, "Well, I'd better go easy on him." Needless to say, about 30 seconds later I was being peeled off the canvas and having a wet sponge rubbed across my face. By the time I managed to stand up on unsteady legs, the midget had already lost interest, and was punching a bag as though it had interfered with his sister.

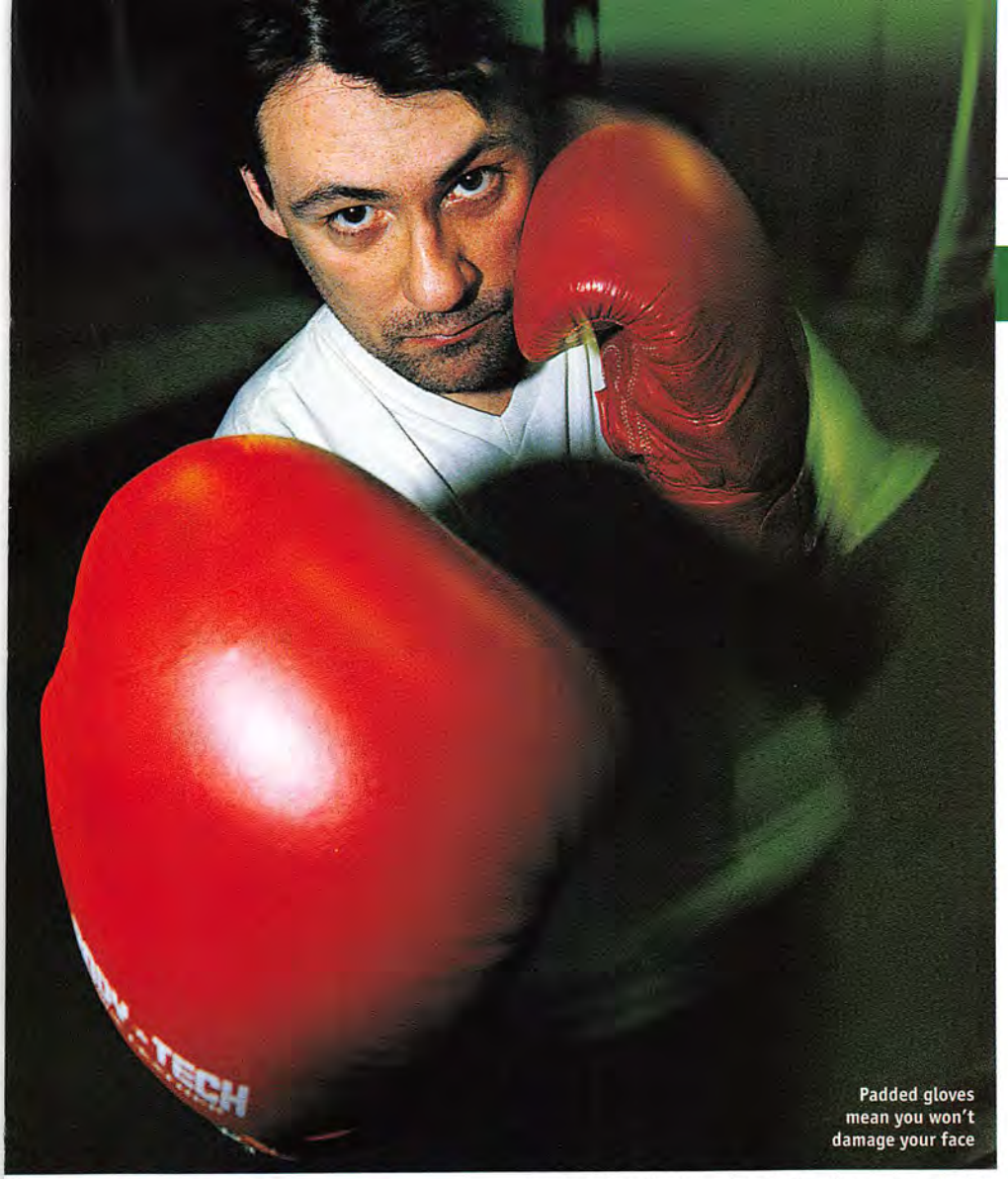
This humiliation saw my retirement from the ring, and in the 16 years that have passed, my body has ballooned from a trim featherweight limit (8st 13lbs) to the lardy light-heavyweight (12st 3lbs) that you see today. However, as one of the main gripes I hear from other people trying to get fit is that "exercise is so boring", this month I'm making a come back. The reason? Well, it's simple, because while you can take it easy on the rowing machine, or slow your jogging down to a snail's pace, in the ring there is no pretending. If you don't keep moving, you're going to get smacked in the face. It's one of the few sports where instant motivation comes as part of the package.

It's a proper workout

To get myself in shape, I got out my old gloves and shadow boxed in front of the bedroom mirror. Every morning for a fortnight, with Survivor's *Eye Of The Tiger* blaring out on the stereo, I jabbed and weaved and threw combinations, until I was convinced that I was the hardest man on the planet. Or at least the hardest man on the planet in pyjamas. Then it was time, time to go back and face my demons. Accordingly, I cabbed it to South London to avenge myself on some rock-hard working class teenagers.

Yeah, right. Actually, I decided it would be much safer to go back to Cambridge University, and take on the current crop of plummy-voiced young lordlings. (At least if they knocked me out, I figured, one of them would be studying medicine, as opposed to stealing it from a doctor's surgery to sell in the playground.)

We began the training session with some loosening up exercises, jogging, doing sit-ups and stretching. Then it was time for bagwork. Pairing up, we took turns at punching, with the coach bellowing out orders of a politically incorrect nature: "Left jab! Right hook! Keep it going you pansies!" Within a minute I was knackered, sucking air into the nicotine-stained suede shoes that pass for my lungs these days. I held the bag for a while, then it was my turn again. "Lean into it! Keep



Padded gloves mean you won't damage your face

'In the ring there is no pretending. If you don't keep moving, you're going to get smacked in the face'

throwing punches!" shouted the coach. "Don't you *dare* stop!" I'd like to say this motivation filled me with a *Fight Club*-style fury, but my performance felt closer to Private Godfrey trying to bayonet a dummy. I barely even moved the bag. During my next rest, things got worse. Looking around at these blokes, it dawned on me that pretty much all of them were well-muscled and hard-looking, and – in stark contrast to my student days, none of them appeared at all toffee-nosed or privileged.

Then it was time for some sparring. I was paired off with the club captain who, although a mere middleweight, had rather unsportingly chosen to concentrate his bulk in the shoulder and bicep area, as opposed to the beergut and "disco tits" favoured by your correspondent. We danced around for a bit, then his first serious punch, a straight right over the top, connected with the bridge of my nose. My head rocked backwards. I thought, "Woah!" – but then I remembered why I liked sparring: as you're both going easy on each other, and the gloves are well-padded, it doesn't actually cause much pain, but it certainly gets the adrenaline flowing. It really is a fun way to get fit, and I started to enjoy myself. Naturally, I barely got close to the captain, but it was great to be flicking out jabs and throwing hooks again. Sure, they were puny enough, and most of them hit gloves or thin air, but it was a lot more appealing and manly than trotting out another mile on the Jogmaster machine at my gym.

The chaps themselves seemed to agree when we chatted after the warm-down. "It gets you fit quickly," one told me, "because you don't want to stand there taking a beating. And you get to punch your mates, which is always fun." The trainer concurred: "Anyone can do it, and age or fitness needn't stop you taking part – I'm nearly 67 and I still spar with the lads."

As I left the gym, I thanked the captain for our fight. "So, do you think I've still got the old magic?" I enquired. He looked at me and giggled. "Hmm, frankly I reckon you're over the hill. Still, nice try."

I won't say his words stung me, but I will reveal that I've got one of the photographs we took of him stuck up on my bedroom mirror. And I can assure you, sports fans, that so far the young pup has lost nine mornings in a row to Grub "Pyjama Boy" Smith.

If you want to see intelligent people hit each other, tickets for this year's Oxford vs Cambridge Varsity match, on March 9 in Oxford Town Hall, are available on 01865 722984.

SKILLS

'No! Not the face!'

Before you get into the ring, make sure your feeble body's up to the challenge...

1 Floor exercise
"Do lots of crunches," says Enzo Giordano, a super-middleweight and the man behind Boxing Training at the Islington Boys' Club in London. "Do them with twists to build up the abdomen." Also, lie on your side and get someone to hold your feet, then raiser or lower yourself ten times.

2 The punchbag
"You should treat the bag like a person," says Giordano. "It should be a case of jabbing, jabbing, and then quick bursts of punching for 10 seconds."

3 Weights
"Ideally, you want light weights and high reps," says Giordano. "Change exercises after every ten repetitions."

4 Skipping
"Only rotate the wrists and shoulders, not the whole arm." At first, rotate at a steady speed and only jump a few inches. Later, you can rotate the rope faster and jump higher.

5 Shadow boxing
"Every boxer needs to be able to shadow box," says Giordano. "Use a mirror to get the movement right and the position of your feet." For the right balance, over half your body weight should be on the back foot.

Skipping boosts fitness

Islington Boys' Club
Tel: 0956 293768

GUESSWORK

The blubber lottery

Have a stab at the fat fella's weight

Guess the chubby one's weight and you could win these – a pair of boxing gloves autographed by Iron Mike Tyson. Smith now weighs a chunky 12st 3lbs – down just one pound on last month. Tell us what you think his weight will be on April 1, and the gloves could be yours. Write to: The Lard Lottery (Tyson), *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London W1N 7AR, by March 31.

Mike Tyson will fight on Sky Box Office later this month: phone 0990 800888 for details.

HUGO DIXON

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"Here mister Glitter, we've completed the applications to be in your gang"

GERMS

Can virgins get a dose?

Q I'm 18 and have never slept with anyone properly, but the area around my penis is very irritated and red and it's oozing a gunky discharge. I've never been close enough to a girl to catch anything! What's wrong with my dick? Can you catch an STD from another source?
DP, Dublin

A If you haven't had any kind of sex then it is highly unlikely that you've caught an STD. But if by not sleeping with someone "properly" hints at oral sex, then it is possible for you to catch and pass on an STD. This is particularly true for herpes, which you can get if your partner has a cold sore when she gives you oral sex.

The most likely explanation is that you have a mild non-sexually transmitted infection. There are lots of normal bacteria which live underneath the foreskin and keep it healthy – but an imbalance in these bugs can cause this sort of infection. I would suggest that you wash under the foreskin morning and evening with warm water for a few days to see if it clears up. If it doesn't then you should go along to your GP or local sexual health clinic for a check up. It might take a cream or a short course of antibiotics to sort it out. (PF)

LIVED TO TELL

I pissed pure lightning!

23-year-old Jamie Pride took a leak in the dark and got the shock of his life...

Some say I deserved what I got. Others just laugh themselves silly when I tell them how my dick turned into a lightning conductor. But I've yet to meet anyone who's responded sympathetically.

I'd been out drinking and was waiting at a bus stop with my mate, Ken. Anyway, you know how it is when you're drunk and you need a slash – wherever will do. "Watch out for guard dogs," Ken joked as I stood with my old fella slotted through the fence behind us. The building site was floodlit, and I had checked to be sure I wasn't being watched. How ironic, then, that as soon as I let loose it felt like I'd been jumped by a ten-ton truck.

According to Ken, he spun around to the sound of a fierce spit and crackle, to see me slamming back onto the pavement. All I remember is the jolt before blacking out, then a terrible smell of piss and scorched flesh when I came to on the gurney.

I had pissed on a live wire of some sort. Thankfully, the arc of my piss had broken when the current hit my body. Any longer and it could have stopped my heart for good. I suffered a burned urethra – an absolute torture when pissing. Two years on I still squeeze shut my eyes and brace myself whenever I go for a wazz.

Marley turned white with fear

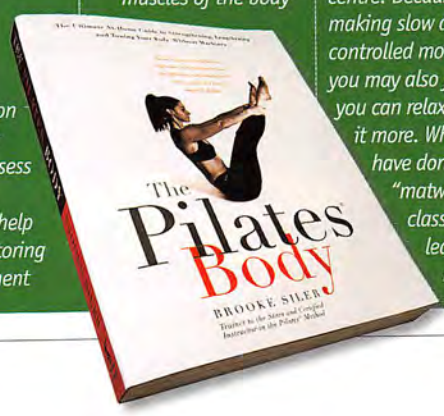
FADS

Should I join the club?

Q I've joined a gym and in the brochure there was an advert for Pilates. I read the description but I'm none the wiser. Pilates seems to be in every other magazine I pick up – what is it, and is it any cop?
JO, Harrow

A Pilates is a movement technique, based on principles developed by Joseph Pilates, born in 1880 in Germany. He drew on his experiences from a variety of sports and developed a series of 34 exercises, designed to target the deep postural muscles. After moving to New York in the Twenties he opened up his studio next to New York City ballet, and attracted dancers, actors and models.

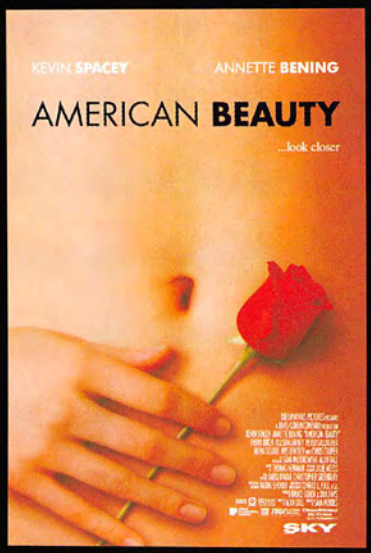
Many health clubs and private Pilates studios are catering for the increasing demand from the general public by offering mat classes. It's always a good idea to have a one-to-one session first so that your instructor can assess your muscular imbalances and help you focus on restoring a natural movement pattern. The Pilates method is non-cardiovascular body conditioning, with slow and controlled movements. There is particular emphasis on the stabilising, deep muscles of the body and correct breathing which helps to prevent low back problems and poor posture. The exercises are targeting deep abdominals, pelvic floor and back muscles to create a strong centre. Because you are making slow and controlled movements, you may also find that you can relax and enjoy it more. When you have done "matwork" classes for at least six months, you may want to try the "Reformer", which is a resistance machine using the Pilates principles. Before you embark on your training regime, ensure that the instructor is well qualified, with a recognised body such as Body Control Pilates. (AL)



Further reading... The Pilates Body by Brooke Siler (Michael Joseph, £12.99). An easy-to-follow home guide to the six major principles of Pilates.

SUPERSTOCK, PSC, KOBAL

FREE!
IN THE NEXT SKY



4 GIANT POSTERS
INCLUDING

THE BRITNEY SPEARS SHOT THEY TRIED TO BAN

SKY
MAGAZINE

ON SALE 8 MARCH

HEALTH NEWS

Bond knows best
If you must drink martinis, then take inspiration from James Bond and drink them shaken, not stirred. New research indicates that the secret agent's favourite tipple is healthier than the stirred variety, and is even better than having either ingredient (gin or vermouth) alone. The *British Medical Journal* reports that shaken martinis have stronger antioxidant properties – almost

Bond: boozy

double the effect – than the stirred variety. Antioxidants are said to reduce the risk of cardiovascular disease, strokes and even cataracts.

Thrill seekers
Researchers at the US National Institute of Health say they have identified two genes responsible for thrill-seeking behaviour. Both involve the brain's pleasure chemical, dopamine. It seems thrill seekers don't produce and absorb enough dopamine, prompting them to push life to the limit to get a fix. Boffins believe that about a third of us carry the genes. (SW)

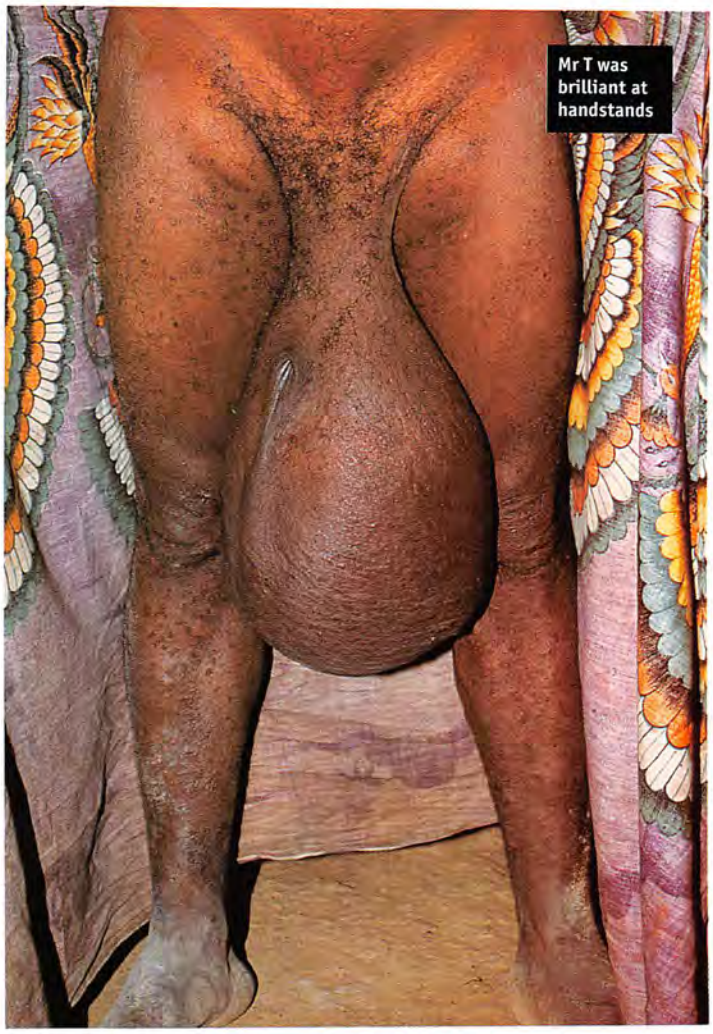
SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY, MOVIESTORE COLLECTION

SWELLS

Ball like an Outspan

Q I'm 15 and worried that something might be wrong with me. For the last couple of months my right testicle has been swollen to about two-and-a-half times the size of my left. There's no major pain, lumps, or other deformities, but there is a slight soreness. After reading the article in the November issue about testicular cancer, I started to worry even more. I hope you can tell me I'm a hypochondriac.
TW, Sussex

A *You're definitely not a hypochondriac! And you should get it sorted. It is vital that you see your GP as soon as possible so that this can be checked. Your doc will want to have a look at the lump and should have a good idea there and then what's going on. It sounds like you may just have some fluid around the testicle, but your GP will make sure it is nothing more serious. Incidentally, all men should go for a check-up if they notice any changes in their testicles. This is particularly true for young men between the ages of 20 and 40 (during this time cancer of the testicles is the commonest form of cancer). And all men should examine their balls on a regular basis, so that any lump can be spotted early.* (PF)



Mr T was brilliant at handstands

NUTS

'SHIT, DOC, WHAT IS IT?'

Only a fool ignores problems with his nads

Cancer
Testicular cancer is the fourth biggest killer of men aged 15 to 34. Early signs include a swelling, lump, or dull ache in the scrotal area. Stomach or backache can also be a symptom, suggesting the cancer could be spreading.
Beat it: Possible chemotherapy or radiotherapy. Removal of the affected testicle. Treatment is most effective if cancer is detected early. Alarmingly, only 3 per cent of men regularly check their plums.

The prison guard football team prepared to face the free kick

Torsion
Twisted testicle that cuts off blood supply. Can happen due to a knock, but also for no apparent reason. Symptoms include immense pain, nausea and fainting.
Beat it: An emergency operation may be necessary.

Epididymitis
"Hot bollocks", often caused by a urinary tract infection or STD such as gonorrhoea. Other symptoms can also include fever, groin tenderness, penis discharge.
Beat it: Antibiotics. Bed rest. Ice packs.

Varicocele
Varicose veins, basically. Ten per cent of men are thought to have balls sporting swollen, twisted-looking veins due to problems with blood vessel valves.
Beat it: Surgery may be necessary if it causes pain or is linked to infertility problems.

Hydrocele
Bollocks fill up like water balloons, due to infection or testicle trauma.
Beat it: Antibiotics, surgery, or your GP may drain off the fluid using a needle.

Spermatocele
Alarming cyst-like lump on the epididymis (the ribbed structure that cloaks the upper back of your nads).
Beat it: Generally no treatment is required, but always get it checked out.

NEXT ISSUE

FLAMING HELL!

ON SALE MARCH 1

THE EMPIRE AWARDS — THE YEAR'S HOTTEST EVENT!

Who got your votes for best movie?
Did anyone fall over on the podium?
And who was partying hardest at the aftershow?
It's all in the next issue!

EMPIRE AWARDS 2000

IN ASSOCIATION WITH STELLA ARTOIS SCREEN

PLUS George Clooney gets feisty in Three Kings, Milla Jovovich gets fiery in Joan Of Arc and Russell Crowe gets smoky in The Insider.

TONY STONE IMAGES (1)

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KOBAL

Steve's loved his man-sized Statue Of Liberty

DON'T DESPAIR!

It all started off so well, staring lovingly into each other's eyes, entire weekends spent lounging in bed; you even skipped the football results to see her – but where did it all go wrong? Your spurned ex has become a monster. A chill passes over your body each time you think of her; that once sweet, now plainly deranged lady that was, and thinks she still is, your girlfriend.

Now there are bricks crashing through your windows, twenty-three unanswered calls on your mobile, a restraining order being processed, your beheaded labrador on the doorstep – your life is in tatters. And you thought she'd bear your kids!

Cheer yourself up – woman can be sexy *and* sane – visit the *FHM* website at www.fhm.com and see for yourself. And while you're there check out the latest fashion to replace your shredded wardrobe, change your mobile with help from *FHM* Hardware and entertain yourself with the interactive quizzes and thousands of Bar Room Jokes and True Stories. It's funny. It's sexy. It's free.

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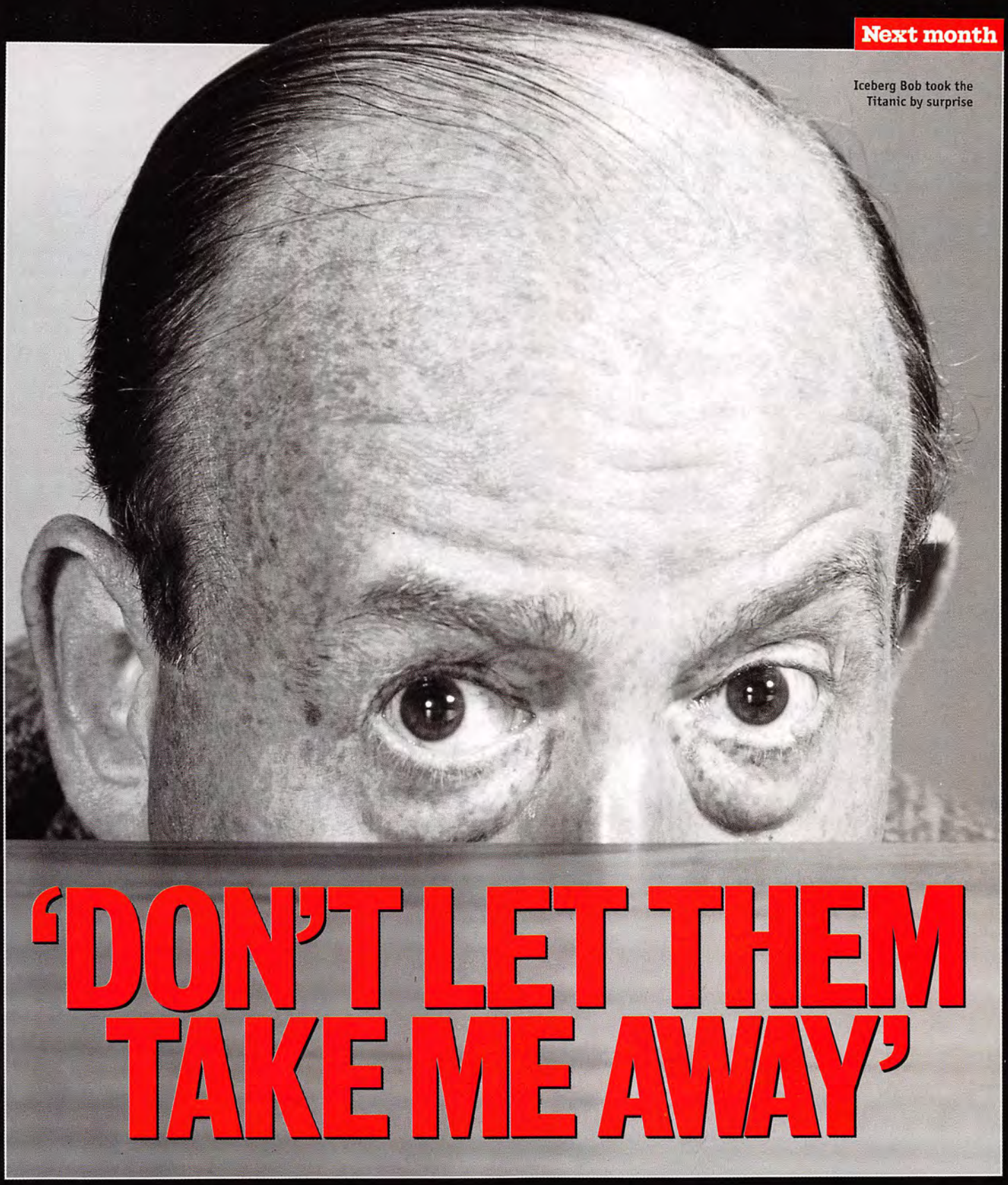

Iceberg Bob took the Titanic by surprise

'DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME AWAY'

Are aliens really controlling us with interstellar radiowaves? Next month *FHM* separates fact from fiction and investigates conspiracy theories

ON SALE APR 1 FHM

Sex with strangers

This month *FHM*'s own lesbian guru Athena Douris has the lowdown on the joys of a one-night stand

Considering how quickly relations between the sexes can degenerate, I often think it's a miracle that people stay friendly long enough to sleep together. I suspect that many people only have sex in the vain hope that "this time, it will be done right". Sort of like when Americans vote for a President. In these pathetic times, there remains only one kind of honest sexual act left in the world. This kind of love shines like lost zirconium in the backed-up sewer of sexual experience. I am talking, of course, about the one-night stand.

I think my enjoyment of one-night stands hinges on the fact that I can never, ever find a person's glaring faults in a single evening. Perhaps he was a philanderer. Maybe she has lamb's droppings for brains. I'll never know, because I don't stick around long enough to find out – I just revel in the joys of novelty sex and get out.

Nevertheless, there are some basic rules of etiquette to follow if you want your one-night affair to run more smoothly. For starters, approach every night out as though you will be bringing someone home with you. Make sure you have food at home that's fit to offer a guest, and that the house – especially the bedroom – is clean and primed for a romantic encounter.

Of course, there's no magic formula when it comes to the actual pick-up, but you should be able to tell if a woman wants to go home with you – by her eyes, her rapt attention, and the tension between you. If she walks off, that means she's not interested, unless she returns immediately. In fact, if you aren't positive of her intentions, that probably means no. And forget about trying to change her mind – maybe you could if you were courting her for six months, but you're not. You're counting on instant attraction, and that's impossible to force. If you suspect she will sleep with you, don't blurt out that you think she's attractive, or how much you want her – talk like that ruins it. It's better to give her smouldering looks and make charming conversation. Don't make a move until you're ready to leave, at which point simply enquire, "Would you like to come home with me?" If she says no, hop in your taxi, and feel like a dork in private. If she says yes, she'll climb in with you, and you're off.

At your place (if that's where you go), fight the temptation to parade your catch in front of your flatmates for a high five. Let her use the phone to tell a friend where she is, and offer her some food and drink. She'll need the energy for what's about to happen. If you were already fingering her in the cab, this will be a smooth transition, but if you haven't touched, any time now is fine. A little talk is acceptable, but don't babble too much – she's probably waiting for you to make the first move.

'Offer her some food and drink. She'll need the energy'

The great thing about a one-off sexual encounter is that there's no time for lies and subterfuge. For once, you can ask an honest question and get an honest answer. So enquire what she likes in bed; she doesn't care about you, or her reputation (clearly), so chances are she will actually tell you. It goes without saying that you should try to give her an orgasm. Generally this means eating from the bushy plate, but do ask what makes her come – some women's clits are so sensitive they need to show you how to touch them, and some women (like me) hate being on top more than finding a cockroach in the toilet.

Right about now, you ought to be screwing each other into oblivion – after all, long stretches of vigorous fucking are the hallmark of a proper one-night stand. It should be no-holds-barred debauchery you can re-live, play by play, long after you've forgotten your own name and must pay professionals to empty your bladder. Even so, it's best to stick to the old faithful positions, since you both know how to do them swiftly. The simple fact of biology is that after too much fucking she'll go numb and it will start to feel like you're lining her vagina walls with roofing planks. So, in order to prevent her faking an orgasm, space long stretches of fucking with less abrasive kinds of sex. Try rubbing her back, stroking her tits, or giving her some more head. Maybe she will repay the favours...

The ideal one-nighter makes wrestling a steer look like child's play, but you must still keep your wits about you, and not reveal yourself to be a total ass. Do not, for example:

- Bring out the enema bags, gimp mask, infantilism bib, etc. If she catches herself thinking, "Who is this psycho who keeps asking if I want to screw his sister?" she will bolt.
- "Lose" her underwear. She's on to you.
- Suggest a skin flick. This is no time to find out that she belongs to Women Against Pornography, so leave your hardcore cache packed away.
- Poke your cock down her throat. Rest assured, if she wants to suck your dick, she knows exactly where to find it.
- Say "I love you" while coming. A face full of oozing zits is vastly more appealing than this teenage trick.

THE LESBIAN WORKSHOP NO.10

How to... play the five pence game

You don't need new positions and a bucket of whipped cream to spice up your sex life; all you require is some loose change and this game...

1 SET UP Hide a handful of five pence pieces in your pocket. Ask her if she'd like to play a little game.

2 PREPARE Have her stand fully clothed, legs spread. Blindfold her and ask her to raise both arms above her head so only her fingertips are touching.

3 RULES Tell her the only rules are that she must hold some change and not drop it. If she drops one, the game is over (say this gruffly so she believes it).

4 THE ACTION BEGINS Now, stick a coin between two of her fingertips.

5 THE FIRST FEEL All the while telling her how sexy she looks, stick your hand up her blouse and drag it across her nipples. Then add a five pence to her next two fingertips – so now she's holding two.

6 THE SECOND FEEL From behind, reach roughly into her jeans and grab her ass; knead her cheeks and keep talking sweet. Add another five pence.

7 NUDITY Rip down her pants. Five pence number four. Make sure she keeps those arms high.

8 DIDDLE Play with her pussy until it looks like two sweaty, red mittens worn by someone with extremely fat hands. Add the final coin.

9 SHAKE TIME Kneel and suckle her crotch. Shout, "Don't drop those coins!" as you finger her to orgasm. When she comes, allow them to fall to the floor.

10 ADVANCED Now repeat the entire process, but using toes...

- Attempt anal sex without asking. Even if you do ask, it's very doubtful she'll go for it.
- Become plagued with guilt. It's repulsive to screw a man, then have him roll over in bed coldly because he blames you for "making him" cheat on his girlfriend.
- Lament your ex-lover leaving you for a football player. It's inconceivable why a person would reduce themselves to this level, but since they occasionally do, it must be mentioned.
- Ask her to say, "My, what a large dick you have." She's not your girlfriend. She has no incentive for complying.

Now, when the sex is done, you must be on your best behaviour. The rule is that, for the rest of your life, you should be kind to people you have only slept with once. In honour of that rule, don't fall asleep before her. When you wake up, offer her the shower and ask her to join you for breakfast. If she says no to food, offer to drive her home, no matter where she lives. If you don't have a car, ask if you can call her a cab.

Obviously, you'll be feeling only slightly less awkward than if you had just banged your great aunt. So, while saying, "That was a lot of fun," is quite appropriate, if you feel the urge to say anything deeper, lock yourself in the bathroom and question your motivations. Do not take her number knowing full well that you never intend to call her. If you do, you have destroyed a perfect night of sin; you will now forever be remembered as "the asshole who lied to me". If you do exchange numbers, that means you did not have a one-night stand; you had a first date. If you really must call her, take care of a far more critical responsibility first: the calling of all your friends to describe the gymnastic events of last night in lurid detail. After all, you can be sure that she is doing the same.

ASK ATHENA

Q I love my girlfriend dearly, but our sex life has become a bit of a nightmare. She's insatiable – she constantly wants sex and won't take no for an answer. What can I do?

A Quite a lot. The important question is, do you need her to only have sex with you? If so, try having less physical contact while still interacting erotically – for instance, by remaining fully clothed while ordering her to do herself with a Hummel figurine. Buy yourself a rubber dick to use when yours is rubbed raw, or get her a vibrator to distract herself when you're too tired. If you're not the jealous sort, and she's up for it, you could pick up girls together and watch while she fucks them. Or hire a professional – a good one will like the challenge. Alternatively, you could also squelch her passions by dragging her to a therapist... but shame on you if you do. If you're not willing to keep her happy, you don't deserve her!

Got a bizarre sexual hang- up? Write to: Ask Athena, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR **FHM**

PHOTOGRAPHY: PHIL BROSNON. STYLING: SHANE MURRAY. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: ANDREW ALEXANDER

Perhaps the only section of the magazine that doesn't entice readers to take us to court, True Stories is the ultimate glorification of the anarchic renegade, the man not afraid to step forward and proclaim proudly, "Yes, I did that heinous deed, and I demand my prize." One such legend is Raziv Kamir, ex-Madras train announcer who, in September 1996, was sacked after he guffed Beethoven's Fifth down the platform PA system. Amazingly, he hasn't written to us, but don't let that deter you; we've got a room piled sky-high with £116 Slendertones for all published stories, and a small box stuffed with £230 Slendertone Sports for Story of The Month. Write to: True Stories, *FHM*, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR, or e-mail us at fhm.true@ecm.emap.com

TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

DUMMY EFFECTS

Trauma amuses shopper

A few years ago, my girlfriend and I decided to visit a shopping centre on the outskirts of town. It's the type of establishment that claims to provide a great day out for all the family, with cafés, rides, displays and a couple of people in bear costumes. When we got there I followed my girlfriend into the store, and paused to watch two ladies give a First Aid demonstration in a cordoned-off section, which had previously held a display of vintage motorcycles. As the pair rolled the dummy onto its back, however, part of its internal mechanism popped out through its trousers, giving the impression that it had a huge wooden hard-on. Naturally I thought this was brilliant, and I shouted to my girlfriend to come and see the awesome spectacle, but she just ignored me and walked away. Puzzled by her lack of interest, I turned back to the demonstration, only to find that both women were staring at me, clearly furious. It was then that I realised that the "dummy" was actually an unfortunate lad in his early twenties, suffering from a fit and being resuscitated by two passing shoppers.
Anthony Needham, Lancs

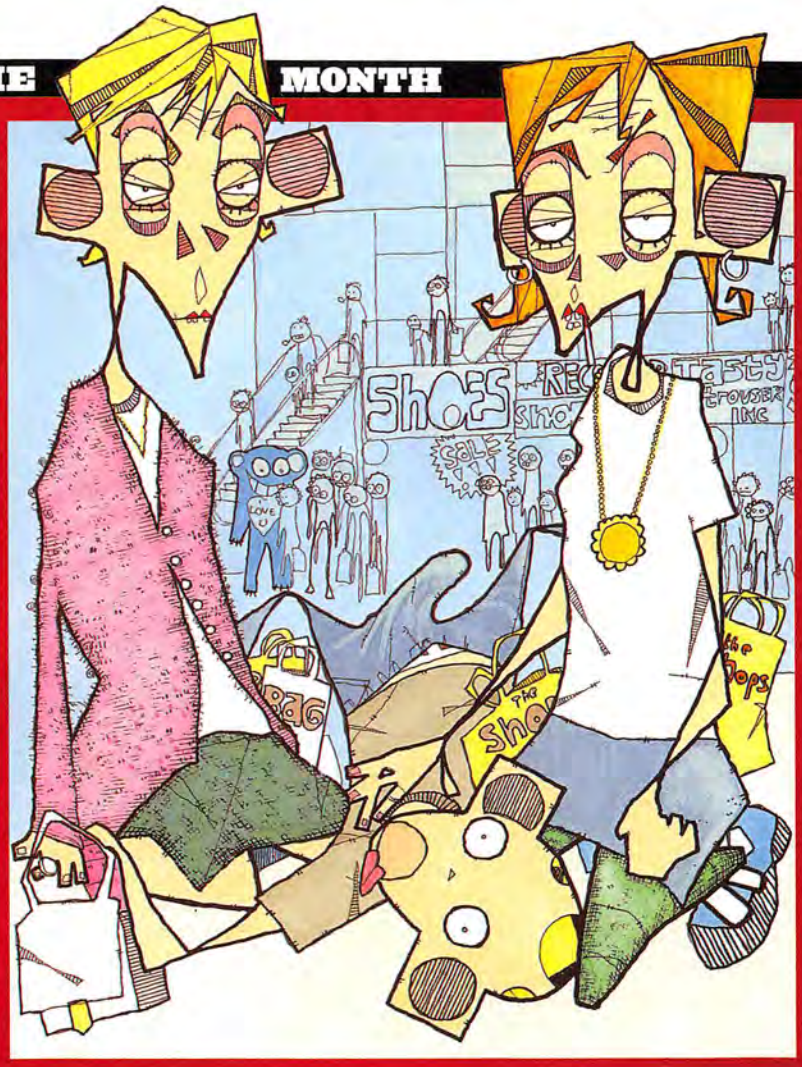

ILLUSTRATION: ANDY WATT

DOUBLE EMERGENCY

Sibling's lethal fingers

A couple of days ago my brother was rushed to hospital with appendicitis, and underwent an emergency operation. Feeling slightly guilty that I hadn't realised the seriousness of the situation when he first complained of a sore abdomen, I walked to the hospital determined to cheer him up. When I got there he seemed rather depressed – he'd only been out of theatre for a few hours – so to raise a smile I leant over and gave his foot a brotherly tickle. He jumped, and gave a contented chuckle, and then blood started streaming through his robe. The movement had ripped out all the stitches, causing his stomach to split open and pump its contents onto the bed. Naturally, I didn't speak to him again until he was safely out of hospital.
James Tucker, Portsmouth

GIMMER TUMBLES

Man breaks granny's face

During a recent lunchbreak, my mate and I nipped out to the local sandwich shop to grab a bite to eat. On the way back we noticed an old lady walking along the busy street with a bit of white paper stuck to her shoe. Ever the gentleman, my mate stepped forward and placed his foot firmly on the paper, the idea being that her next step would pull off the offending article. Unfortunately, it must have been literally nailed into place, because her foot suddenly stopped and she went face first into the pavement. Naturally we legged it, but there were obviously some outraged bystanders, as that weekend the local rag ran an amazing "old lady attacked in broad daylight" story.
Mike Brown, Bristol

SURE SHOT

Student lamps admirer

While at college many years ago, a fellow student took to telling everyone that she really fancied me. Sadly, she was a bit of a minger, and as a result my mates decided that they would rather snigger behind my back than warn me of her advances. One night I was sitting with a large group of mates in the Student Union bar discussing Bruce Lee movies, when she came and sat behind me, just outside of my peripheral vision. Naturally I had no idea she was there, but the whole bar started nudging each other, waiting for her to make a move. And she probably would have, had I not chosen that exact moment to demonstrate a colossal Bruce punch. With a mighty high-pitched scream I spun round in my seat, and lunged out into what should have been clean air. She never saw the fist coming, and I hit her so hard that she lifted clean off the seat and landed on her back with a sickening thud. Everyone thought that I had finally snapped, and while the other ladies present gasped in horror, several big gentlemen promptly stepped forward to lamp the "woman beater". I had to run off and leave her lying there. She never bothered to speak to me again.
Richard Woods, Colchester

HEARD IT BEFORE

Students of biology are asked to perform a "Spit Test", to ascertain what bacteria lives in the human body. One chap's spit however contains an unidentifiable substance. What is it? It's sperm, of course! And he's a bender. Get out.

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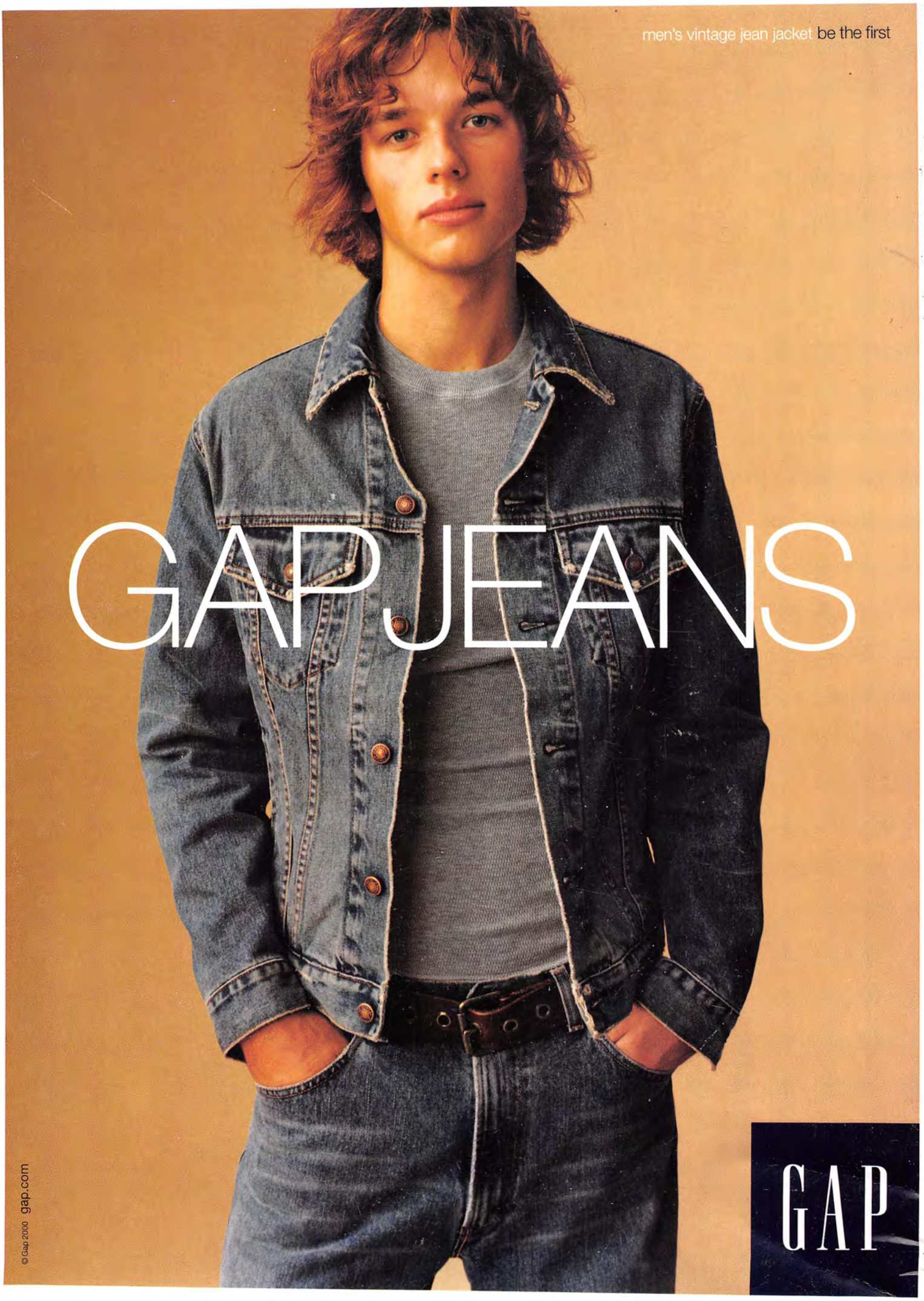
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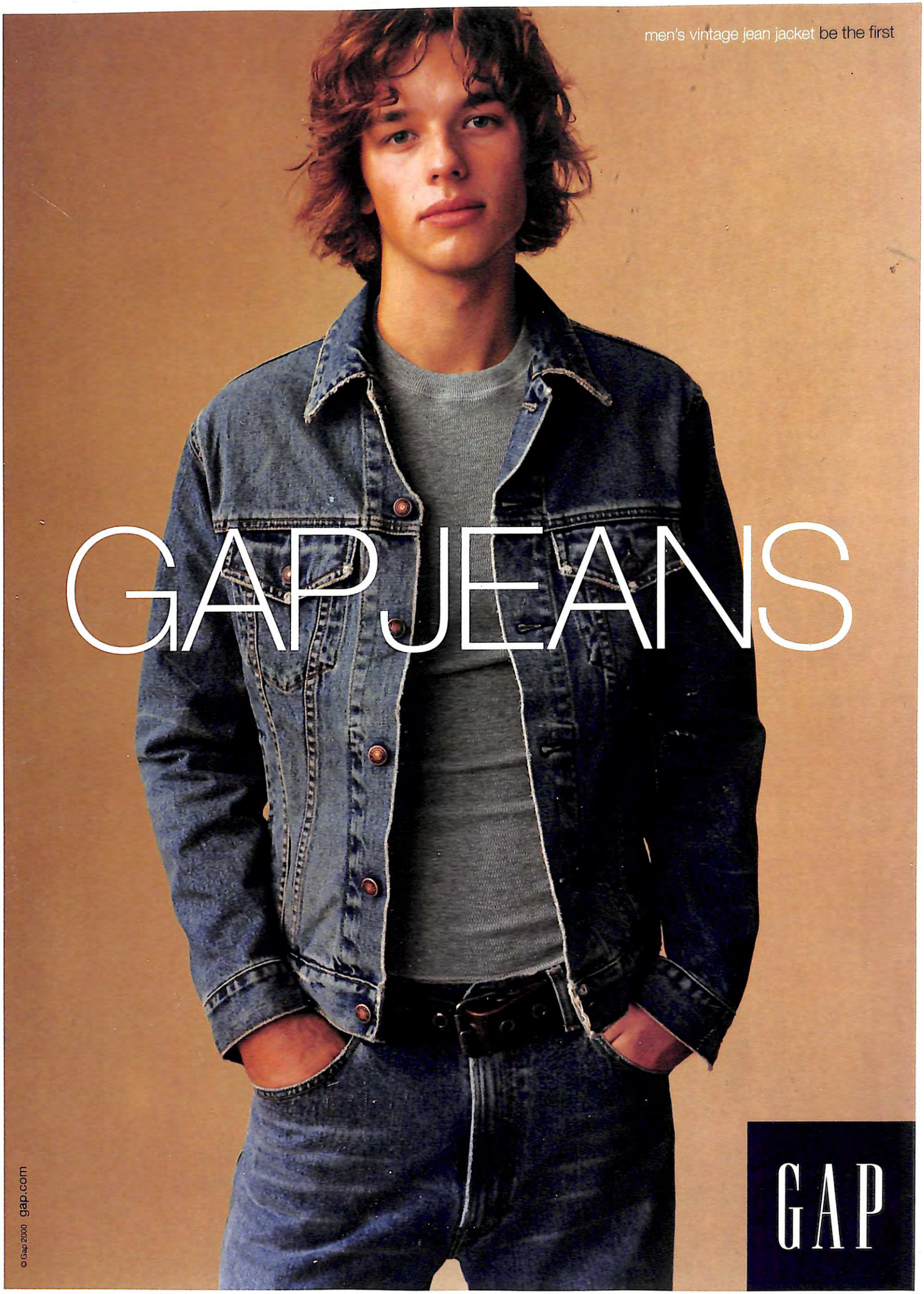
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